EVANGELICAL MUSIC:

OR

THE SACRED MINSTREL AND SACRED HARP UNITED:

CONSISTING OF A GREAT VARIETY OF

PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, SET PIECES; AND ANTHEMS.

BY J. H. HICKOK AND GEO FLEMING.

PUBLISHED BY HICKOK & CANTINE, HARRISBURG, PA.

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B BARTLETT, NEW YORK; URRIE & PECK, NEW HAVEN, CONN.; THOMAS, COWPERTHWAITH & CO. AND SMITH & ECK, PHILADELPHIA; AND SAMUEL CARUSI, BALTIMORE.

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PREFACE.

In 1834, the publishers presented a collection of Sacred Musick to the publick, in whi was embodied the most valuable pieces of two smaller collections, which had previously been issued, and many other pieces of a popular cha ter. Without much effort on their part, a very large edition was soon sold. Measures had to be adopted to supply the rapidly increasing mand, and an enlarged stereotype edition was determined upon. This has been carried into effect: and the publick is here presented with the result.

In order to place the various Metres together, it was found necessary, to a considerable ext, to derange the numbering of the last edition.

In compiling and preparing this work, reference has been had particularly to the wants of se sections of our country which have not been reached by the works and instructions of others more capable and experienced than ourselves.

In a large portion of the United States, the prepossession in favour of *Patent Notes* is so sng, that no work printed in round notes, can be introduced. This circumstance, and the general character of the works which have hitherto appred in patent notes, have kept the standard of Church Musick in the portion to which we allude, very low. Unwilling that a difference of opin in regard to the utility of *patent notes*, should be the means of prolonging this state of things, the Compilers have issued their work in both *patt* and *round notes*.

The arrangement of the parts is as follows:—The upper line, or Tenour, is intended to be sur by the higher male voices; the Second Treble by the more deep-toned female voices; the Air, or First Treble, and third in the score, should be ng exclusively by the higher set female voices; and the Base, or lower staff, by the lower or full-toned male voices. The practice, too prevalent with some teachers, of placing male voices on the Air, or First Treble, and female on the Tenour, or upper part, is very injurious to correct harony, and a palpable violation of the design and intentions of the auth s of the pieces.

We have not placed, except in a few cases, any directions over the tunes, indicative of the movement they ought to receive, because tunes intended to be sung to various words, ought to vary in expression, as much as they do in sentim; and the adding of directory terms would be apt to mislead. In many instances, we have added marks of expression to the *words*, particularl where more than one stanza is set to a piece; these will be found of use in cultivating musical *expression*.

In selecting musick, they have not been unmindful of the diversity of taste which prevails; ence they have inserted a much larger number of *church tunes* than is found in most works; and have laboured throughout to choose such as mbine variety of character with those peculiar

qualities so requisite in all musical compositions intended to be used in religious worship. The Set Pieces and Anthems have been selected with reference to the occasions and purposes to which they are especially adapted; and such as are not too difficult of execution for general use, have only been inserted. It is believed the judicious leader will be able to select pieces adapted to all occasions, and to nearly every measure found in the standard hymn books of the day.

For a number of excellent pieces contained in this Collection, we are indebted to Mr. L. Mason, of Boston; Mr. T. Hastings, of New-York; Mr. J. C. Andrews, of Troy, N. Y.; and to several other gentlemen, as will be observed by reference to the pieces themselves.

For the beauty and neatness of the typographical execution, we are indebted to the care and superintendence of Mr. C. Dingley, editor of the "*Family Minstrel*," New-York,—who has also rendered important aid in revising and correcting the work, and made some valuable contributions to its contents.

We take this occasion to express our gratitude to the publick for the liberal patronage bestowed upon our labours. It is here presented in a much enlarged form, and in a beauty of typography unsurpassed by any other work in the country.

We aim, by all laudable exertions, to be useful in our day and generation.

TO TEACHERS AND LEARNERS.

We beg leave to make a few remarks in reference to the subject of teaching and learning:—When a class has been formed for the study of Musick, the instructer would do well to ascertain the amount of musical knowledge his pupils are in possession of. He ought then to suit his instructions to the progress made. If any have made some advances in the study of the rudiments, they might be employed as monitors, to aid those less advanced. He ought then to commence with those who are beginners, and instruct them in the first rudiments of the art.

The nature of *Time* and of *Sound* ought early to be illustrated by familiar examples; such as the following:—Let the pupils sound the *Whole Note* on a tone to be given by the teacher, say on F, several times, making four motions of the hand while sounding: then, its various divisions. In order to make them more familiar with the shape and appearance of these various divisions, they ought to be written upon a *Black Board*, (an almost indispensable article in every school,) so large as that all the pupils can see them. Lessons in the various kinds of notes might be written on the board, in various kinds of Time, and the pupils be required to sing them, all on the same tone, keeping the time, and marking the accent.

The *Scale* may then be written on the board, and the pupils made to understand its nature, and to learn its various degrees and letters, by a series of questions and answers: and as they begin to understand its use, and the nature of sound, notes might be applied, and the various intervals

of the scale, and the relative proportion that one sound of the scale bears to the other, might be explained. The instruction on this part of the course ought to be after this manner:—Write the first note of the major key of C, on the ledger line below the staff: let the teacher sound it full during the time of a whole note, and require the pupils to give close attention to its sound. Then let the *whole class* sound the same note frequently, until all are able to make the sound correctly.* The second note of the scale may then be added, and the class exercised on the two notes alternately, until the difference between them is fully understood: A third note may then be added, and the class exercised upon it and the other two, and so on, until the scale, of eight notes, has been gone through. Vary the exercises on the scale in every way calculated to impress the different sounds thereof indelibly upon the memory. It would be well also to number the intervals of the scale, calling the key note 1, the next, 2, the next, 3, &c., and require the pupils to sing the Numbers frequently. The *letters* of the scale ought also to be sung.

In order to keep up the attention of the pupils, some familiar and easy pieces of musick, such as "Pilgrim," "Nuremburg," "Sing, my soul," &c., ought to be sung occasionally, the teacher carefully applying the lessons rehearsed to practice. Let it be the *aim* of the teacher to make his pupils *perfectly familiar with each sound of the Scale, and with the different varieties of Time.* These two things, of *all others*, should be *well understood*, and too much time cannot be devoted to learning them. A thorough acquaintance with ACCENT, is also very important.

The teacher will find his labours much facilitated by requiring his entire Class to respond, *at the same time*, to any question put to them. And in learning them to beat time, he will find it advantageous to require them to describe the motions of their hands, thus—"Downward beat," "upward beat," &c., and the accented and unaccented beats, thus—"loud," "soft," &c. Exercises of this kind will be found very useful.

A Class conducted on the plan here briefly sketched, will, in a short time, be prepared to sing by note intelligibly, and to understand all that is essential to be known, to be able to read musick with fluency.

A WORD TO LEARNERS.

Let nothing short of *an acquaintance with the rudiments of musick satisfy you.* Bear in mind that when a thorough knowledge of the rudiments is obtained, that then, with a careful application of them to practice, you will be able to read new pieces of musick with much satisfaction and pleasure; whereas, if you neglect to make yourselves acquainted with the rudiments, you will never be able to make any progress in the science, and must ever be dependent on others for whatever musick you can catch up *second-handed.* Second, therefore, the efforts of your instructer, by committing all required lessons to memory, and by giving your undivided attention to his instructions and directions. You will not regret it in after life.

* It is found, by a process such as is here recommended, that most persons are capable of making musical sounds. An individual, however, will occasionally be found, who is unable to imitate sounds; but the number are fewer than has generally been supposed, particularly among the young.

RUDIMENTS OF MUSICK.

LESSON I.

1. Musick is the art of combining sounds in a manner agreeable to the ear: It is also a *science*, treating of the principles upon which the various combinations of sound are formed, and by which they are regulated.

2. There are two departments in Musick,—*Melody* and *Harmony*.

3. *Melody* is an agreeable succession of sounds.

4. *Harmony* is an agreeable combination of musical sounds, or different melodies, performed at the same time.

5. Musick consists of seven primary *tones* or sounds, which are represented by the first seven letters of the alphabet.

6. Every *eighth* sound or tone, is considered the same in nature as the first; and is always on the same letter repeated, and of the same name.

7. A Staff consists of five lines, with their spaces, on which the musical characters are written. Each line and space of the staff takes the name of some one of these seven letters.

8. When the characters used to express musical sounds, ascend or descend beyond the staff, short lines, called *Ledger lines*, are added.

9. The situation of the letters on the staff is determined by certain characters called Clefs.

10. The F Clef is used in *Base*, and stands on the fourth line, always counting from the bottom.

11. The G Clef is used either in *Tenour* or *Treble*, and sometimes in *Alto*, and stands on the second line.

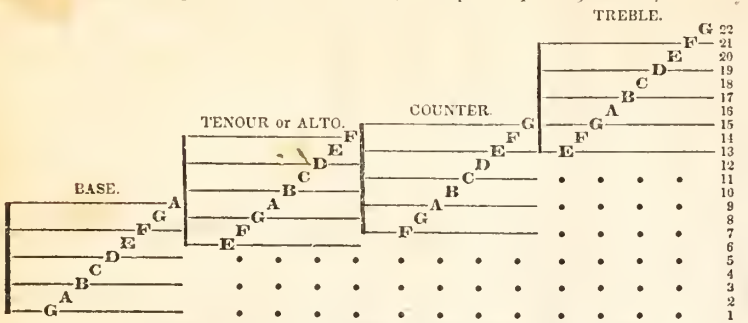
12. The C Clef is used in *Counter*, and stands on the third line. This Clef is seldom used in modern musick.

LINES AND SPACES.

C—	ledger line above.	A—	ledger line above.	B—	ledger line above.
B		G		A	
A	5th line.	F	5th line.	G	5th line.
G	4th space.	E	4th space.	F	4th space.
F	4th line.	D	4th line.	E	4th line.
E	3d space.	C	3d space.	D	3d space.
D	3d line.	B	3d line.	C	3d line.
C	2d space.	A	2d space.	B	2d space.
B	2d line.	G	2d line.	A	2d line.
A	1st space.	F	1st space.	G	1st space.
G	1st line.	E	1st line.	F	1st line.
F		D		E	
E— . . .	ledger line below.	C—	ledger line below.	D— . . .	ledger line below.

13. The distances from spaces to lines, and from lines to spaces, are called *degrees*.

EXAMPLE—*Of the relative situation of the different parts of Musick.*



NOTE. This scale comprises three *octaves*, or eighths, and is considered the extent of an ordinary human voice. When notes ascend beyond the scale, they are said to be in *alt*. When they descend below it, they are said to be *double*. In ascending or descending beyond the staff, the letters are repeated in the same order as upon it.

The musical notes, used in this work, are the four following, viz:
The circular note, ○ or ◐, which is called *sol*, pronounced sole.
The square note, □ or ■, which is called *la*, pronounced law.
The diamond note, ◇ or ◆, which is called *mi*, pronounced mee.
The triangular note, ◺ or ◣, which is called *fa*, pronounced faw.

OBSERVATIONS. Guido, an Italian monk, who lived in Tuscany about eight hundred years ago, is reputed to be the first who brought the *Scale* or *Gamut* to something of its present form. He taught the use of the following six names, viz: *Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La.* La Maire, a French musician, made an addition of *Si*, as follows:

Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Ut.
C. D. E. F. G. A. B. C.

The Italians have changed *Ut* to *Do*, for sake of a softer sound; thus,—

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.
C. D. E. F. G. A. B. C.

14. Of the seven primary sounds in musick, *five* are *whole tones*, and *two* are *semitones*, or half tones. The semitones are always between *mi* and *fa*, and between *la* and *fa*.

15. The situation of the notes on the staff, is determined by the *Flats* or *Sharps* at the commencement.

NOTE. These flats or sharps are called the *signature* or *sign* of the key-note. When no flat or sharp is placed at the beginning of a tune, its signature is said to be *natural*.

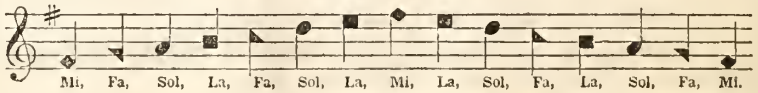
16. *Mi** is the governing note. Its place on the staff is found by the following Table:

The natural place for MI is on B, but

If B be flat (b)	Mi is on	E	If F be sharp(♯)	Mi is on	F
If B and E		A	If F and C		C
If B, E, and A		D	If F, C, and G		G
If B, E, A, and D		G	If F, C, G, and D		D

17. The order of the names in ascending from *Mi*, is *fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la;* and in descending from it, *la, sol, fa, la, sol, fa;* then *mi* occurs again.

EXAMPLE.



QUESTIONS ON LESSON I.

1. What is Musick? As a science, what does it treat of? 2. How many departments are there in musick? 3. What is Melody? 4. Can one singer produce Harmony? 5. How many primary tones or sounds are there in musick? What are they represented by? 6. What is every eighth sound or tone considered in nature? 7. What is a Staff? 8. When notes extend beyond the staff, what are used? 9. How is the situation of the letters determined? 10. What Clef is used in Base? 11. On what line does the Treble Clef stand? 13. What are called Degrees? What syllables should be used in learning to sing? 14. Of the seven primary tones, how many are whole ones? Between what names are the half tones found? 15. What is the signature of a tune? When is the signature natural?

* *Mi* is often articulated with such sharpness as to produce a very disagreeable effect in musick; and it is difficult to give written rules for its pronunciation which may not mislead the learner. Walker's direction for sounding short *e* as in *men, met*, &c., is, perhaps, the best that can be given.

LESSON II.

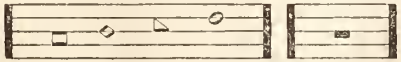
OF NOTES AND RESTS.

1. In regard to length of time, there are six different Notes, viz: The Whole Note, the Half Note, the Quarter, the Eighth, the Sixteenth, and the Thirty-Second Note.

2. *Notes* are marks of sound. *Rests* are characters which denote silence. Each note has its corresponding rest, which takes its name from the note, and agrees with it in time.

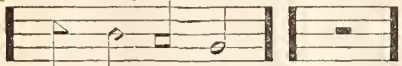
3. The Whole Note, or *Semibreve*, is a plain open note. The Whole Note Rest is a hyphen below the middle line.

Whole Notes. *Rest.*



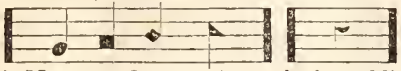
4. The Half Note, or *Minim*, is a semibreve with the addition of a stem. Two of them are sung in the time of one whole note. The Half Note Rest is a hyphen above the middle line.

Half Notes. *Rest.*



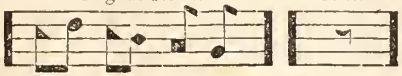
5. The Quarter Note, or *Crotchet*, is a black note with a stem. Four of them are sung in the time of one whole note. The Quarter Rest is a hook turned to the right.

Quarter Notes. *Rest.*



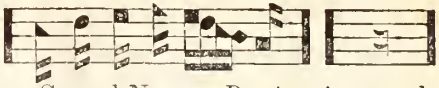
6. The Eighth Note, or *Quaver*, is made by adding a hook to the stem of the quarter note. Eight are sung in the time of a whole note. The Eighth Rest is a hook turned to the left.

Eighth Notes. *Rest.*



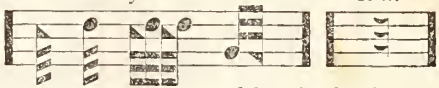
7. The Sixteenth Note, or *Semiquaver*, has two hooks at the end of the stem. Sixteen are sung in the time of one whole note. The Sixteenth Rest has two hooks.

Sixteenth Notes. *Rest.*



8. The Thirty-Second Note, or *Demisemiquaver*, has three hooks. Thirty-two of them are sung in the time of one whole note. The Thirty-Second Rest has, also, three hooks.

Thirty-Second Notes. *Rest.*



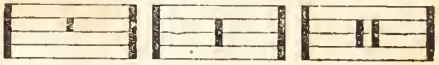
9. When any notes are connected by the hooks at the end of the stem, they are said to be *grouped*. As many as are thus grouped, are to be sung to one syllable.

NOTE 1. The whole note rest is understood to fill a measure, in all varieties of time.

NOTE 2. Besides the rests which have been named, the rest for two measures, for four, and for eight measures is often used.

EXAMPLE.

2 Measures. *4 Measures.* *8 Measures.*



QUESTIONS ON LESSON II.

1. How many kinds of notes, in regard to length of time, are there? What are they? 2. What are Notes? What are Rests? 3. Describe the whole note. 4. Describe the half note. What difference is there between the whole and half rest? 5. Describe the quarter note. 6. Describe the eighth note. Point out the difference between the quarter and the eighth rest. 7. How many hooks are there to the 16th and 32d notes? 9. What is said of notes that are grouped? What rest is used variously? (See *Castle Street*, page 135)—What is the Signature? Where is the *Mi*? By what rule? Is the first note a half or a quarter note? What is the second note in the Bass? What are the second and third notes in the Air? On what letter does the first note in the Tenour stand? How many notes are there in the Treble, before you find a half note?

LESSON III.

OTHER CHARACTERS USED IN MUSICK.

1. A *Brace* } or (shows how many parts are sung or played together.

2. The different parts thus connected, form a *Score*.

3. *Bars* | | divide the musick into equal parts, as it regards time. The space between any two bars is called a *Measure*.

4. *Thick* or *Double Bars* ▌ OR ▌▌ show the end of a strain of musick, or the end of a line of poetry.

5. A *Sharp* (♯) is a mark of *elevation*,—set before a note, it raises it half a tone.

6. A *Flat* (♭) is a mark of *depression*,—set before a note, it sinks it half a tone.

7. A *Natural* (♮) is a mark of *restoration*,—set before a note, previously made flat or sharp, it restores it to its primitive tone.

NOTE 1. Flats, Sharps, and Naturals, thus used, are called *Accidentals*.

2. An accidental not only affects the note it precedes, but all those that stand on the same letter in the same measure; and when the last note in the measure is affected by an accidental, and the first note in the next measure stands on the same letter, the separating bar does not destroy its effect; it will continue its influence until a note occurs on some other letter.

3. Where *fa* or *sol* is to be raised half a tone by an Accidental, the performer, in order to a correct intonation, should call Fa *fi*, and Sol *si*, (pronounced *fee* and *see*.) When *mi* is to be flatted, the effect may easily be produced by calling it *fa*. This method has long been practised in the most celebrated European schools.

4. The Flats or Sharps at the beginning of a tune, called the Signature, have an influence to the end of the piece, unless their effect be destroyed by a natural. That is, flat signatures require all the notes or letters affected by them to be sounded half a tone lower, and sharp signatures require them to be sounded half a tone higher. But as the names of the notes on those letters are governed by the signature, this effect is produced without any effort on the part of the singer: only in instrumental musick a different execution is necessary.

8. A *Slur* (⌒ or ‿) drawn over or under any number of notes, shows that they are to be sung to one syllable.

9. A *Dot* or *Point*, (•) placed at the right hand of a note or rest, adds to them half their length.

10. A *Double Dot* or *Point*, (••) placed at the right hand of a note or rest, adds to them three-fourths of their primitive time.

11. A *Repeat* (:) points out some part of a tune that is to be sung twice.

12. A *Repeat* : ▌ OR : ▌ before a Double Bar, shows that the preceding strain is to be repeated.

13. A *Repeat* ▌ : OR ▌ : after a Double Bar, shows that the following strain is to be sung twice.

14. A *Redite* (:‖:) signifies the repetition of words.

15. A *Figure* **3**, called a *mark of diminution*, reduces any three notes, over or under which it may be placed, to the time of two notes of the same kind. (See *Camberwell*, page 37; *Braintree*, page 69; *Brattle Street*, page 82, etc.)

16. *Choosing Notes* give the performer liberty to sing either.

17. A *Hold* or *Pause* (𝄐) placed over a note or rest, shows they are to be held beyond their true time, at the discretion of the performer. When placed between notes, or over a bar, it denotes a short suspension of sound.

18. *Double-ending* 1 2 is used when some part of a tune is to be repeated, and shows that the note or notes under figure 1, should be sung before repeating, and those under 2, after the repeat. if slurred, both should be sung after repeating.

19. A *Close* ‖ or ‖ shows the end of a tune.

20. A *Trill* (tr) shows that the note beneath it, should be gently shaken. This is one of the graces of musick, and had better be omitted than performed unskilfully.

21. The *Crescendo* (<) requires the sound of the note over which it stands, to be begun soft and ended loud and abruptly; sometimes its influence extends throughout a whole strain.

22. The *Diminuendo* (>) is the reverse of the Crescendo,—it denotes a gradual decrease of sound.

23. The *Swell* (<>) requires the sound of the note over which it stands, to be begun soft, swelled full in the middle, and ended soft. Its influence may also be extended to a whole strain.

QUESTIONS ON LESSON III.

1. What is a Brace? 2. What is a Score? 3. What divides the musick into equal parts? What is the space between any two bars called? 4. What do thick or double bars show? 5. What is a Sharp a mark of? 6. What is a Flat a mark of? Which raises the sound of a note? How much? 7. What restores the sound of notes that have been made sharp or flat? Must it raise or depress the sound of them? What influence have sharps or flats placed at the beginning of a tune? How will you depress *Mi?* How elevate *Sol?* &c. 8. What is the use of a Slur? How many notes may it connect? 9. How much does a Dot or Point add to the time of a note or rest? 10. How much does a Double Dot or Point? 11. What does a Repeat point out? 12. What does it show when placed before a double bar? 13. What does it show when placed after a double bar? 14. What does a Redite signify? 15. What is the Figure 3 called, when placed over or under any three notes? How much does it reduce them? 16. What are Choosing Notes? 17. What does a Hold or Pause show? What does it denote when placed between notes, or over a bar? 18. When is it necessary that the Double-ending should be used? What does it show? 19. What does a Close show? 20. What does the Trill show? When had it better be omitted? 21. What does the Crescendo require? 22. What does the Diminuendo denote? 23. How must a note be sounded, over which a Swell stands? How far may its influence be extended?

LESSON IV.

BEATING TIME, AND ACCENT.

1. Time, in musick, directs the movement of every piece of musical composition, and shows its equal proportions of measure, agreeably to the sign or figures set at the beginning.

2. *Beating time* is generally performed by causing the hand to fall and rise, as the movement may require.

NOTE. Dr. ARNOLD observes, in regard to beating time,—"It is absolutely necessary, at the commencement, that the right hand should be taught to make the beats in every measure, till it becomes to the pupil what the pendulum is to the clock, which is, to keep it regular and in exact motion." If the teacher were to count, audibly, and beat for his pupils, requiring them, in silence, or in a very low tone, to count and beat with him, before he suffers them to sing, till they can do it accurately,—they would find the task less irksome, and the art less difficult to be acquired than is generally supposed.

3. The hand, in beating time, should always fall on the first part of the measure, and rise on the last.

4. ACCENT is a certain stress or force of voice, upon what are termed the *strong* parts of the measure. The unaccented parts are called the *weak* parts.

5. A note which fills a measure, should be swelled full. When a measure contains two notes, the *first* is accented. When it is divided into three or four equal parts, the first has a full or *superiour* accent, and the third a half or *inferiour* accent. When in triple time a measure contains six notes, the first has the superiour, and the fifth the inferiour accent; but in compound time, the first has the superiour and the *fourth* the half accent.

Observation 1. The correct observance of accent in vocal performance, may often be said to produce the same effect on the minds or passions of an audience, as oratory does in speaking. When singing is performed with proper accent, and a just expression of the subject or words sung, the attention of the hearer is arrested, and the tear of devotion or contrition often flows. But vocal musick, divested of accent and expression, is but a continued movement of sounds, producing little or no effect on an audience.

Observation 2. By *expression* in musick is meant that clearness and propriety of articulation, which not only enables the hearer to understand every word, but exhibits the subject sung in a just and impressive light. The primary object of vocal musick is to impress more deeply on the heart, the sentiments advanced in the poetry. And when it is properly performed, this effect will be produced in a high degree. Every turbulent passion will be subdued, and the heart will be softened to devotion. But when the subject is rendered unintelligible by false pronunciation and bad articulation, (as is too often the case,) the musick becomes a tiresome monotony, and can never reach the heart.

Observation 3. To the above rules for accenting musick, there is one exception, and that one of frequent occurrence. Whenever the musical accent happens to be at variance with a true expression and emphasis of the words sung; that is, when an unaccented note is applied to a word which the sense of the subject renders emphatick—when a word of minor importance in the sentence is applied to an accented note, the musick must always yield to the spirit and sense of the subject.

QUESTIONS ON LESSON IV.

3. On what part of the measure should the hand always fall, in beating time? 4. What is Accent? 5. What part of a measure is *always* the strong part? Where is the accent when the measure is divided into three or four parts?

What is meant by *expression* in musick? What is the primary object of vocal musick? What is vocal musick, divested of Accent and Expression? Is there an exception to the rules here laid down for accenting musick? When?

LESSON V.

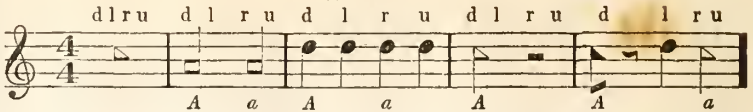
VARIOUS MOODS OF TIME.

1. Time is of three kinds,—*Common*, *Triple*, and *Compound*.

2. *Common Time* has three varieties, or *moods*.

3. The *First Mood* has the figures **4–4** for its sign,—(formerly the letter C was used.) It contains a whole note, (semibreve,) or its quantity in a measure, and has four beats or motions, viz: 1st, down, (called the Downward beat,)—2d, horizontally to the left, (called the Hither beat,)—3d, horizontally to the right, (called the Thither beat,) and 4th, up, (called the Upward beat.)

EXAMPLE.

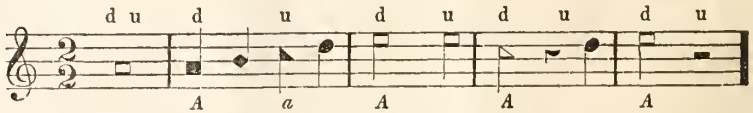


Note 1. In this and the following examples of the moods of time, the capital letter *A* is placed beneath such notes as have the full accent, and the small *a* under those that have a half accent. The letters above the staff refer to the movement of the hand in keeping time.

Note 2. The figures used to signify the mood of time, show the fractional part of a whole note, or semibreve, contained in a measure. For example, the figures 2–2, in the second mood of Common Time, show that a measure contains two 2d or half notes; and the figures 2–4, in the third mood of Common Time, show that a measure contains two 4th or quarter notes.

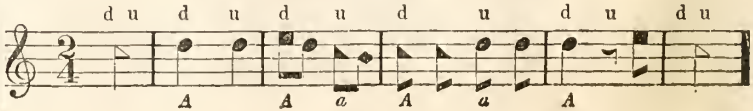
4. The *Second Mood* has the figures **2–2** for its sign,—(the inverted ϽC was formerly used in this mood.) It contains a whole note, or its quantity in a measure, and has two beats or motions, viz: Downward beat and Upward beat.

EXAMPLE.



5. The *Third Mood* has the figures **2–4** for its sign,—contains a half note, (minim,) or its quantity in a measure, and has two beats or motions, viz: Downward beat and Upward beat.

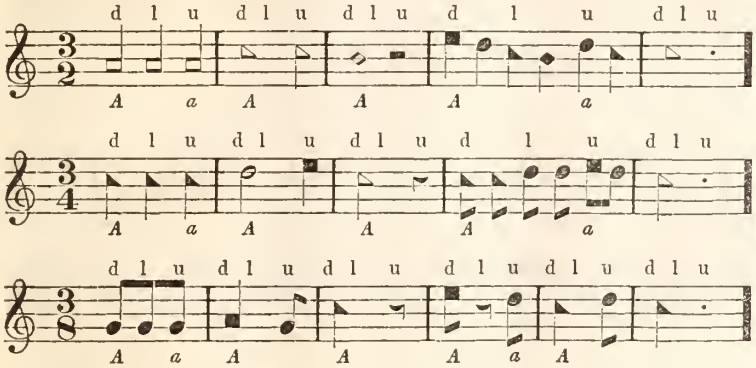
EXAMPLE.



6. *Triple Time* has three varieties,—*first*, *second*, and *third*.

7. The *First Mood* has **3–2** for its sign, the *Second Mood* has **3–4**, and the *Third Mood* has **3–8**. Triple Time has three beats or motions in a measure, viz: 1st, down,—2d, horizontally to the left,—3d, up.

EXAMPLES.

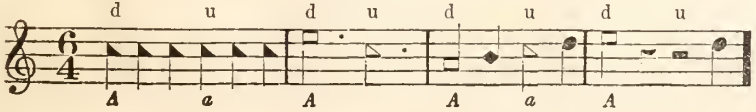


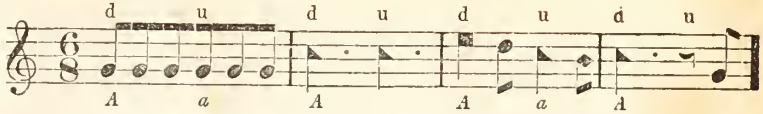
NOTE. This is called *Triple Time* from the odd number of notes and beats in a measure.

8. *Compound Time* consists of two varieties,—*first* and *second*.

9. The *First Mood* has **6–4**, and the *Second Mood* has **6–8** for its sign, and each has two beats in a measure.

EXAMPLES.





NOTE. This is called *Compound Time*, because it is a mixture of *Common* and *Triple*. There is an odd number of notes to a beat, and an even number of beats in a measure.

QUESTIONS ON LESSON V.

1. How many kinds of Time are there? 2. How many Moods of Common Time? 3. What figures denote the First Mood? How many beats in a Measure? What is the Measure Note? What four notes will fill a measure? How many beats on a half note, in the first variety? How many on a pointed half note? If three quarter notes be in a measure, what four other notes can it contain? 4. What is the mark of the Second Mood? How many beats does this mood require? What do the figures placed at the beginning of the tune *London*, (page 48,) signify? How many beats on the first note? What character is placed over some of the half notes? What is its use? Is there any Slur in the Bass? What characters do you see on B, in the Tenour, besides the notes? What variety of Time is *Clarendon* (page 77) set to? What is its measure note? How many beats in a measure? What is its signature? What rests do you see in the Tenour? Does the hand rise or fall on the first note? What is the signature of *Harleigh?* (page 78.)

6. How many varieties of Triple Time are there? Why called *Triple?* How many beats in a measure? On what part of the measure is the full accent? Where the inferiour? When there are six notes in a measure, where the inferiour? What figures mark the first mood? What figures mark the second? What figures mark the third? To what Mood is *Hebron* (page 114) set? To what Mood is *German Air* (page 114) set?

8. How many Moods of Compound Time are there? 9. What figures mark the First Mood? What figures mark the Second Mood? How many beats are required for a measure in Compound Time? Why is this variety of time called Compound Time?

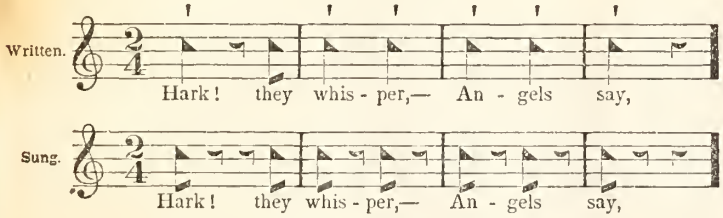
NOTE. It is not expected that Teachers will *closely* follow the above questions: the object of the compilers is merely to point out a course which long experience has proved useful.

LESSON VI.

OF STACCATO MARKS, SYNCOPATION, AND APPOGIATURES.

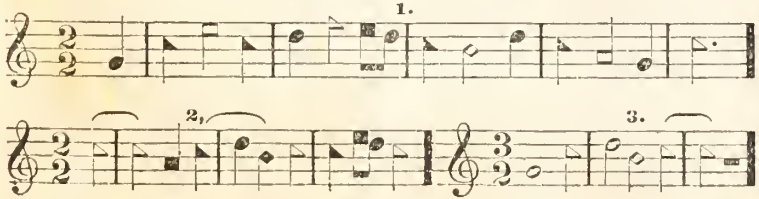
1. Marks of distinction, or *Staccato Marks*, point to notes which should be sung in a distinct and emphatick manner.

EXAMPLE.



2. Notes of *Syncopation* are such as begin on the weak, and end on the strong part of the measure, and consequently require a swell, or *accent*, on the concluding part of the note. *Syncopation* is sometimes formed by slurring notes of the same degree; in such cases, the note is pronounced but once, but the sound is continued to the full time of all the notes so connected; and wherever an accented note occurs, a swell in the sound must be observed.

EXAMPLES.

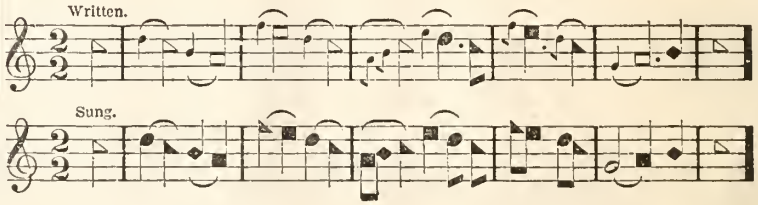


3. *Appoggiatures* are small notes inserted to improve the melody. They make no part of the measure, but all the time given them, is borrowed from the principal notes, according to their value. They are of two kinds,—*Leading Notes* and *After Notes*.

4. When small notes precede large ones, they are called *Leading Notes*, and usually require the accent. They borrow their true value of time from the principal, except when they precede pointed notes, in which case they assume *twice* their value.

EXAMPLE.

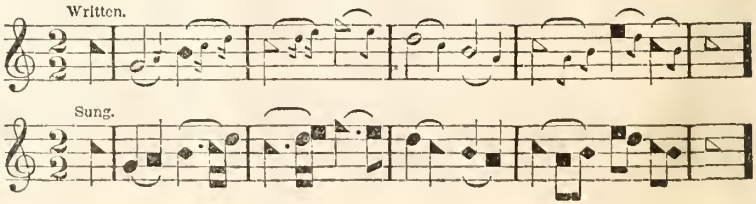
LEADING NOTES.



5. *After Notes* are those small ones which *follow* the principal note.

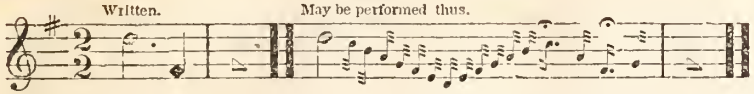
EXAMPLE.

AFTER NOTES.



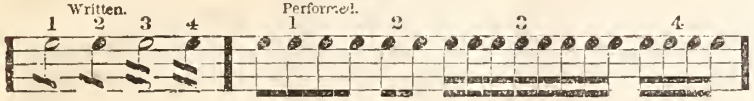
6. *Cadenza*, or *Cadence ad libitum*, is an extempore passage, introduced by a solo performer, immediately preceding the last note of a period or final cadence.

EXAMPLE.



7 *Abbreviations* are sometimes used in writing musick. A single stroke over or under a semibreve, or across the stem of a minim or crotchet, divides them into quavers; a double stroke into semiquavers; a triple stroke into demisemiquavers.

EXAMPLES.



QUESTIONS ON LESSON VI.

1. What is meant by singing Staccato? What is the term called which is opposed to Staccato? *Ans.* Legato. What is understood by singing Legato? *Ans.* Singing in a smooth, gliding manner. 2. What are Syncopated Notes? When do they often require an accent? 3. What is an Appoggiature? Whence do they derive their time? How many kinds of Appoggiatures are there? 4. What are Leading Notes? When they precede pointed notes, what is their value, in time? 5. What are After Notes? 6. What is a Cadenza?

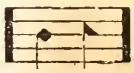
LESSON VII.

INTERVALS AND CHORDS.

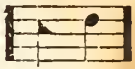
1. An *Interval* is the distance between one note and another, whether immediate or remote, as from C to D—from C to F, &c.

2. The least interval used in modern vocal musick, is a *Semitone*.

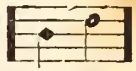
3. An interval of one semitone, as from *mi* to *fa*, is called a *Minor Second*.



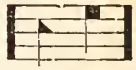
4. An interval of a full tone, or two semitones, as from *fa* to *sol*, is called a *Major Second*.



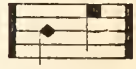
5. An interval composed of a full tone and a half tone, or three semitones, as from *mi* to *sol*, is called a *Minor Third*.



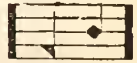
6. An interval composed of two full tones, or four semitones, as from *fa* to *la*, is called a *Major Third*.



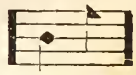
7. An interval of two full tones and a half tone, or five semitones, as from *mi* to *la*, is called a *Minor Fourth*.



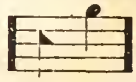
8. An interval of three full tones, or six semitones, as from *fa* to *mi*, is called a *Major Fourth*.



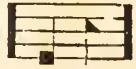
9. An interval of two full tones and two half tones, or six semitones, as from *mi* to *fa*, is called a *Minor Fifth*.



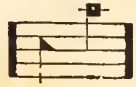
10. An interval of three full tones and a half tone, or seven semitones, as from *fa* to *sol*, is called a *Major Fifth*.



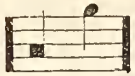
11. An interval composed of three tones and two semitones, or eight semitones, as from *la* to *fa*, is called a *Minor Sixth*.



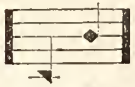
12. An interval of four tones and a semitone, or nine semitones, as from *fa* to *la*, is called a *Major Sixth*.



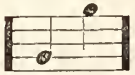
13. An interval of four tones and two semitones, or ten semitones, as from *la* to *sol*, is called a *Minor Seventh.*



14. An interval of five tones and one half-tone, or eleven semitones, as from *fa* to *mi*, is called a *Major Seventh.*



15. An interval of five tones and two half tones, or twelve semitones, is called an *Octave.*



16. Those notes which produce harmony, sounded together, are termed *Concords*, and their intervals *consonant intervals.* Those which are disagreeable to the ear, when sounded together, are called *Discords*, and their intervals *dissonant intervals.*

17. The Perfect Chords are *Unisons*, *Fifths*, and *Eighths.*

18. The Imperfect Chords are *Thirds*, *Major Fourths*, *Minor Fifths*, and *Sixths.*

19. The Discords are *Seconds*, *Minor Fourths*, and *Sevenths.*

Note. Discords are sometimes admissible in musical composition. When they precede perfect chords, they greatly increase their power and beauty, but they should be seldom used.

LESSON VIII.

Of the several notes which compose the diatonick scale; their relation to each other, and peculiar qualities.

1. There are two general Scales used in modern musick,—the *Diatonick* and *Chromatick.*

2. The *Diatonick Scale* is a gradual succession of natural sounds, divided into *octaves*, *tones* and *semitones.*

3. The first note in the Scale, is the *Key-note* or *Tonick.* It determines the pitch of the scale, and is the basis on which all the other notes rest, and from which they are reckoned.

4. The second note of the scale is called the *Supertonick*, because situated next above the Tonick.

5. The third is called the *Mediant*, because it is midway between the Tonick and Dominant. It forms, in connexion with the Tonick, the most important chord in harmony, and also determines the nature of the Mode.

6. The fourth note is called the *Subdominant*, because it stands in the same relation to the Octave that the Dominant sustains to the Tonick: being a fifth below the former, as the Dominant is a fifth above the latter.

7. The *Dominant* is the fifth note of the scale; so called from its importance and its immediate connexion with the Tonick

8. The sixth is called the *Submediant*, because it is equadistant from the Subdominant and the Octave, or because it sustains the same relation to the Octave which the Mediant does to the Tonick

9. The seventh note is called the *Subtonick* or *leading note.* This is always the sharpened seventh of the scale, and, when heard, seems to point to the eighth or Octave.

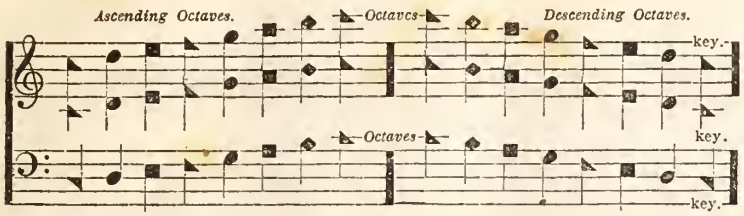
10. The *Octave*, or eighth note of the scale, is essentially the same as the Tonick,—the difference between them consisting only in the pitch.

11. In the Natural Scale there are but two Keys,—the *Major Key* of C, and the *Minor Key* of A. If the Signature be formed by Sharps, the Tonick of the Major Mode is always the first degree *above*, and that of the Minor Mode, the first *below* the last sharp o the signature. If the Signature consists of Flats, the Tonick in th Major Mode is always the *third* degree below, and that of the Minc Mode the *fifth* degree below the last flat of the signature. The Base usually concludes on this note

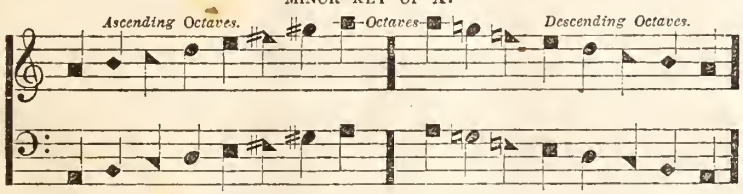
12. The Minor Tonick may be known from the Major by the leading note, which, in the Minor Mode, is always formed by an Accidental.

EXAMPLES.

MAJOR KEY OF C.



MINOR KEY OF A.



NOTE 1. When the interval between the Key-note and the third degree above, is only a *minor third*, the key is *minor*, (improperly called the flat key;) but when this interval is a *major third*, the key is *major*, (commonly called a sharp key.)

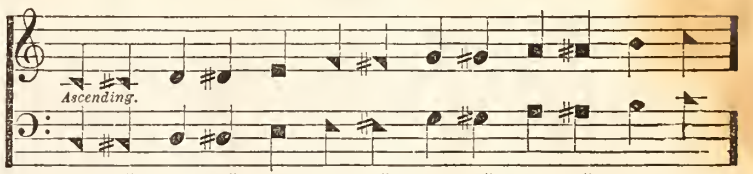
NOTE 2. The *minor key* is adapted to airs of the plaintive kind, and the *major key* to those of a lively, animating description. In selecting tunes for public worship, great care should be taken by the leader, to make choice of such as are adapted to the spirit of the psalm or hymn. He should also be sure to pitch his tunes on the proper key. To pitch them too high or too low, cannot fail to impair the harmony and render the performance painful.

NOTE 3. The Minor Key is considered imperfect, and has this peculiarity, that the sixth and seventh of its *ascending* notes in the octave, are each a semitone higher than the same notes *descending*. The Minor Mode requires that whenever the seventh of the Scale ascends to the eighth, it should be sharped.

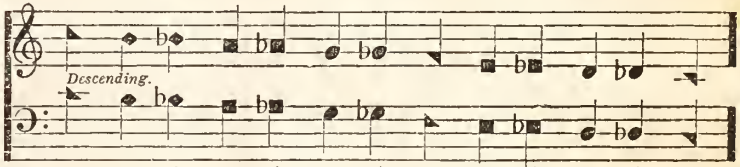
13. The *Chromatick Scale* is formed by semitones only; and generally ascends by Sharps and descends by Flats.

14. In ascending and descending on the Chromatick Scale, there are thirteen degrees.

EXAMPLE.



C C♯ D D♯ E F F♯ G G♯ A A♯ B C



C B B♭ A A♭ G G♭ F E E♭ D D♭ C

NOTE. The *Enharmonick Scale* in modern musick, is a progression of *quarter tones*, or semitones divided by the Chromatick Scale, and is of little use in common vocal musick.

LESSON IX.

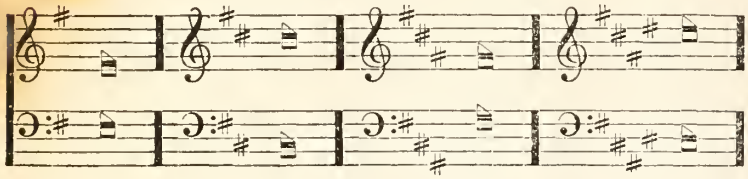
TRANSPOSITION AND MODULATION.

1. The transposition of the key, is the removal of a tune higher or lower on the Scale, than its natural place, by assuming another letter for the key-note, and adapting the semitones to it by means of signatures or accidentals, (that is, flats and sharps.)

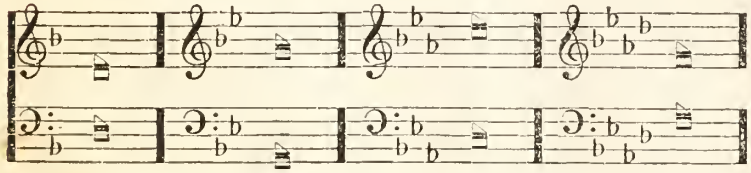
2. Any letter or tone, of the Diatonick or Chromatick Scale, may be assumed as a key. The Minor key will always be found situated two degrees below or six degrees above the Major key.

EXAMPLES.

SHARP SIGNATURES.



FLAT SIGNATURES.



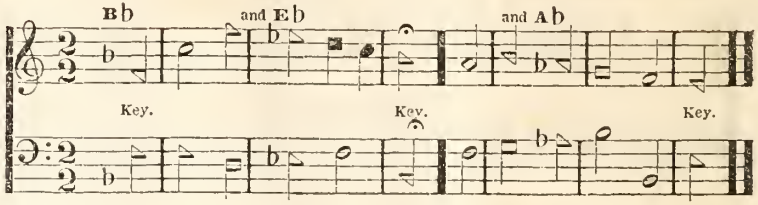
NOTE. The transposition of a tune may also be effected by the aid of Accidentals, as well as by change of Signature, but is then generally called Chromatick Modulation.

3. *Modulation* is forming a proper choice and variety of chords in harmony, or of sounds in melody, either for retaining, relinquishing or effecting a complete change of the key and mode.

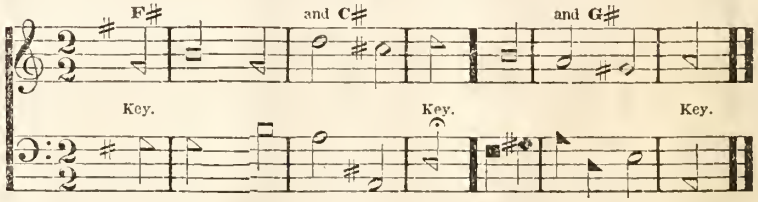
4. Modulation is produced by the introduction of a new Flat, Sharp or Natural on the original scale. It is either *natural* or *abrupt*.

5. When each succeeding chord, and also the key and mode are nearly related to the preceding, the modulation is natural; but when those are foreign to the preceding one, the modulation is abrupt.

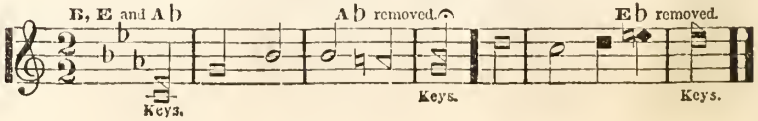
MODULATION BY FLATS.



MODULATION BY SHARPS.



MODULATION BY NATURALS.



MANAGEMENT OF THE VOICE.

In our "Hints to Teachers," at the commencement of this work, frequent exercises in keeping time, and rehearsals in mere monotone sound, for the purpose of impressing on the mind of the pupil the various divisions of the notes, &c., is recommended.

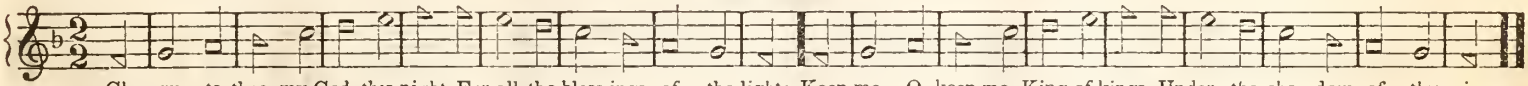
Great care should be taken to see that the pupils form their voices properly; that is, that they should be formed with a *proper position* of the *organs* of the throat, be *clear* and unobstructed, and free from all *guttural*, *nasal*, *dental*, or *labial* peculiarities. To aid the teacher in accomplishing this, we will here remark, that the proper positions of the organs of the throat, which give modification to sounds, may be ascertained by the following experiment:—Let the pupils *speak* the letter *a* (as in *awe*) frequently, observing with *care* the *position* of the *organs of the throat* while making the sound. The same letter may then be pronounced in a *singing* manner, keeping the organs as in speaking. The letter *l* may then be added, forming the syllable *la*, and sounded with the organs as before. In all the exercises on the monotone, and in the following and other introductory singing lessons, care should be taken that all sounds be made as above directed.

In country places, where Singing Schools are generally held but one night in a week, during three months in a year, we are aware that teachers feel their limits so circumscribed, as to be obliged to pass rapidly from one subject to another, and often to bring a number of particulars into the same view. This may *sometimes* be successfully done; yet the result is more generally disastrous. The habits of pupils are but imperfectly formed, and often do they become discouraged, and over-rate the difficulties of the art, or undervalue their own abilities.

Under such circumstances, permit us to recommend the *monitorial* system of instruction, so far as the rudiments and earlier practical lessons are concerned. It has been tried, and with the happiest results. A school need not be regularly organized into classes,—let the teacher call for assistants just when and where he needs them, and act, himself, as superintendent in the mean time. This will fix the attention and secure the interest of the scholars; and a half hour spent in this manner, each evening, during three months, will effect wonders. This will also serve to raise up in every place leaders in musick, who will, eventually, become competent to the task.

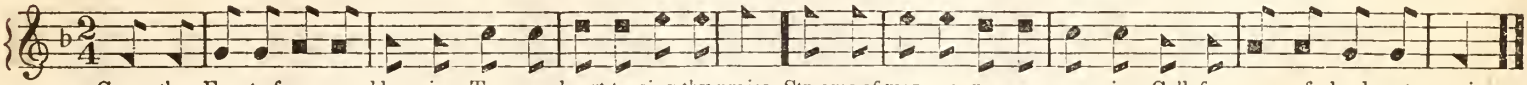
After scholars shall have practised any of the succeeding exercises, till they can sing them with ease by note, and beat the time correctly, their progress will be greatly facilitated by applying the lines which are placed beneath.

EXERCISE I.



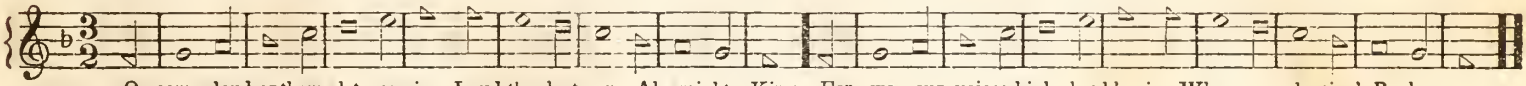
Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Under the sha - dow of thy wings.

EXERCISE II.



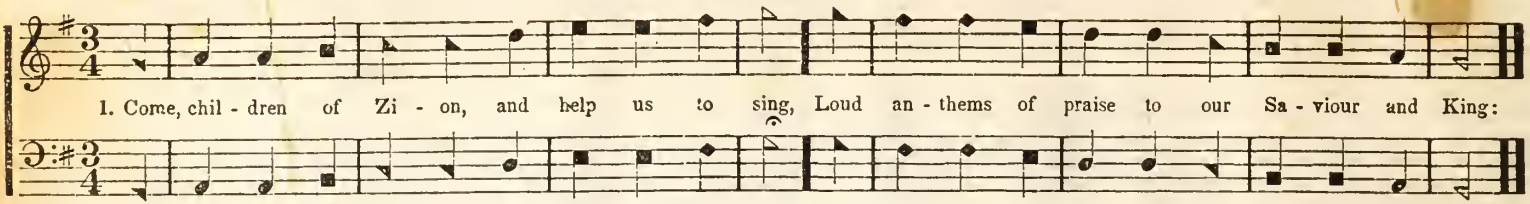
Come, thou Fount of eve - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy praise; Streams of mer - cy ne - ver cea - sing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.

EXERCISE III.

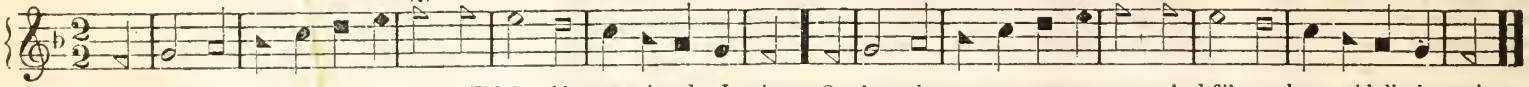


O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al - mighty King; For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise.

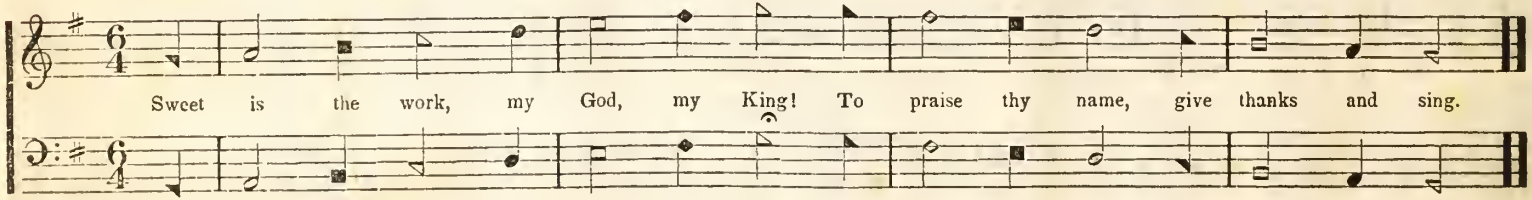
EXERCISE IV.



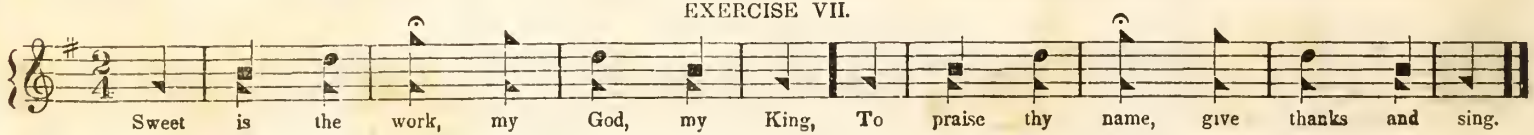
EXERCISE V.



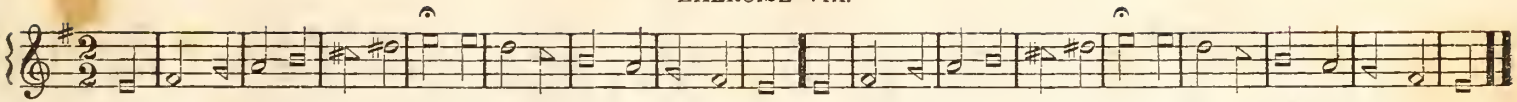
EXERCISE VI.



EXERCISE VII.

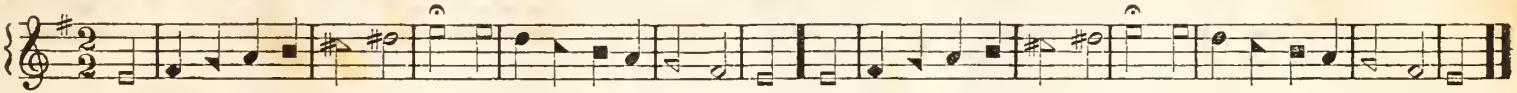


EXERCISE VIII.



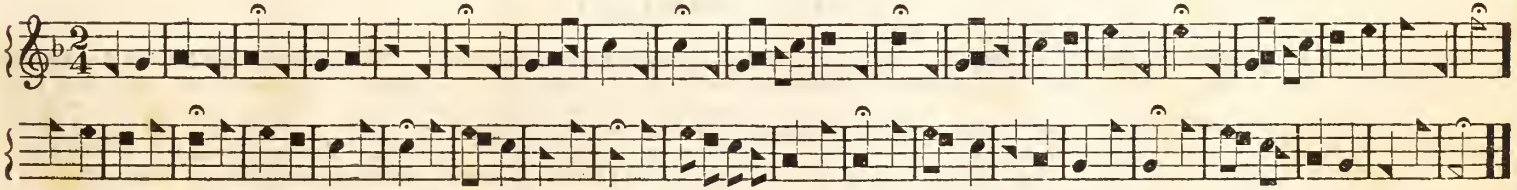
1. Sweet Spi - rit, if thy ai - ry sleep, Nor sees my tears, nor hears my sighs, O I will weep, in lux'- ry weep, Till the last heart's drop fills my eyes.

EXERCISE IX.

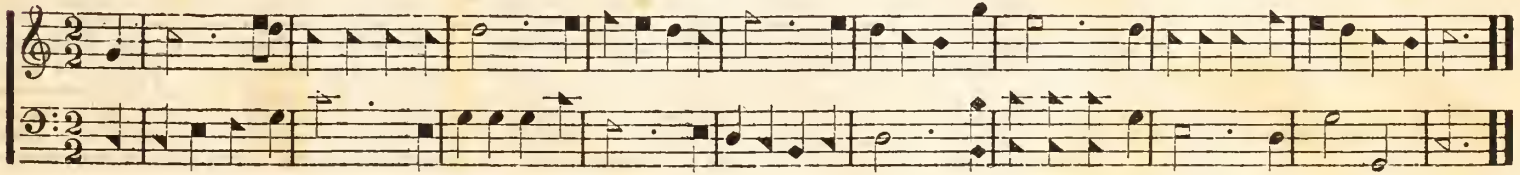


2. But if thy saint-ed soul can feel, And mingle in my mi - se - ry, Then, then, my breaking heart I'll seal, Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me.

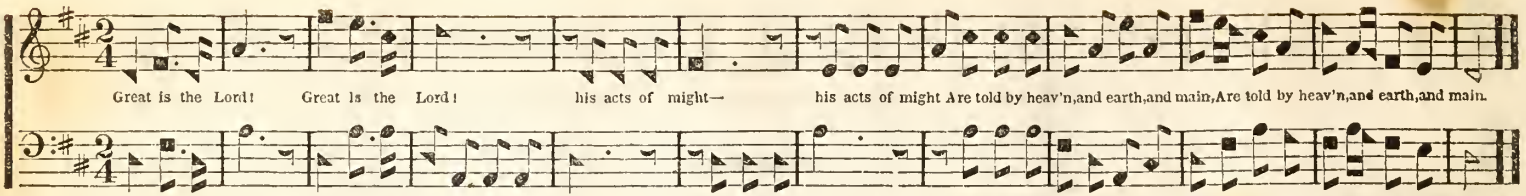
EXERCISE X.



EXERCISE XI.



EXERCISE XII.



PRACTICAL REMARKS.

Proper attention to the preceding Rules and Remarks will enable the learner to sing musick by note, and understand the structure of the musical scale.

We will now direct the attention of the learner to some remarks calculated to enable him to sing with *propriety* and *effect*.

The first object with the vocalist, after having learned to sing by note, should be to *understand well* the *sentiment* conveyed in the *words* he uses, and the *emotions* they are intended to produce. His pronunciation and emphasis should be correct, and his articulation clear and distinct.

Articulation, in singing, as in speaking, consists "in giving every letter in a syllable its due proportion of sound, according to the most approved method of pronouncing it, and in making such a *distinction* between the syllables of which words are composed, as that the ear shall, without difficulty, acknowledge their number, and perceive at once, to which syllable each letter belongs." In strict propriety, the *vowels* only should be *sung*, and the consonants merely *articulated*, as in speech. Instructers frequently neglect this subject, from an idea that uttering the consonants distinctly gives a disagreeable harshness to the musick. They ought to consider that *first* attempts are always, comparatively, unsuccessful; and that *great things* may be accomplished by industrious perseverance. When we say, that the consonants should be *forcibly* articulated, we should also add, that they should be more or less so, according to circumstances. The same rules will be found applicable to the purposes of musick, which govern the reader or speaker; and he who is not well instructed in the one, will seldom attain graceful performance in the other.

Many teachers, also, disregard the *pauses*, while some go so far as to deny the practicability of observing them in *singing*. The school-master who should deny their utility in reading, and instruct his pupils accordingly, would scarcely be *farther astray*. If the sense be dependent on their *proper use* in the one instance, it is often *obscured* by the *neglect* of them in the other. The principal pauses should be noticed with much care, not by a *suspension* in the movement, but by the occasional shortening of a note. Nor is this, by any means, so difficult as is generally supposed. The vocalist of even moderate acquirements, who has, nevertheless, some correct ideas of expression,—

who *feels* the force of his subject, and is in earnest to enlist the feelings of his audience, will, imperceptibly, observe the pauses, in his effort to enforce the sentiment. The use of occasional directory terms in our hymn books, would greatly aid most singers in their style of performance. Without them it will generally be difficult to enable a whole Choir, or a majority of its members, to observe the great varieties of character which their enunciation should embrace.

We have said that the vocalist ought to give *utterance to*, and *make prominent*, the *emotions* which burned in the breast of the poet, whose strains he sings. If he would excel in his profession, let him study the *words* of his piece, their *meaning* and *connexion*, and the *object* of the writer, and *then endeavour to execute them in such a manner as will give them the most effect.* He ought also to study the *character* of the *musick* he sings, and its *suitableness* to the words to be applied. It must be obvious to all, that the same tune ought not always to be sung in the *same style*, and that *all* Psalms and Hymns ought not to receive the *same execution.* Each sentiment may require a variation in the performance.

Our *lyrick poetry* is usually made up of NARRATIVE,—DESCRIPTION,—ANORATION and PRAISE,—SUPPLICATION,—DEVOTION, &c., &c. A different style of performance is required in all these varieties.

NARRATIVE passages ought to be sung in a *moderate* tone of voice, and in *moderate time.*

DESCRIPTION, when it is of the ordinary kind, ought to be of the same style; but when it is of *Heaven*, the *beatitudes of Deity*, of his *loveliness*, or any other of his *benignant qualities*, the performance ought to be in a *soft* and *tender* manner—in a *dolce* style, as it is technically called—where each note is dwelt upon to its *utmost nominal length*, and the succeeding note *glided* unto, in as *smooth*, *soft* and *delicate a manner as possible*, as if loath to leave off dwelling upon the delicious sound.

Passages of ANORATION and PRAISE ought to be performed in a spirited, *staccato* manner, as if the *heart* was *full* of *pleasurable* emotions, and raptured feelings towards the great Being worshipped, and *elastick* and *joyous* in uttering his praise.

In approaching our Great Creator and Father, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," as SUPPLIANTS, we should not do it in spirited and hurried strains. This would illy become a poor *suppliant* at the footstool of Omnipotence, and *is not* the mode adopted in the approach of a son to its father, *when desiring a benefit.* In supplicatory pieces, *very solemn musick* ought to be selected, and the performance be *slow* and *plaintive. Affettuoso* is the term applied to describe this movement. Great errours are committed in the practical adaptation of musick to this description of Psalms and Hymns.

DEVOTIONAL pieces are still a different variety from those already enumerated. Every one who has approached his Heavenly Father with feelings of *devotion*, can form some idea, if he has considered the subject, what his *musical strains* ought to be, when singing *devotional* pieces. The musick ought to be *solemn* and the time *slow.* The Swell, or *pathetick Emphasis*, on the strong parts of the measure, can be used with effect.

Between the *solo* performer and the *Choir* there is a difference to be observed. The one is unbound by moods of time, or the exact volume of voice to be thrown into the performance. Some passages he *hurries through* with impetuosity; in others, he is *measured* and *heavy;* in others, his voice *gradually diminishes away:* He also adds at pleasure any amount of *grace notes* and inflexions of voice, and is praised or censured, as he succeeds or fails in producing *an effect.* The *Choir*, on the contrary, is necessarily bound down to *time*, and to a degree of *uniformity* in the volume of voice. The *time* must be tolerably correct, in order to prevent confusion and discord, and, generally, *moderately slow*, in order to preserve that solemnity which becomes the house of God, and the august Being worshipped. But it does not follow that it ought to be *dull* and *insipid;* but conformable to the spirit of the psalm or hymn, as already described.

But, finally, our directions must be general. The best PROMPTER, after all, is an *honest*, *devotional* and *religious* HEART. If it be *right*, and warmed up with proper estimation of the *glorious qualities* of the Supreme Being, who is alone worthy of our worship and praise, our exercises, with ordinary care, will not be unacceptable to Him, nor useless to ourselves.

EXPLANATION OF MUSICAL TERMS.

Adagio, or *ad.*,—signifies the slowest time.
Ad libitum, or *ad lib.*,—at pleasure.
Affettuoso, or *af.*,—in a style of execution expressive of affection, tenderness, supplication, or deep emotion.
Air,—leading melody in a composition.
Allegro, or *al.*,—a brisk and sprightly movement.
Allegretto,—less quick than Allegro.
Alto,—in German, Italian, and French compositions, means always the Second Treble, to be sung by a female or child's voice; but in English compositions, it signifies the Counter, or high Tenour.
Amoroso,—in a soft and delicate style.
Andante, or *an.*,—with distinctness. As a mark of time, it implies a medium between the Adagio and Allegro movements.
Andantino,—quicker than Andante.
Anthem,—a musical composition set to sacred prose.
Animato,—with animation and boldness.
A tempo, or *Tempo*,—in the original time.
Base,—the lowest part in harmony.
Bis,—denotes a repetition of a passage in musick.
Brilliante,—signifies that the movement is to be performed in a gay, showy and sparkling style.
Calando,—a diminution of time and sound, in general.
Cantabile,—elegant, graceful, melodious.
Choral,—is a peculiar composition of old Church style, slow movement, written in equal rithmen, (time.)
Chorus,—a composition or passage designed for all the voices.
Chromatick,—a term given to accidental semitones.
Coda,—the close of a composition, or an additional close.
Con,—with; as, *Con Spirito*,—with spirit; *Con furia*,—with boldness; *Con animato*,—with expression, &c.
Crescendo, *Cres.*, or <,—with an increasing sound.
Da Capo, or *D. C.*,—close with the first strain.
Diminuendo, *Dim.*, or >,—with a decreasing sound.
Duetto, or *Duet*,—a piece of musick of but two parts.
Dolce, or *dl.*,—tenderly, sweetly, gently.
Enharmonick,—a name for the quarter tone.
Expressiva, or *Expressione*,—with expression.
Falsetto,—changing the voice from tenour to a.to.
Fine,—the end.
Forte, *For.*, or *f.*,—loud.
Fortissimo, *FF.*, or *ff.*,—very loud.
Forzando, or *fz.*,—the notes over which this term is placed, are to be boldly struck with strong emphasis.
Fugue, or *Fuga*,—a scientifick composition, in which one or more of the parts lead, and the rest follow in different intervals of time, and in the same or similar melody.
Grave,—slow and solemn.
Grazioso,—graceful; a smooth and gentle style of execution, approaching to piano.
Harmony,—an agreeable combination of musical sounds, or different melodies, performed at the same time.
Interlude,—an instrumental passage introduced between two vocal passages.
Interval,—the distance between any two sounds.
Largo, or *la.*,—the slowest degree of movement.
Larghetto,—quicker than Largo.
Legato, or *le.*,—signifies that the notes of the passage are to be performed in a close, smooth and gliding manner.
Lento,—slow, like Adagio.
Lentado,—gradually retarding.
Maestoso,—with fulness of tone and grandeur of expression.
Melody,—an agreeable succession of sounds.
Mezzo,—half; as, *Mezzo forte*, or *MF.*,—half loud; *Mezzo pia.*, or *MP.*,—half soft.
Moderato,—between Andante and Allegro.
Motetto,—a vocal composition, in general fugueing style, the words taken from the sacred scriptures, and never less than 4 parts, often for 5, 6, 7, or 8 parts.
Non,—not; as, *Non troppo presto*,—not too quick.
Oratorio,—a species of Musical Drama, consisting of airs, recitatives, duets, trios, choruses, &c.
Overture,—in dramatick musick is an instrumental composition, which serves as an introduction.
Orchestra,—the band of musical performers, or the place appropriated to their use.
Pastorale,—a composition generally written in 6-4 or 6-8 time, the style of which is soothing, tender and delicate.
Piano, *Pia.*, *P.*, or *p.*,—soft.
Pianissimo, *Pianiss.*, *PP.*, or *pp.*,—very soft.
Pomposo,—a grand and dignified style of performance.
Presto,—quick.
Prestissimo,—very quick.
Primo,—the first or leading part.
Quartetto,—a composition consisting of four parts, each of which occasionally takes the leading melody.
Quintetto,—musick composed in five parts, each of which occasionally takes the leading melody.
Recitative,—a sort of style which resembles speaking.
Secondo,—the second part.
Semi-Chorus,—half the choir or voices.
Siciliano,—a composition written in 6-4 or 6-8 time, to be performed in a slow and graceful manner.
Soave,—agreeable, pleasing.
Solo,—a composition or passage designed for a single voice or instrument.
Soprano,—the Treble or higher voice part.
Sostenuto,—sustaining the sounds to the utmost of their nominal length.
Spirituoso, or *Con Spirito*,—with spirit.
Staccato,—the opposite to Legato; requiring a short, articulate, and distinct style of performance.
Symphony, or *Sym.*,—a passage to be executed by instruments, while the vocal performers are silent.
Tasto Solo, or *T. S.*,—denotes that the movement should be performed with no other chords than Unisons and Octaves.
Tenore, or *Tenour*,—a high male voice; the third part in compositions for four parts,—(the upper part in this book.)
Trio—a composition for three voices.
Tutti,—full, or all together.
Vigoroso,—with energy.
Vivace,—in a brisk and sprightly manner.
Volti,—turn over.

EVANGELICAL MUSICK;

OR,

THE SACRED MINSTREL AND SACRED HARP UNITED.

CAMBRIDGE. S. M.

Reb. R. Marrison.

TENOUR.

SECOND TREBLE, or ALTO.

Raise your tri - um - phant songs To an im - mor - tal tune; Let the whole earth re-sound the deeds Ce-les-tial grace hath done.

AIR, or FIRST TREBLE.

BASE.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

Stanley.

The Lord my Shep-herd is, I shall be well sup - plied; Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want be - side!

AIR.

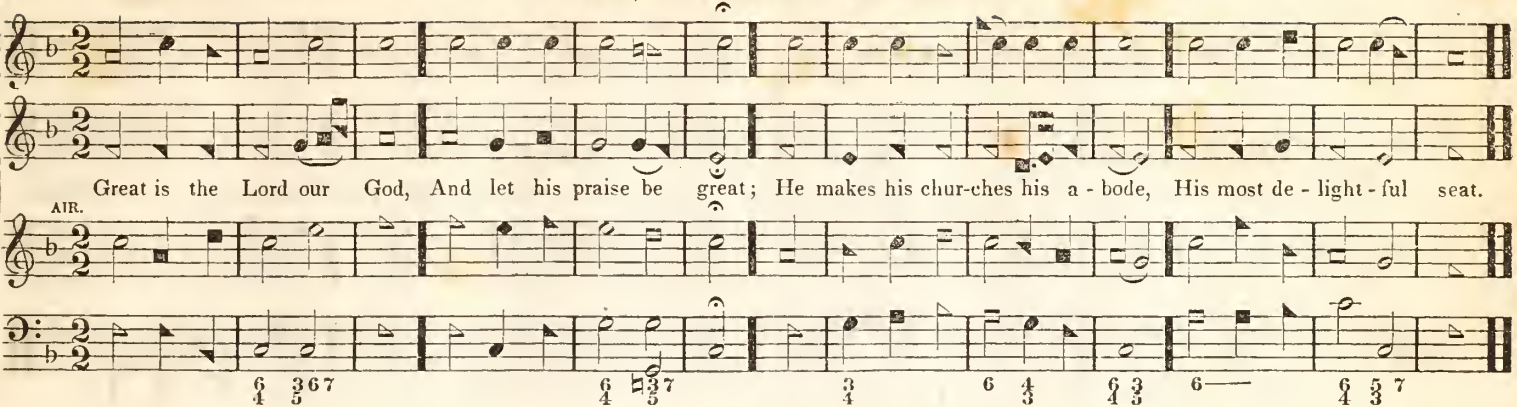
PENTONVILLE. S. M.

F. Finley.

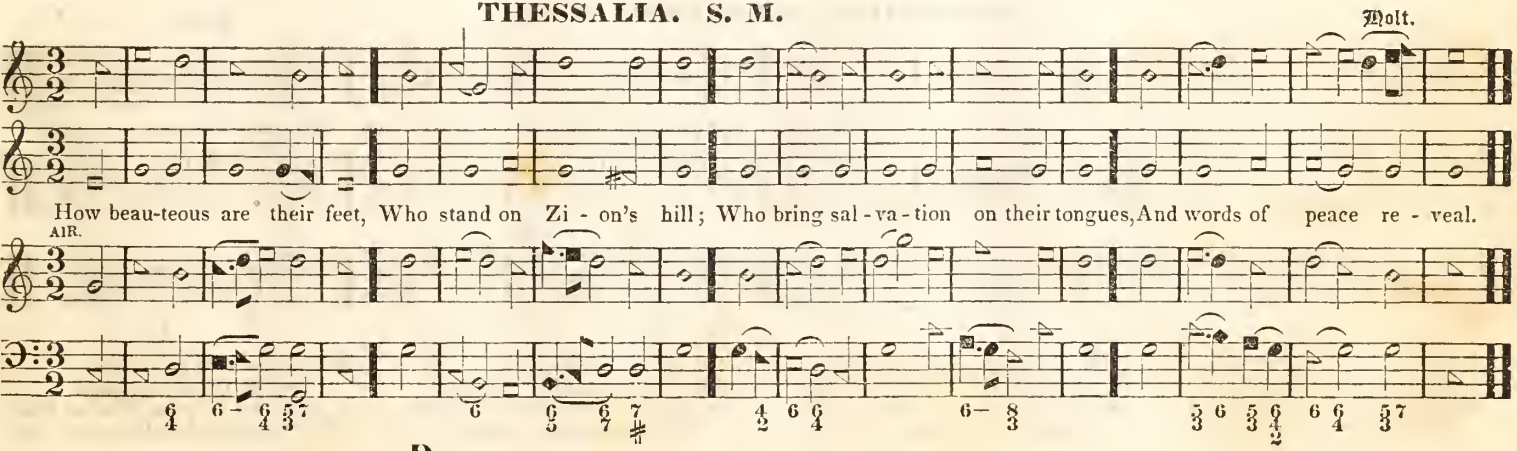
The Lord, the sov'-reign King, Hath fix'd his throne on high; O'er all the hea - v'nly world he rules, And all be - neath the sky.

AIR.

DURHAM, or DOVER. S. M.

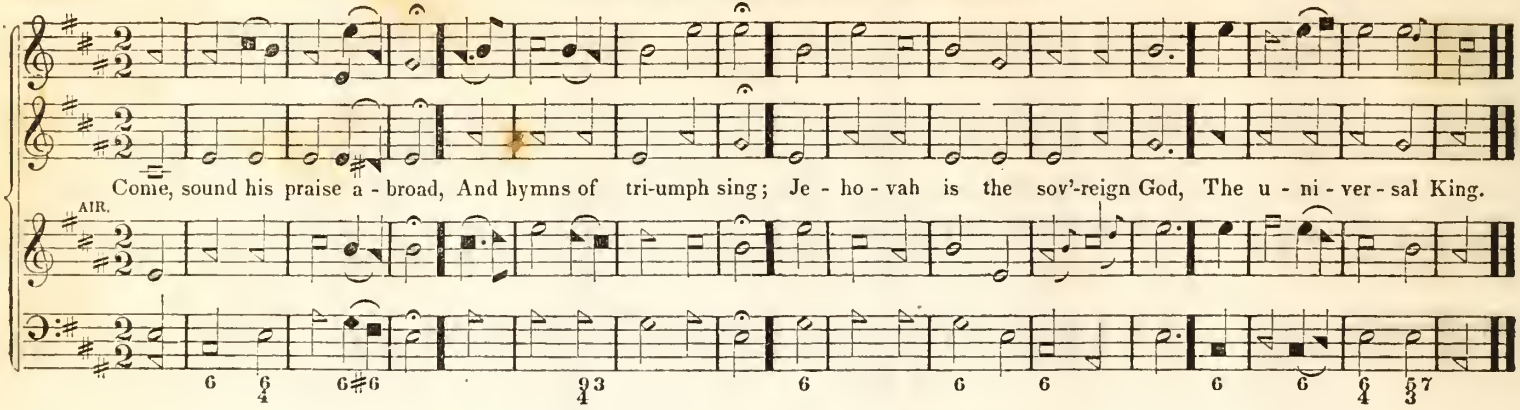


THESSALIA. S. M.



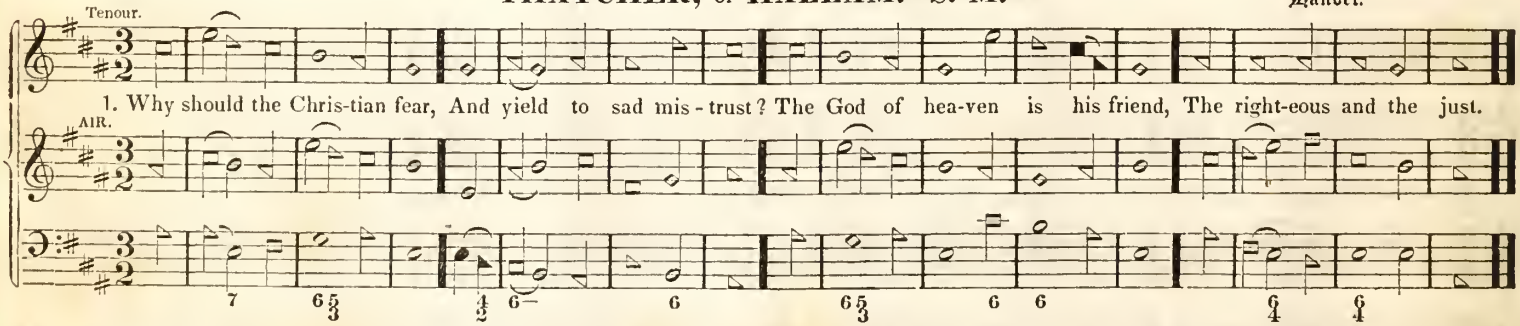
ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. Williams.



THATCHER, or HALLAM. S. M.

Handel.



2. The Lord himself regards
Each slowly falling tear;
"He does not willingly afflict,"
Then why should Christian fe

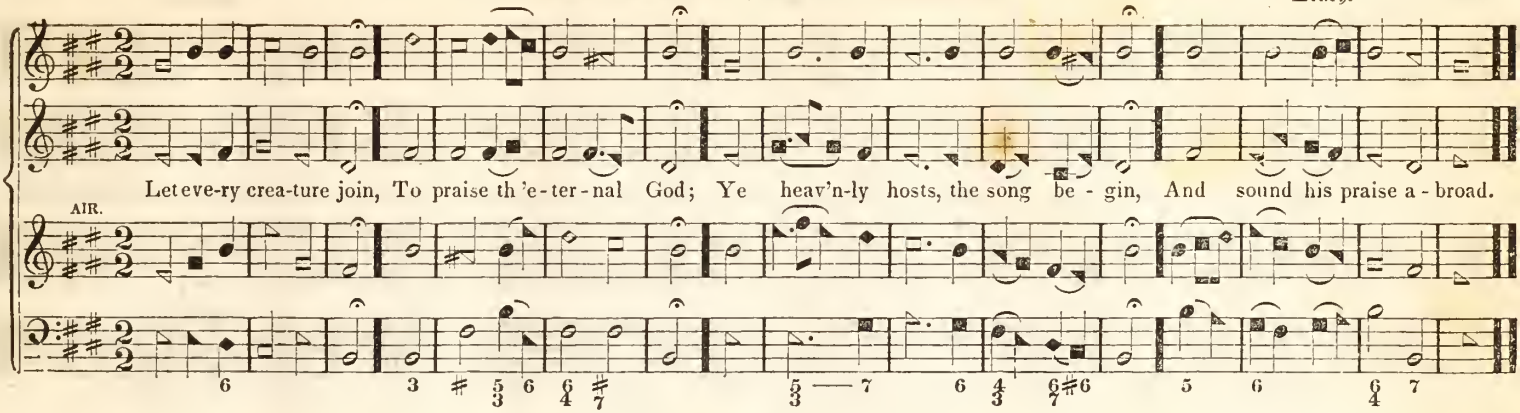
3. He marks thy changing path,
And though it may be drear,
Does he not send a beacon's light?
Then why, believers, fear?

4. Trials are kindly sent,
Lest life should be too dear,
Sorrow cuts loose the ties of earth;
The pilgrim need not fear.

5. But in the vale of death,
A beacon, Christ, appears;
O! while we keep our eyes on Him,
We'll sing farewell to fear

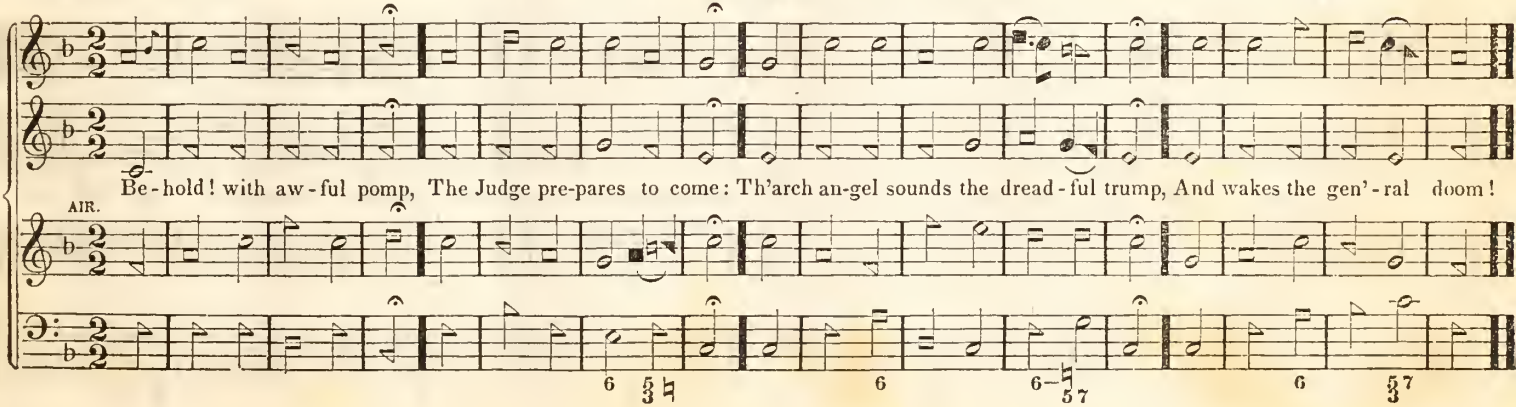
WATCHMAN. S. M.

Leach.



OLD LEEDS. S. M.

A. Williams.



MUSICK. S. M.

Harmon.

Spirituoso.

Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to the ear; Heav'n with the e-cho shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.

AIR.

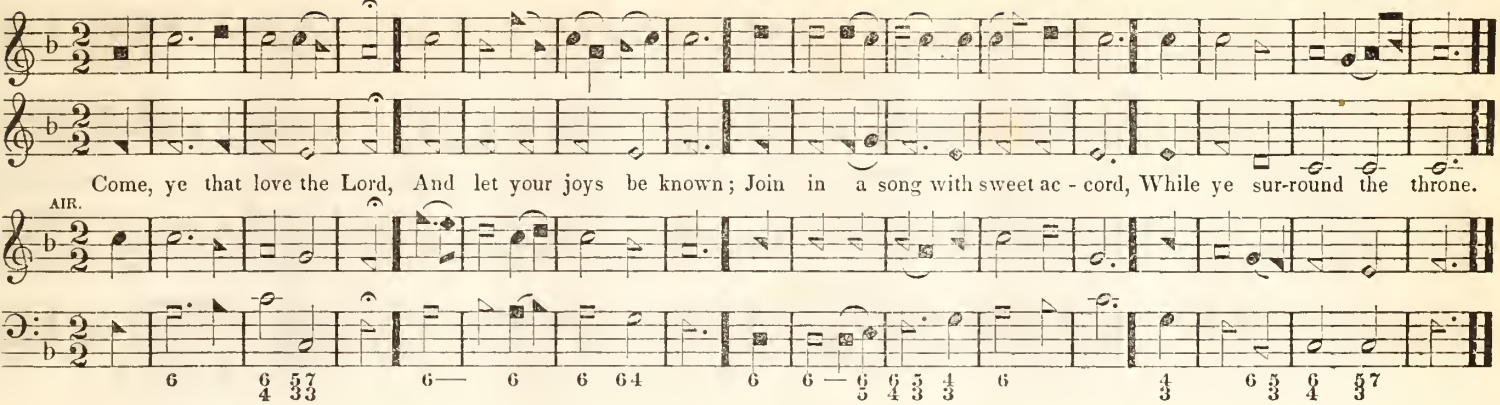
FAIRFIELD. S. M.

Rev. J. Harrison.

Great is the Lord our God, And let his name be great; He makes the church his blest a-bode, His most de-light-ful seat.

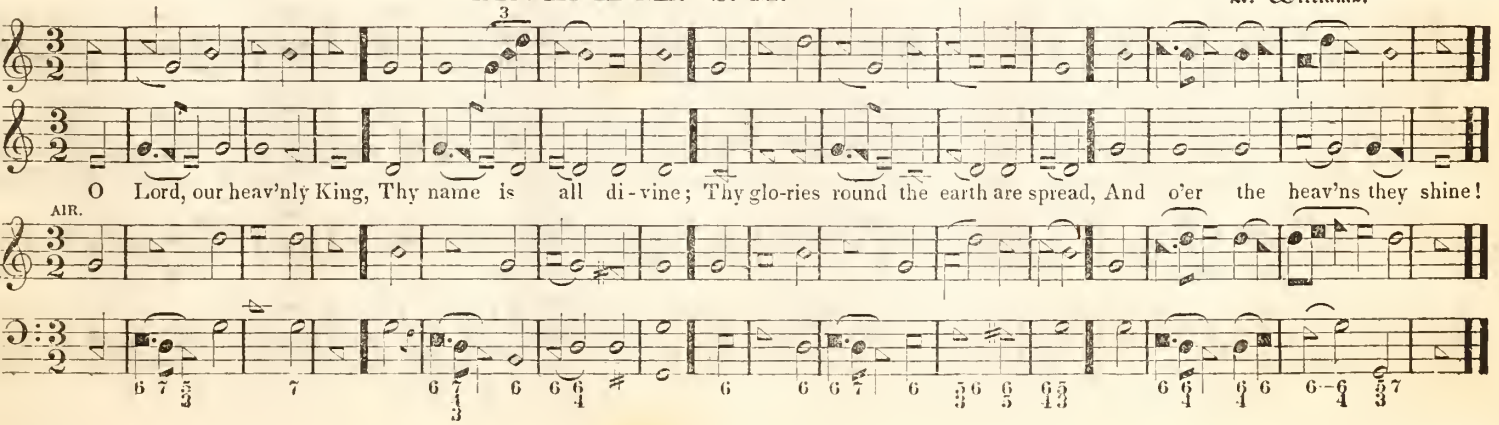
AIR.

MORNINGTON. S. M.



BEVERIDGE. S. M.

A. Williams.



HARTFORD. S. M.

J. Harmon.

Con Spirito. Pia. For.

Far as thy name is known, The world de-clares thy praise; Thy saints, O Lord, be - fore thy throne, Their songs of ho - nour raise.

AIR.

MARGATE. S. M.

J. Clark.

O bless the Lord, my soul, Let all with - in me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose fa - vours are di - vi - ne.

AIR.

SUTTON. S. M.

Be - hold the morn-ing sun, Be - gins his glo - rious way; His beams thro' all the na - tions run, And life and light con-vey.

AIR.

MURRAY. S. M.

Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de - signs to serve and please, Thro' all their ac - tions run.

AIR.

EASTBURN. S. M.

Darwell.

Be - hold the lof - ty sky. De - clares its Ma - ker. God: And all the star-ry worlds on high. Pro - claim his pow'r a - broad.

PECKHAM. S. M.

Smith.

Tenor.

Be - hold the morn-ing sun. Be - gins his glo - rious way; His beams thro' all the na - tions run, And life and light con-vey.

1. See how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.

2. Thus would my rising soul,
Its heavenly parent sing,
And to its Great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3. Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke and found
My kind preserver near.

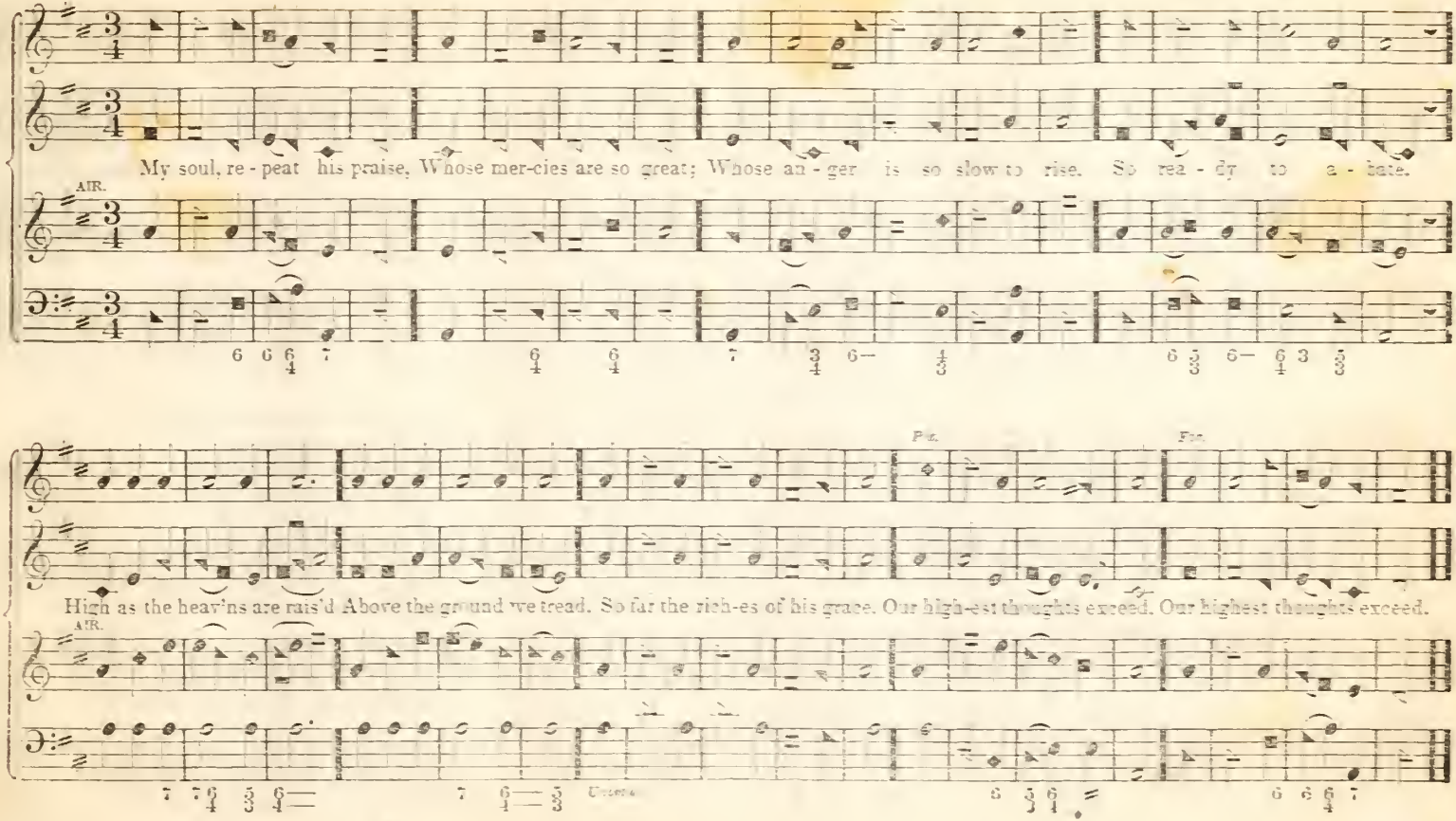
4. My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

SCOTT

My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer-cies are so great; Whose an - ger is so slow to rise. So rea - dy to a - bate.

AIR.

High as the heav'ns are rais'd Above the ground we tread. So far the rich-es of his grace. Our high-est thoughts exceed. Our highest thoughts exceed.



AIR.

JESHURUM. S. M.

T. Moore.

AIR.

To - day the Sa - viour rose, Our Sa - viour left the dead; He con - quer'd our tre - men - dous foes,

Pia. *For.*

And Sa - tan cap - tive led! And Sa - tan cap - tive led!

REJOICING IN OUR REDEEMER.

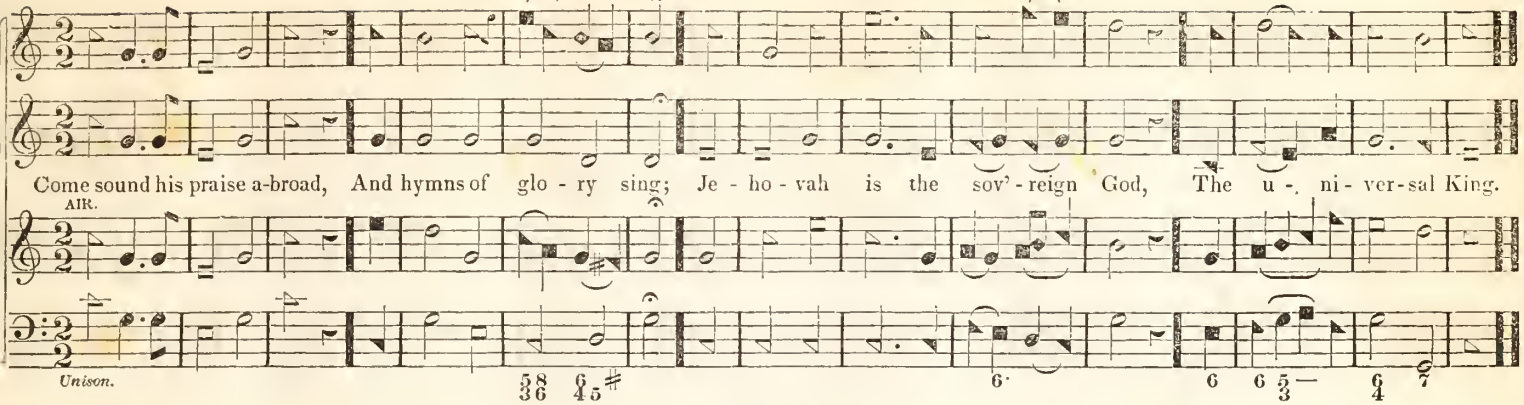
1. Now let our voices join
   To form a sacred song;
   Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
   With musick pass along.

2. How straight the path appears,
   How open and how fair!
   No lurking gins t' entrap our feet,
   No fierce destroyer there.

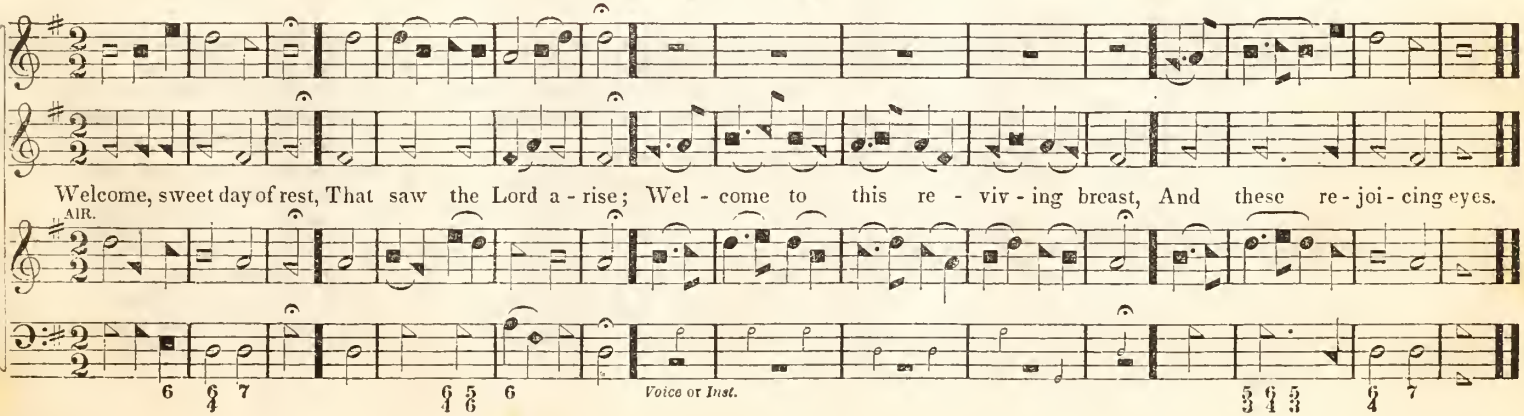
3. But flowers of Paradise
   In rich profusion spring;
   The Sun of glory gilds the path,
   And dear companions sing.

4. All honour to his name,
   Who marks the shining way,—
   To him who leads the wand'rers on
   To realms of endless day.

SILVER-STREET, or NEWTON. S. M.



SABBATH. S. M.



KINGSTON. S. M.

Clark.

Pia.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to the ear; Heav'n with the e-cho shall re-sound, And all the

AIR.

earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

For.

2. Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3. Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4. Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

THE DAY IS DRAWING NIGH.

1. The day is drawing nigh,
Still brighter far than this,
When converts like a cloud shall fly
To seek the realms of bliss.

2. What rapt'rous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight,
When sinners up to Zion's hill,
Like doves shall speed their flight.

3. Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Sun of Righteousness,
These happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

CAMBERWELL. S. M.

Sing to the Lord a - loud, And make a joy - ful noise; God is our strength, our Sa-viour, God; Let Is - rael hear his voice.

AIR.

HANTS. S. M.

Thy name, al-migh-ty Lord, Shall sound thro' dis-tant lands; Great is thy grace, and sure thy word, Thy truth forever stands, Thy truth forever stands.

AIR.

SICILY, or ELYSIUM. S. M.

Dr. Arnold.

AIR.

He leads me to the hills, Where saints are bless'd a - bove; Where joy like morn - ing

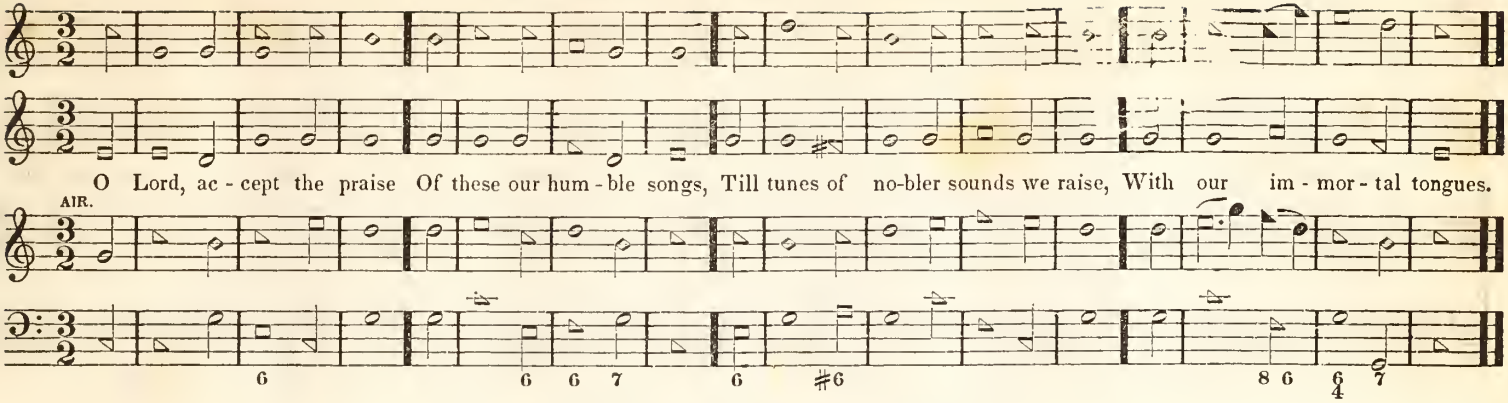
Voice or Inst.

Cres.

For.

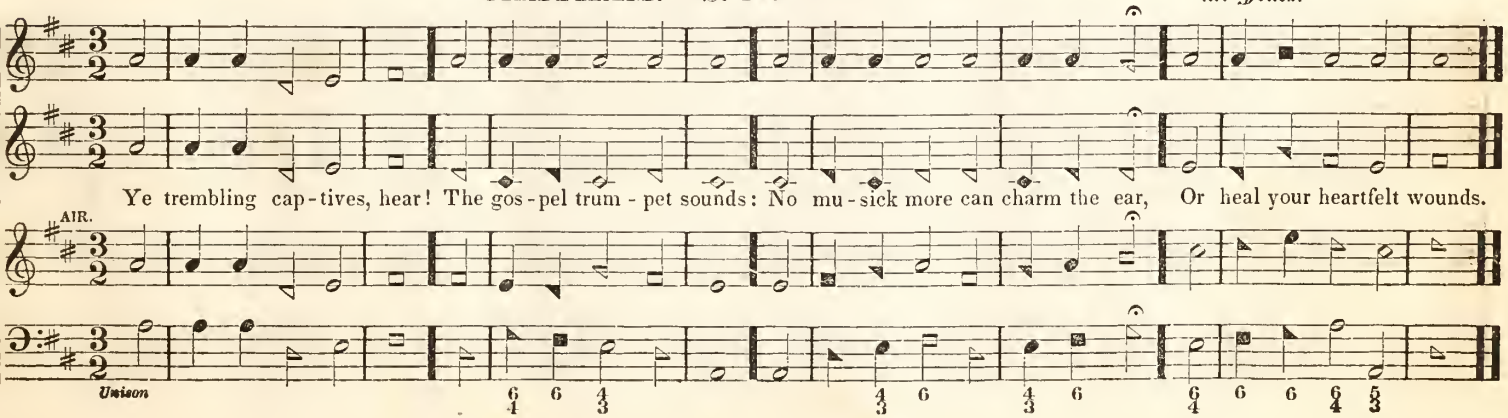
dew dis - tils, And all the air is love, And all the air is love.

SOMERSET. S. M.



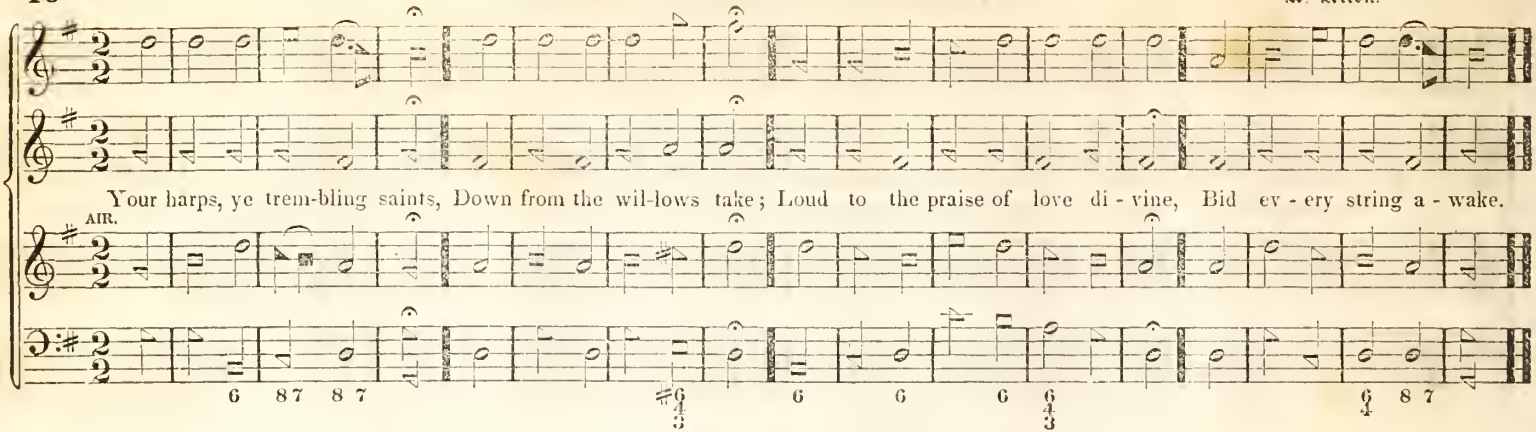
CHATHAM. S. M.

A. Jones.

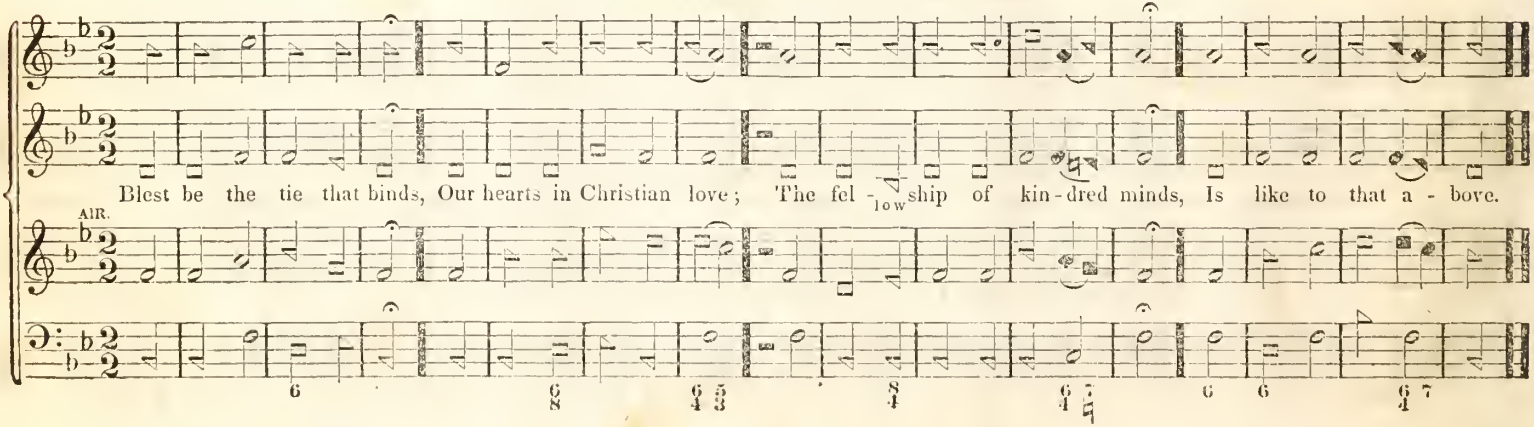


ORMINGTON. S. M.

A. Allen.



FELLOWSHIP. S. M.



AYLESBURY, or WIRKSWORTH. S. M.

Dr. Green.

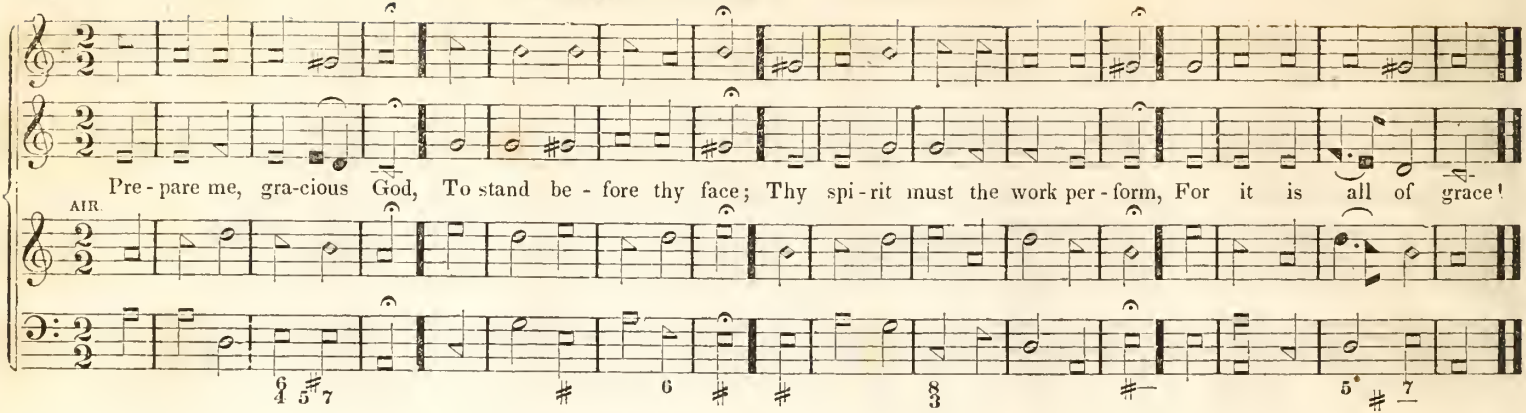
From lowest depths of woe, To God I sent my cry; Lord, hear my sup - pli - ca - ting voice, And gra-cious-ly re - ply.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

Williams.

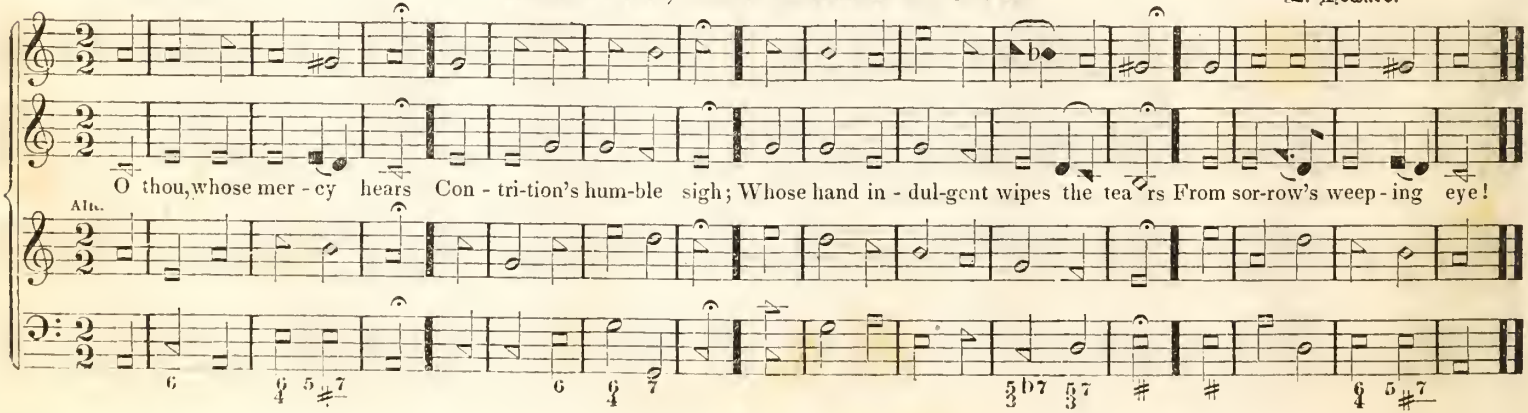
Our moments fly a - pace, Our fee-ble pow'rs de - cay; Swift as a flood our has-ty days Are sweep-ing us a - way.

ORANGE. S. M.



KERSALL, or ST. BRIDES. S. M.

S. Howard.



DUNBAR. S. M.

When over-whelm'd with grief, My heart with-in me dies; Helpless, and far from all re - lief, To heav'n I lift my eyes.

AIR.

KILLINGSWORTH. S. M.

T. Hastings.

Tenour.

1. Lord, what a fee - ble piece Is this our mor-tal frame! Our life—how poor a tri - fle 'tis, That scarce de-serves the name!

AIR.

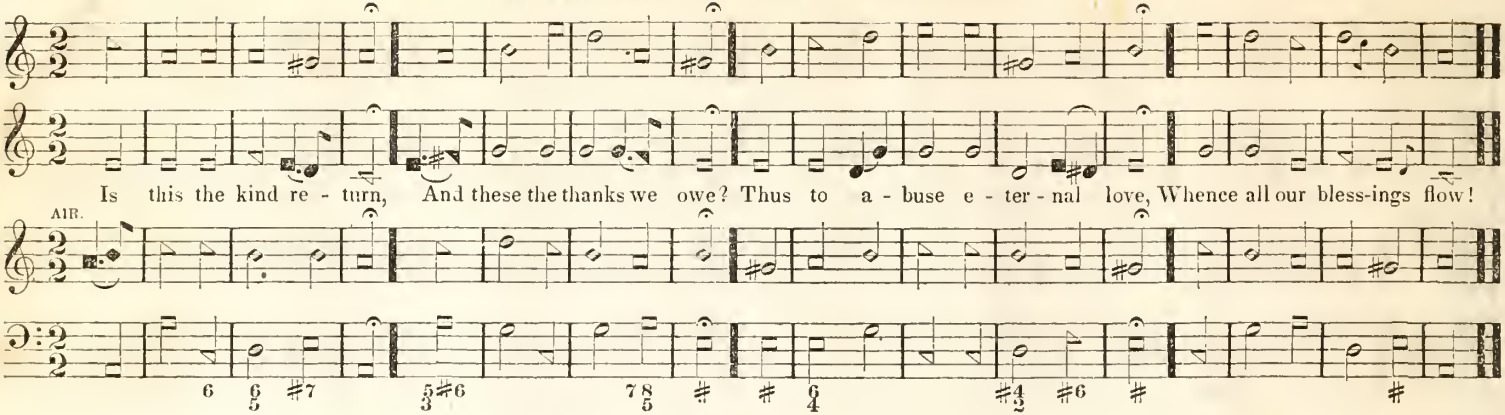
2. Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay;
Swift as a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

3. Then, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight

4. They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

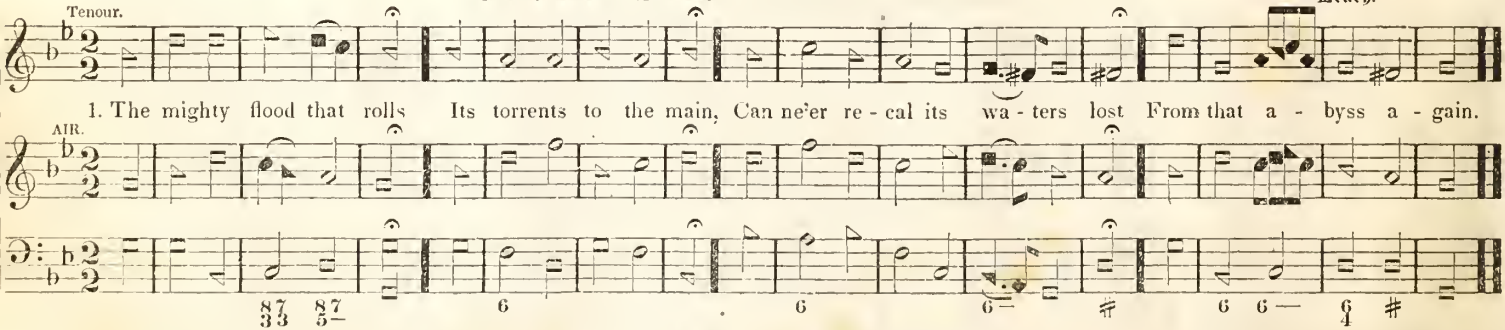
AFFLICTION. S. M.

German.



EGYPT. S. M.

Leach.



2. So days, and years, and time,
Descending down to night,
Can thenceforth never more return
Back to the sphere of light.

3. And man, when in the grave
Can never quit its gloom,
Until th' eternal morn shall wake
The slumber of the tomb.

4. O, may I find in death
A hiding place with God,
Secure from woe and sin, till call'd
To share his bless'd abode!

5. Cheer'd by this hope, I wait,
Thro' toil, and care, and grief,
Till my appointed course is run,
And death shall bring relief.

ORBISONIA. S. M.

1. Did Je - sus, Lord a - bove, For sin-ners bleed and die! And shall we then re - sist his love, And from his presence fly!

AIR.

2. For - bid it, dear - est Lord; Thy spe - cial grace im - part; Con-strain us to em - brace thy word, And hum - ble eve - ry heart.

RESIGNATION. C. M.

Peace, 'tis the Lord Je - hovah's hand That blasts our joys in death; Changes the vi-sage once so dear, And gathers back our breath.

AIR.

DWIGHT. C. M.

W. R. D.

From the Family Minstrel.

At Jacob's well a stran-ger sought His drooping frame to cheer; Samaria's daughter lit-tle thought, That Ja-cob's God was near.

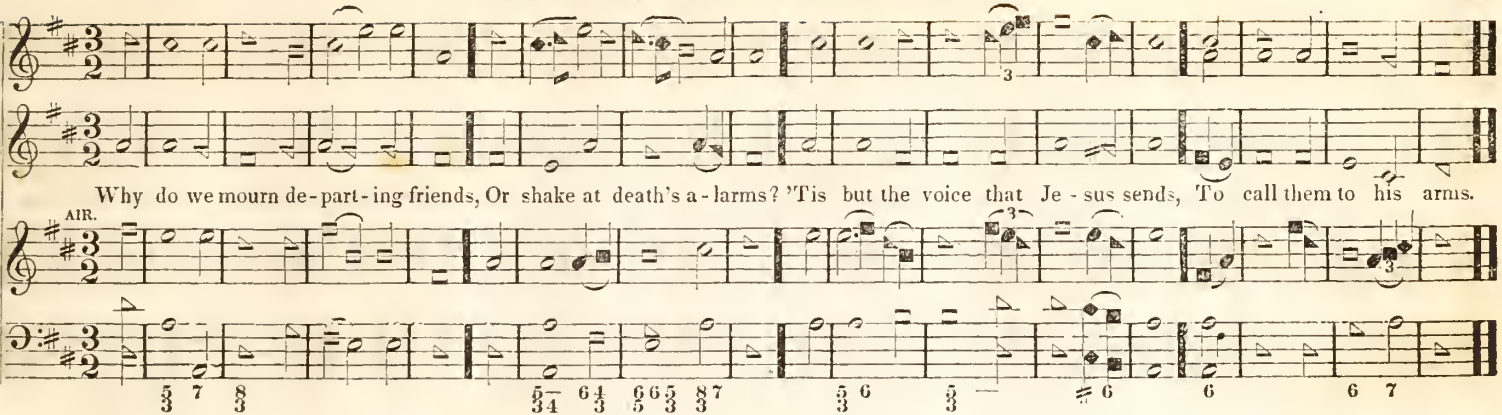
AIR.

RICHMOND. C. M.

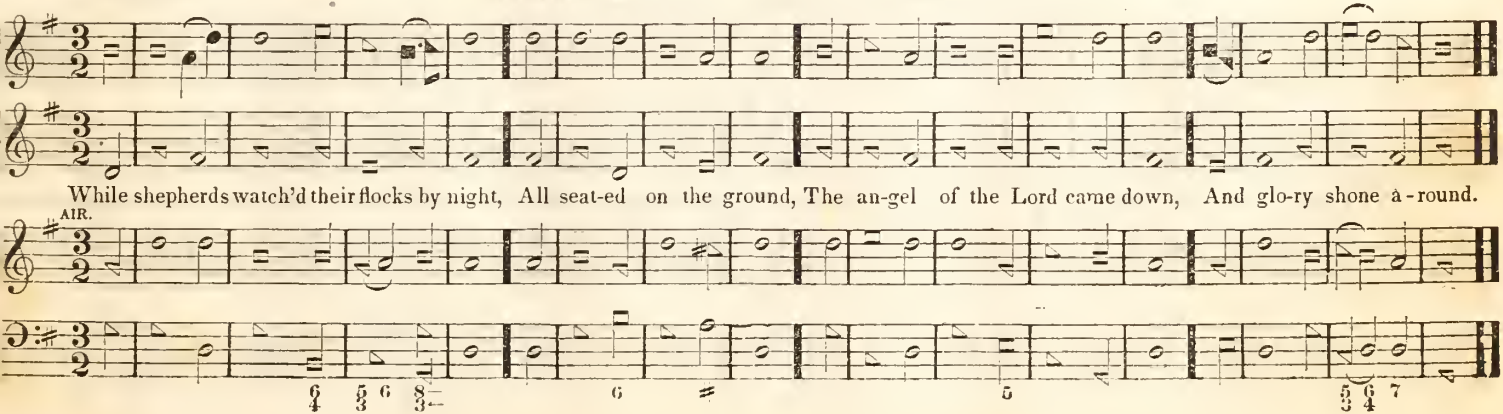
Come, sound a - loud Je - hovah's name, And in his strength re - joice; When his sal - va - tion is our theme, Ex - alt - ed be our voice.

AIR.

CHINA. C. M.



MEAR. C. M.



DUNDEE. C. M.

Scottish.

AIR.

Let not de-spair nor fell re-venge, Be to my bo-som known; O give me tears for o-thers' woes, And pa-tience for my own.

LONDON. C. M.

Dr. Croft.

This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own; Let heav'n re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur-round the throne.

AIR.

ST. STEPHENS. C. M.

With rev'-rence let the saints ap-pear, And bow be-fore the Lord; His high commands with rev'rence hear, And own his sov'reign word.

AIR.

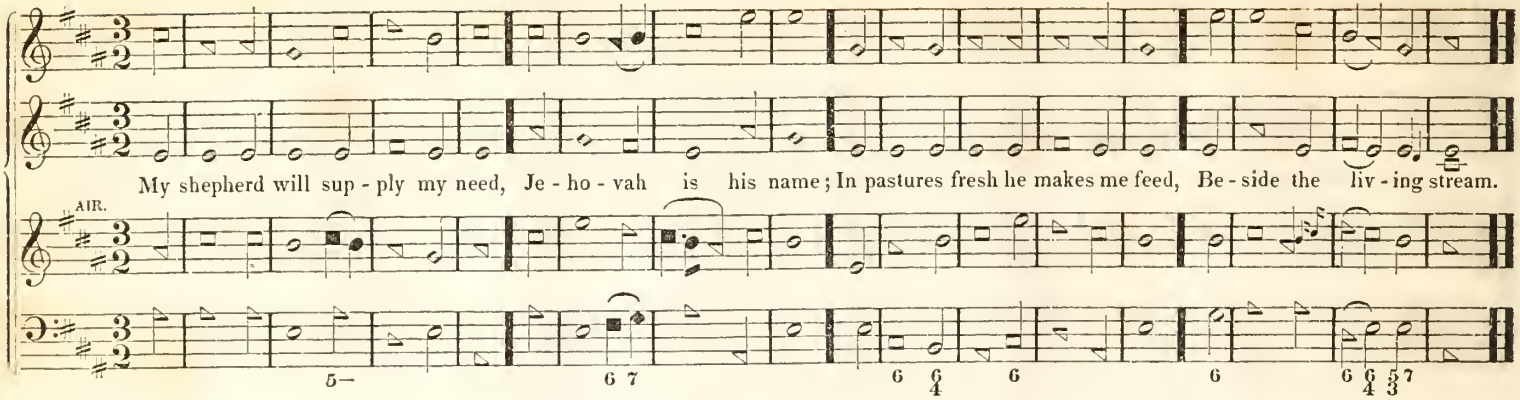
ALEXANDRIA, or NAZARETH. C. M.

See Israel's gen-tle Shep-herd stands, With all en-gaging charms, Hark! how he calls the ten-der lambs, And folds them in his arms.

AIR.

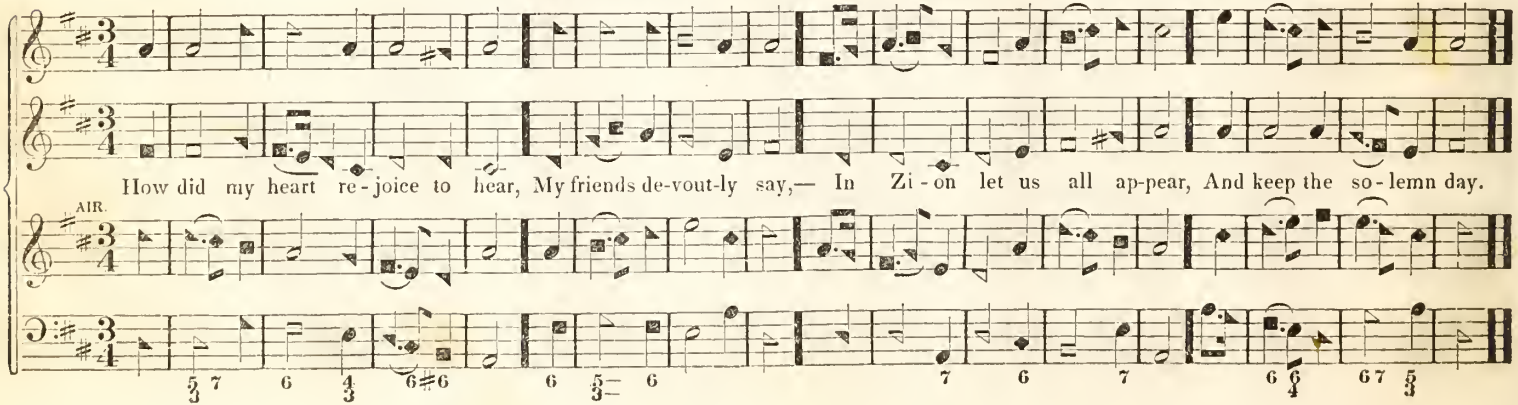
Voice or Inst.

BARBY. C. M.



COLCHESTER. C. M.

Williams.



ST. JAMES. C. M.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear, My voice as - cend-ing high; To thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To thee lift up my eye.

AIR.

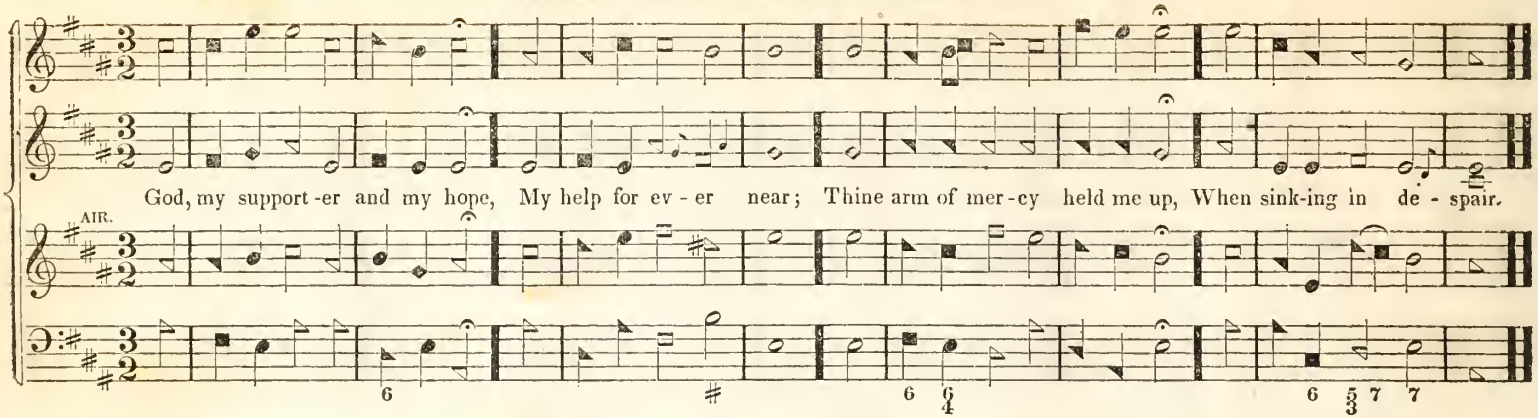
EDGEWARE. C. M.

Molyoke.

E-ter-nal Power, Al-migh-ty God! Who can ap-proach thy throne! Ac-cess-less light is thine a - bode, To an - gel eyes un-known.

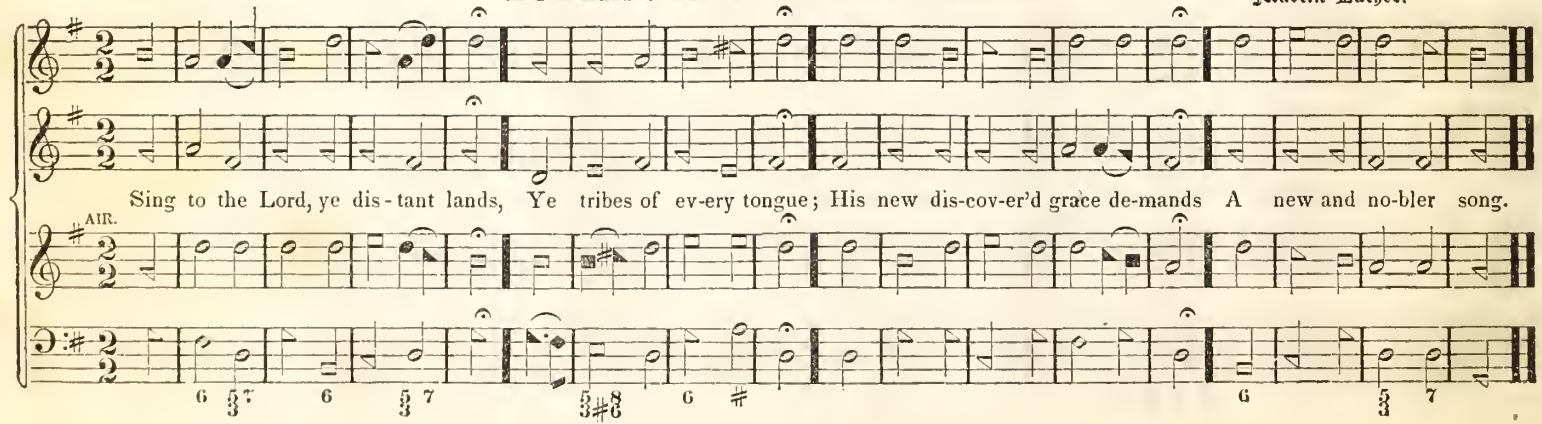
AIR.

ROCHESTER. C. M.



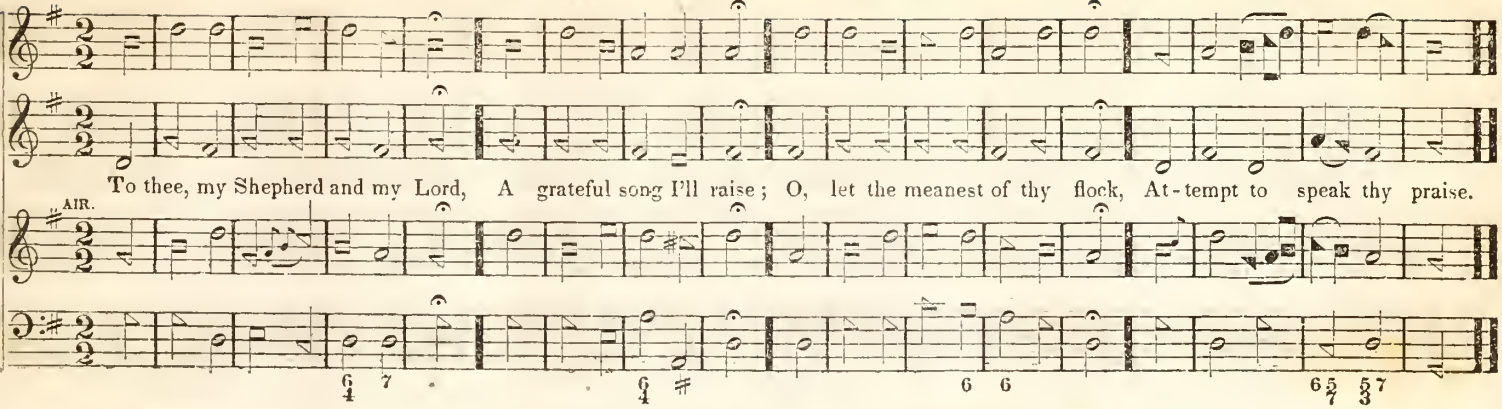
LUTZEN. C. M.

Martin Luther.



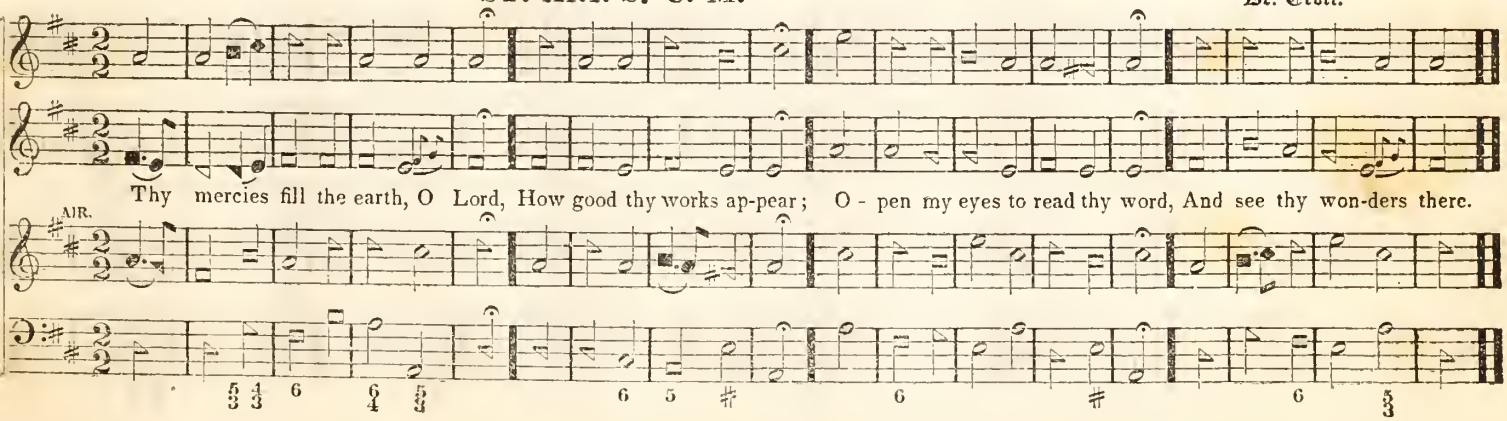
ROMNEY. C. M.

J. Woldrayd

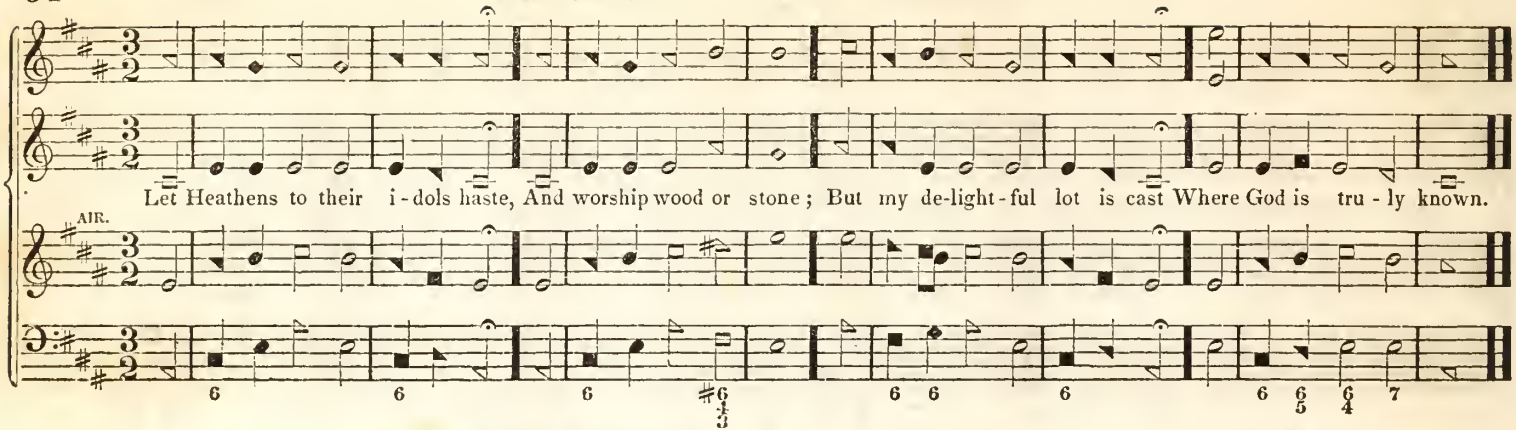


ST. ANN'S. C. M.

Dr. Croft.

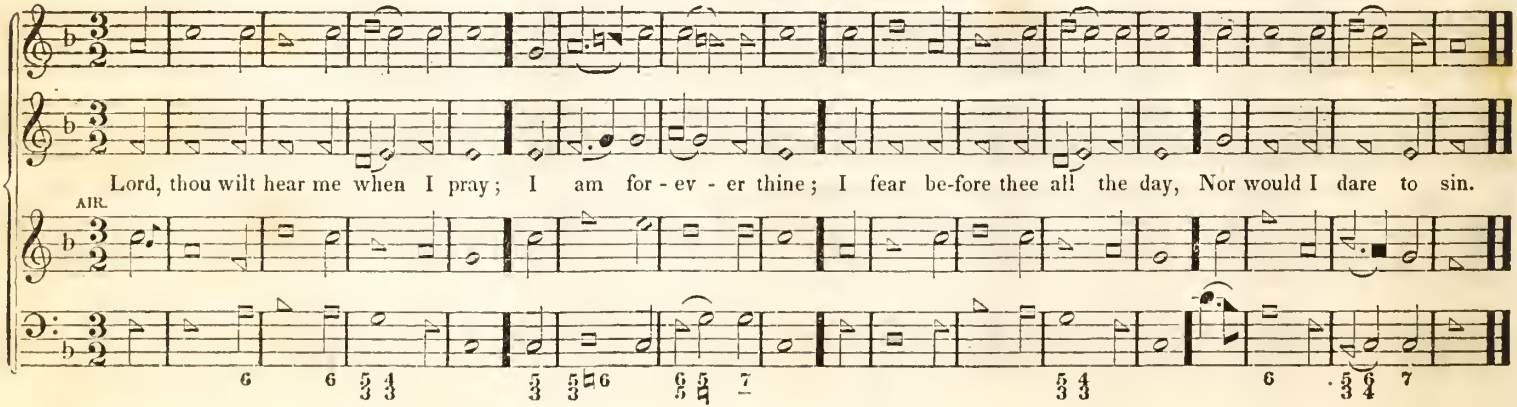


FLUSHING. C. M.

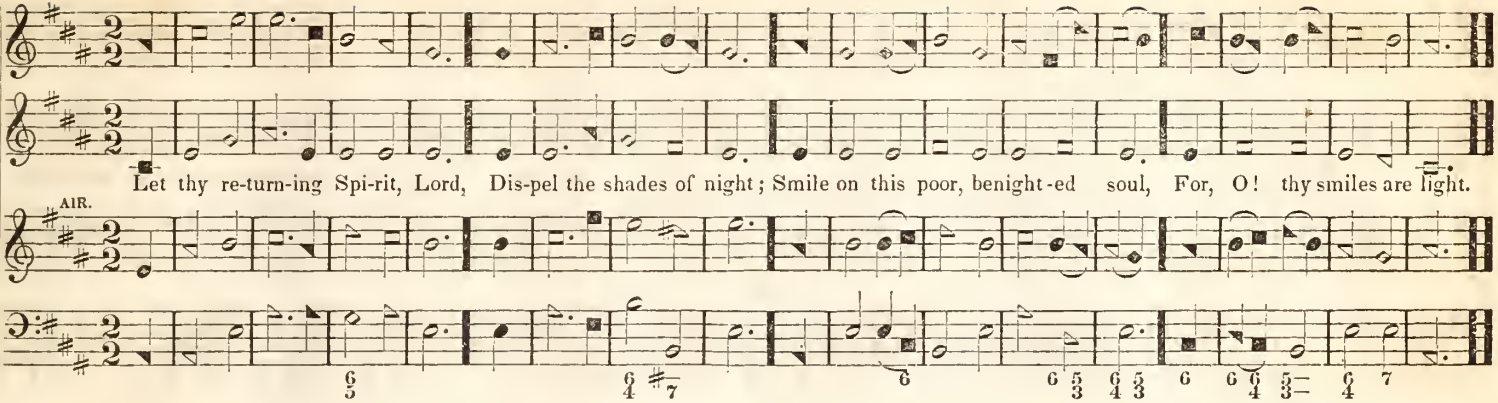


BEDFORD. C. M.

Wheall.

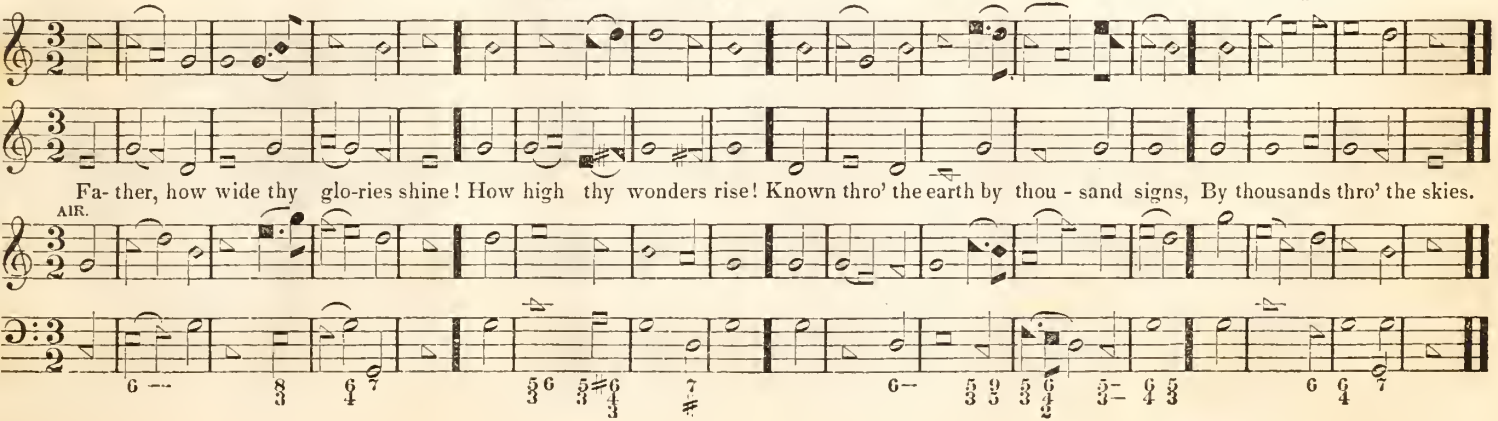


TROY. C. M.



NEWTON. C. M.

T. Jackson.



SALEM. C. M.

4. The va - rious months thy good-ness crowns; How beau - teous are thy ways! The blea - ting flocks spread o'er the downs,

AIR.

SOLO. TUTTI.

And shepherds shout, and shepherds shout, And shepherds shout thy praise.

SOLO.

TUTTI.

1. The Lord is good, the heavenly King,
   He makes the earth his care;
   Visits the pastures every spring,
   And bids the grass appear.

2. The times and seasons—days and hours,
   Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
   When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
   The Author is divine.

3. The soften'd ridges of the field
   Permit the corn to spring;
   The valleys rich provision yield,
   And all the labourers sing.

ABRIDGE. C. M.

E. Smith.

A glo-ry gilds the sa-cred page, Ma-jes-tick as the sun; It gives a light to eve-ry age, It gives, but bor-rows none.

AIR.

NEWMARK. C. M.

A. Bull.

Tenour.

In-car-nate Sa-viour, in thy face Does eve-ry charm combine; Thine are the glo-ries of a God, All hu-man beau-ties thine.

AIR.

1. Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2. O what a night was that which wrap'd
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3. This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4. Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

DEVIZES. C. M.

Tucker.

1. A - wake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And lift your voi - ces high! Awake, and praise that sov' - reign love - - - -

AIR.

Pia. For.

That shows sal - va - tion nigh, That shows sal - va - tion nigh.

Voice or Inst.

2. Swift on the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near:
Then gladly view each closing day,
And each revolving year!

3. Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4. Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

5. Then wake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high!
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love
That shows salvation nigh.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

Once more, my soul, the ri - sing day Sa-lutes my waking eyes; Once more, my soul, thy tri - bute pay To him who rules the skies.

AIR.

WALNEY. C. M.

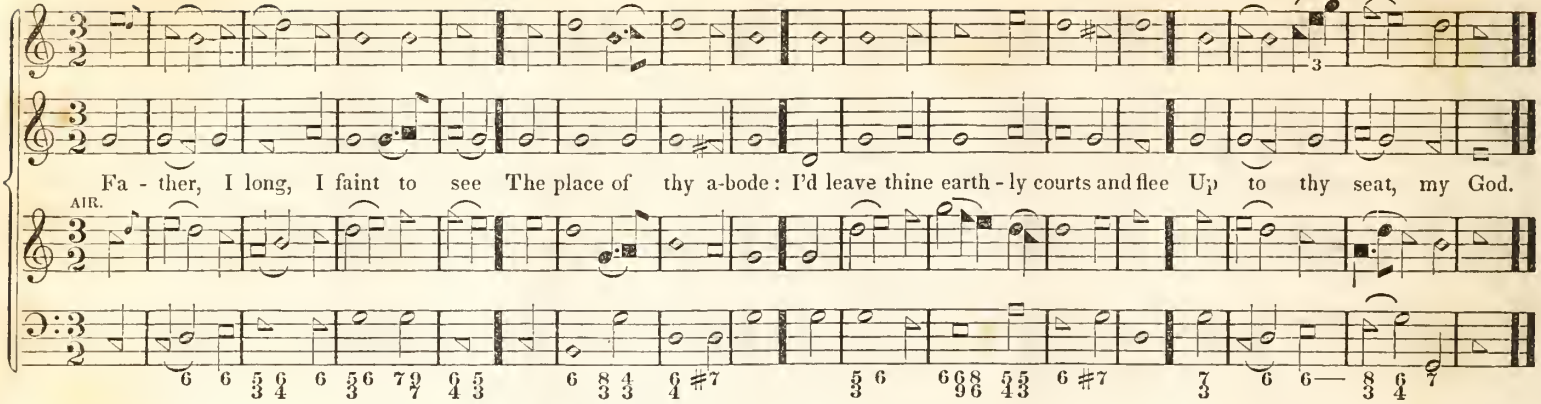
Dr. Boyce.

Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a-bove, And smile to see our Fa-ther there, Up - on a throne of love.

AIR.

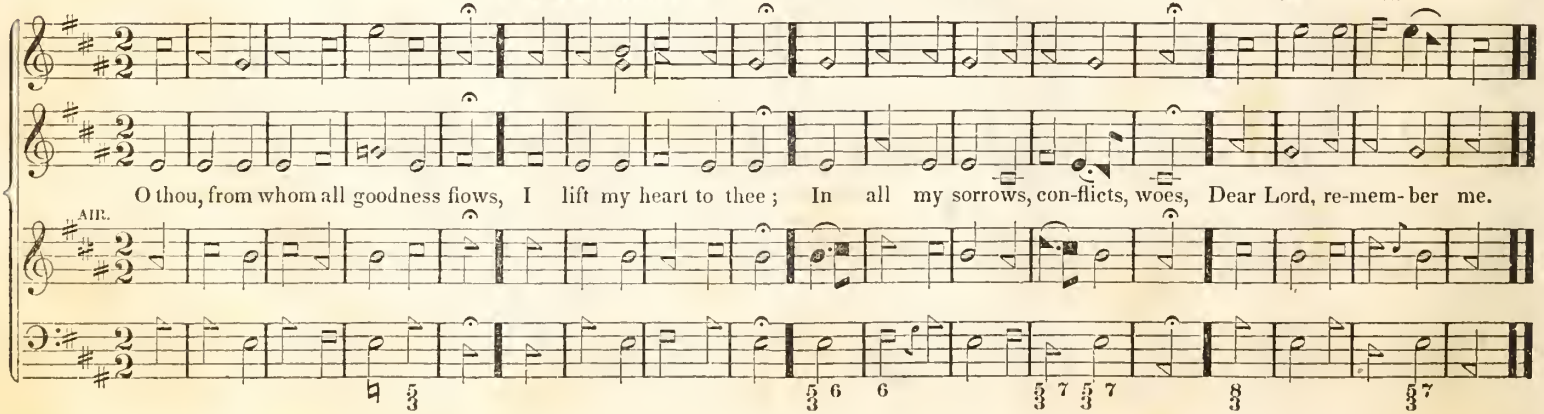
ASYLUM. C. M.

Wm. Horsley.

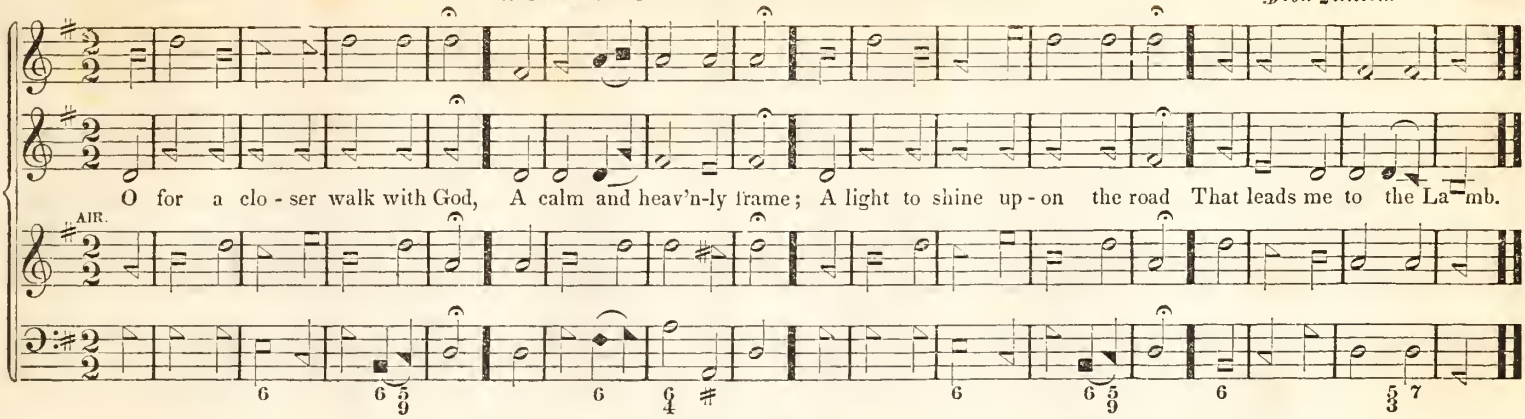


CANTERBURY. C. M.

Rabenscroft.

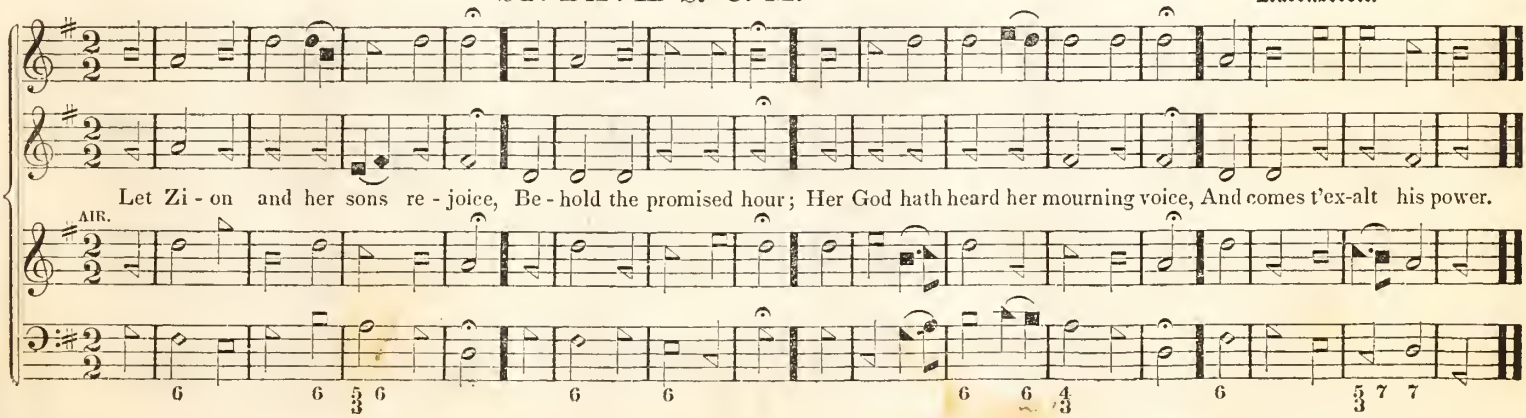


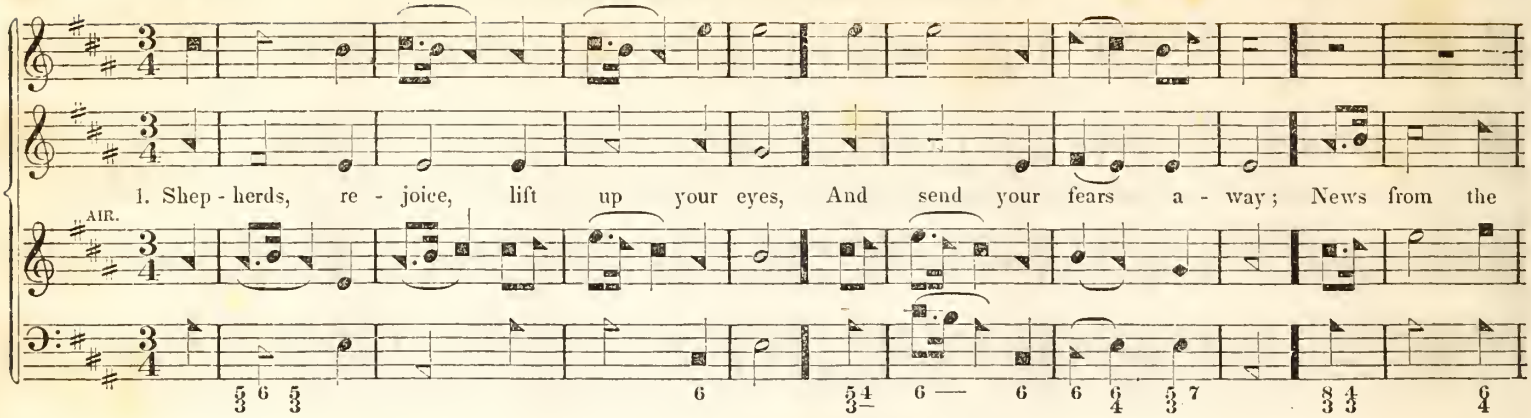
YORK. C. M.

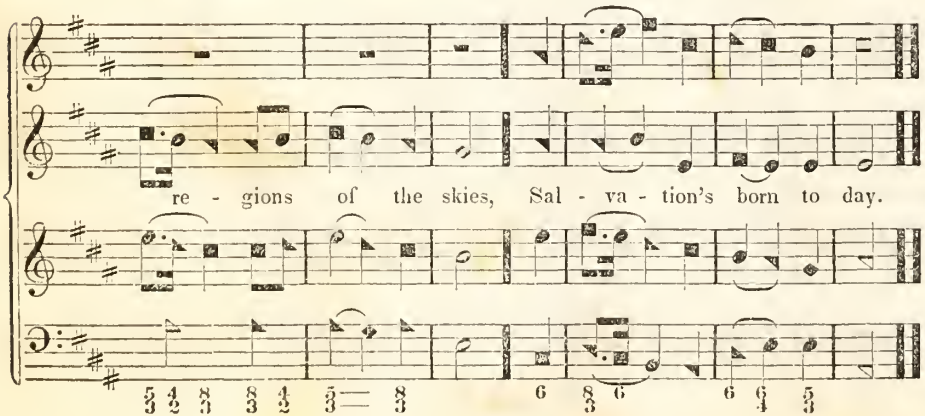


ST. DAVID'S. C. M.

Rabenscroft.





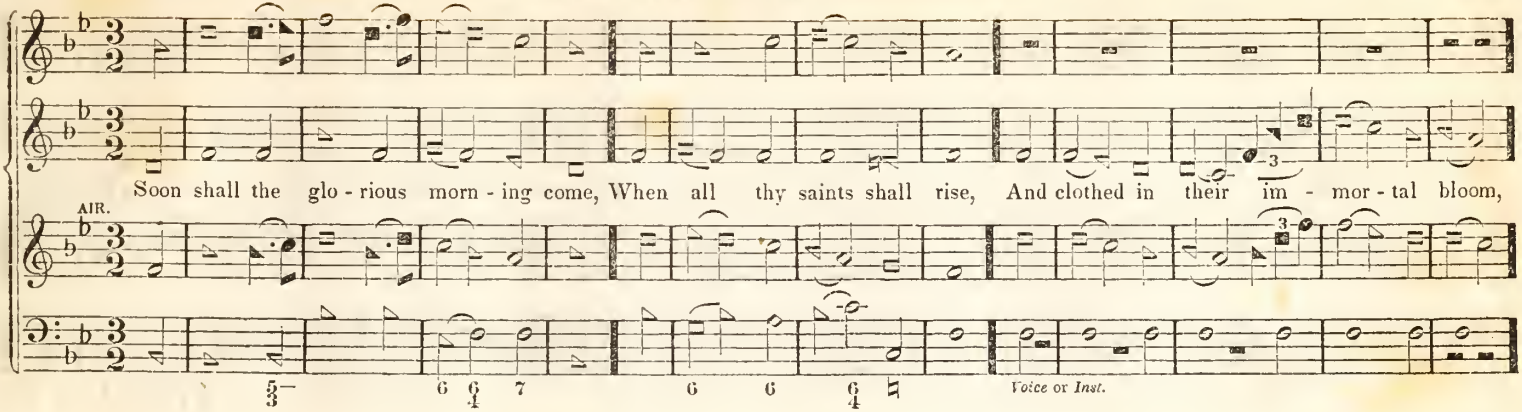


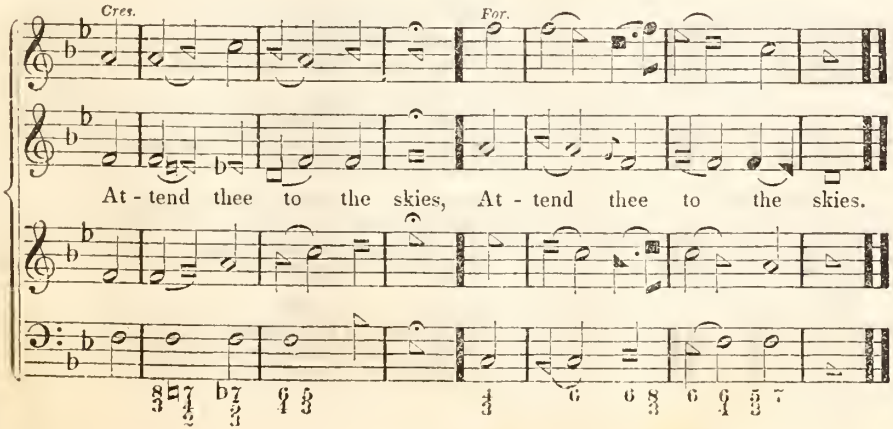
2. Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you:
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3. "Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

4. Thus Gabriel sang—and straight around
The heav'nly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:—

5. "Glory to God, who reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."





EXHORTATION TO PRAISE.

1. Oh, praise the Lord with one consent,
   And magnify his name;
   Let all the servants of the Lord
   His worthy praise proclaim.

2. Exalt his power in songs of praise,
   And heartfelt homage bring;
   Ye ransom'd souls, his wond'rous grace,
   In hymns of triumph sing.

3. Great is the Lord—his sov'reign power,
   Above all gods is crown'd;
   To all his saints, in every age,
   His works of love abound.

4. Oh, praise the Lord with one consent,
   And magnify his name;
   Let all the servants of the Lord
   His worthy praise proclaim.

AXBRIDGE. C. M.

Clark.

1. When all thy mer - cies, O, my God, My ri - sing soul sur - veys, *cr.* Trans - port - ed with the view I'm lost

AIR.

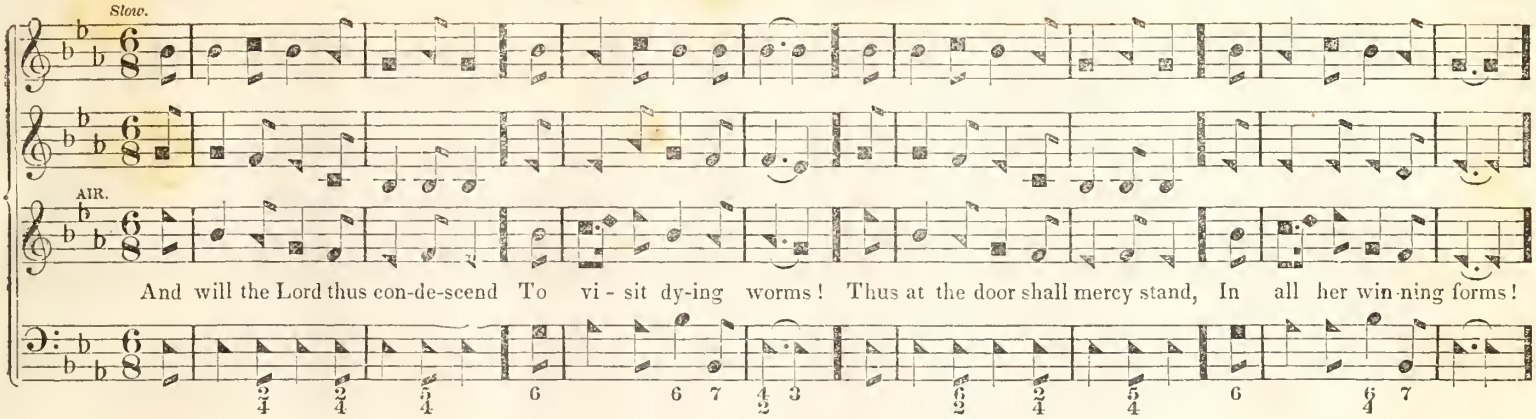
In won - der, love, and praise, In won - der, love, and praise.

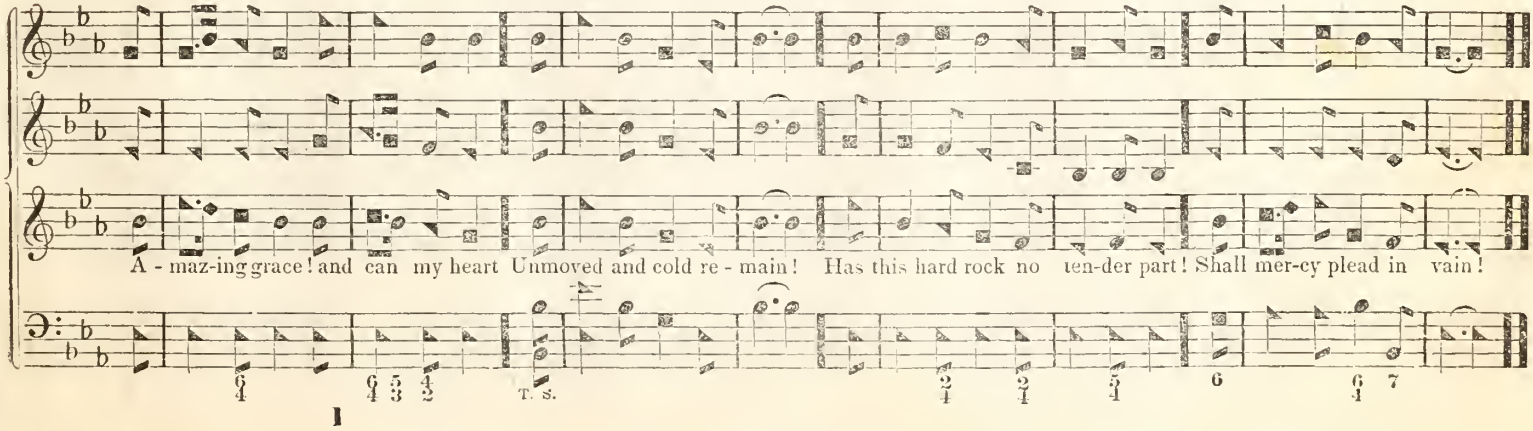
2. Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3. When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

4. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5. Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.


Slow.
AIR.
And will the Lord thus con-de-scend To vi - sit dy-ing worms! Thus at the door shall mercy stand, In all her win-ning forms!


A - maz-ing grace! and can my heart Unmoved and cold re - main! Has this hard rock no ten-der part! Shall mer-cy plead in vain!
T. S.

BLANDFORD. C. M.

T. Jackson.

A-wake, my heart, a-rise, my tongue! Pre - pare a tune - ful voice; In God the life of all my joys, A-loud will I re - joice.

AIR.

OLDHAM. C. M.

Leach.

How glorious is the sacred place Where we a - do - ring stand! Zi-on, the joy of all the earth, The beauty of the land, The beauty of the land.

AIR.

Inst. *Voice.*

IRISH. C. M.

E. Smith.

A-wake, ye saints, to praise your King, Your sweet-est passions raise; Your pi - ous plea-sure, while you sing, In - creas - ing with your praise.

AIR.

WARWICK. C. M.

Stanley.

Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trou-ble and in joy, The prais - es of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ.

AIR.

ABINGDON. C. M.

Dr. Heighington.

AIR.

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tu - mult far; From scenes where Sa - tan wa - ges still His most suc - cess - ful war.

2. The calm retreat—the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

3. There, if the Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4. Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour—thou art mine!

5. What thanks I owe thee! and what love!
A boundless, endless store!
Thy praise shall sound through realms above,
When time shall be no more.

BRAINTREE. C. M.

O, for a shout of heav'n-ly joy To God, the sov'-reign king. Let eve - ry land their tongues employ, And psalms of ho-nour sing.

AIR.

ARUNDEL. C. M.

To our Re-deem-er's glo-rious name A - wake the sa-cred song! Oh, may his love—immortal flame! Tune eve - ry heart and tongue.

AIR.

PECK. C. M.

D. C. Andrews.

O for a shout of sa - cred joy, To God the sov'reign King; Let heav'n rejoice, and earth be glad, And praise surround his throne.

AIR.

DELAFIELD. C. M.

E - ter - nal Source of light and grace, We hail thy sa-cred Name; Thro' eve - ry year's re - vol - ving round, Thy good - ness is the same.

AIR.

LEWISTOWN. C. M.

My God, what gen-tle cords are thine, How soft, and yet how strong! While pow'r, and truth, and love com-bine, To draw our souls a - long.

AIR.

BRIDGEPORT. C. M.

L. Mason.

Je-sus, how bright his glo - ry shines In all his works a-bove; On earth, his kind and wise de-signs His church and people love.

AIR.

CHESTER. C. M.

Dolce. Piu. Cres.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ears; It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds,

AIR.

For. Pia.

And drives a - way his fears, And drives a - way his fears.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

4. Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the musick of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

WINTER. C. M.

Read.

His hoary frost, his flee-cy snow Descend and clothe the ground; The li - quid streams for-bear to flow, In i - cy fetters bound.

AIR.

PENNSYLVANIA, or MEDFIELD. C. M.

Wm. Mather.

Come, happy souls, approach your God With new me - lodious songs; Come, tender to Almigh - ty grace, The tri - bute of your tongues.

AIR.

There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; E-ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ba-nish pain.

AIR.

TUTTI.

SOLO.

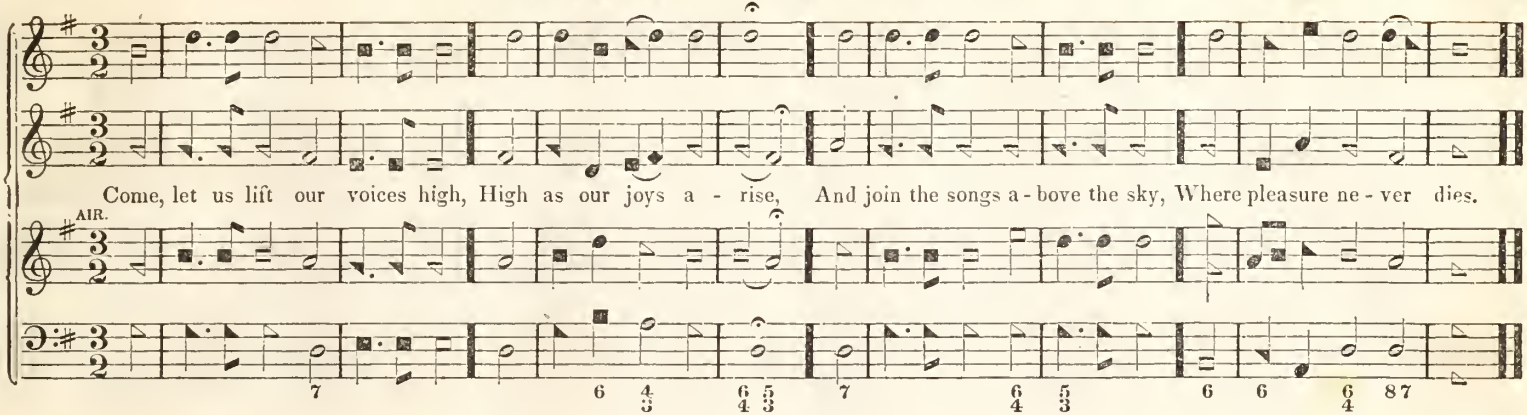
Sweet fields beyond the swell-ing flood, Stand dress'd in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jor-dan roll'd be-tween.

SOLO.

TUTTI.

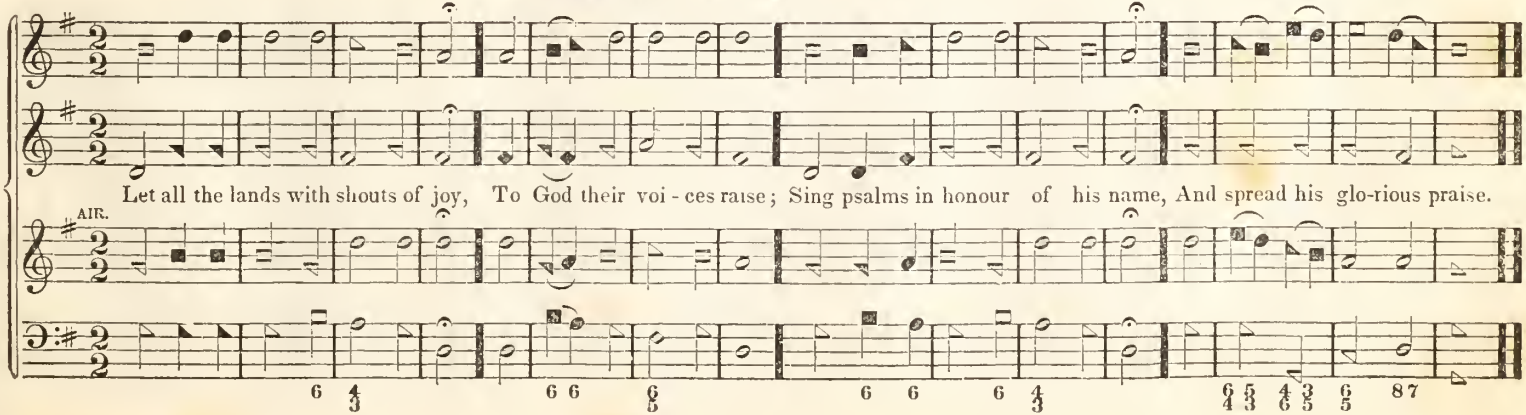
ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. Arne.



MARLOW. C. M.

A. Williams.



ST. JOHN'S. C. M.

My shepherd will sup - ply my need; Je - ho - vah is his name; In pas-tures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the li-ving stream.

AIR.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

Dr. Hawéis.

Lord, when my raptured tho't sur-veys Cre - a-tion's beauties o'er, All na - ture joins to speak thy praise, And bids my soul a - dore.

AIR.

Bass omitted—*ad lib.*

HOWARDS. C. M.

Mrs. Cuthbert.

1. Lord, hear the voice of my complaint; Ac - cept my secret pray'r; To thee a-lone, my King, my God, Will I for help repair.

AIR.

2. Thou, in the morn, my voice shalt hear, And with the dawning day, To thee de-vout - ly I'll look up, To thee de - vout - ly pray.

CLARENDON. C. M.

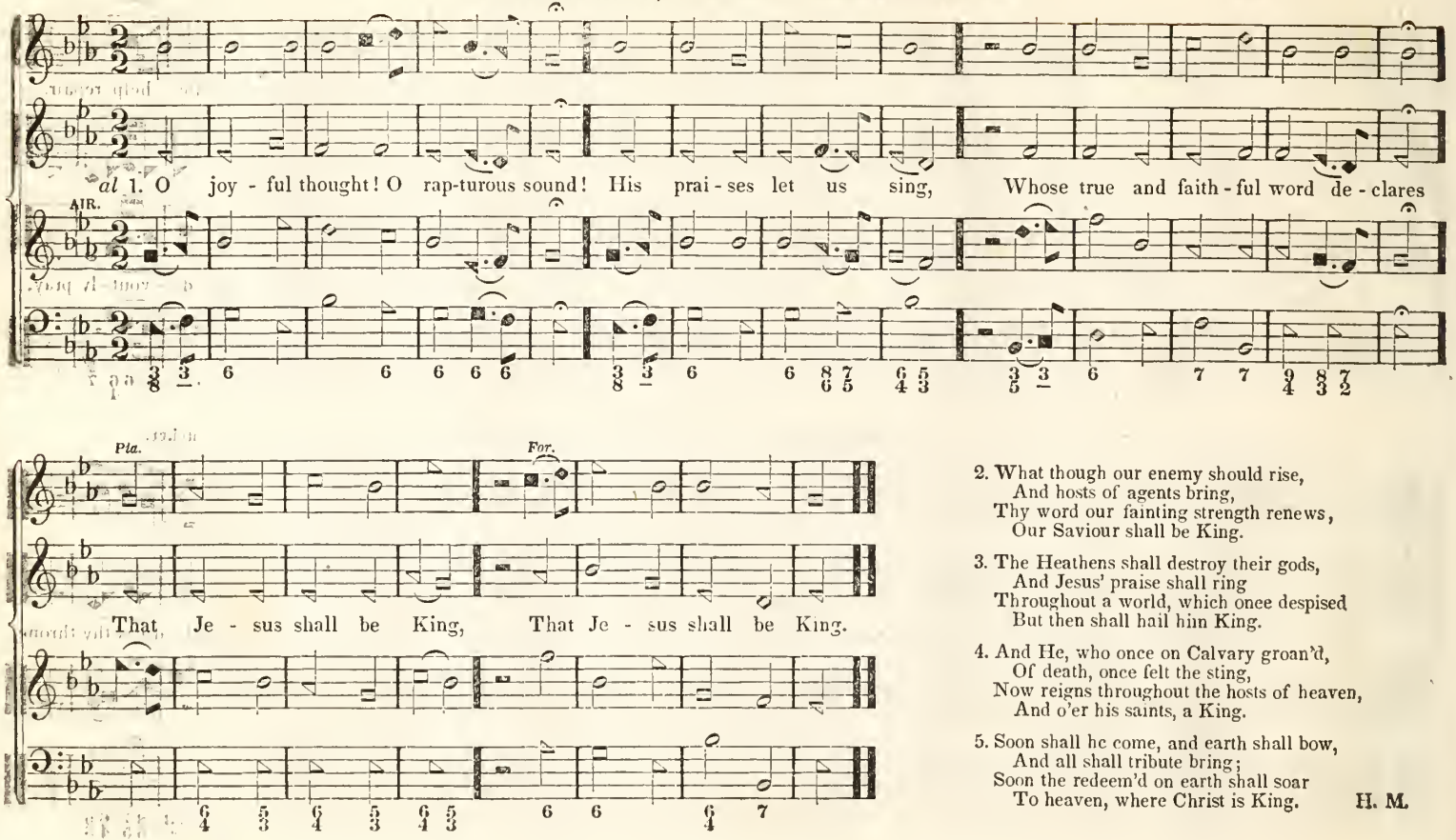
Isaac Tucker.

What shall I ren - der to my God, For all his mer-cies shown; My feet shall vi - sit thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress thy throne.

AIR.

HARLEIGH, or CHRISTMAS. C. M

Wandel.

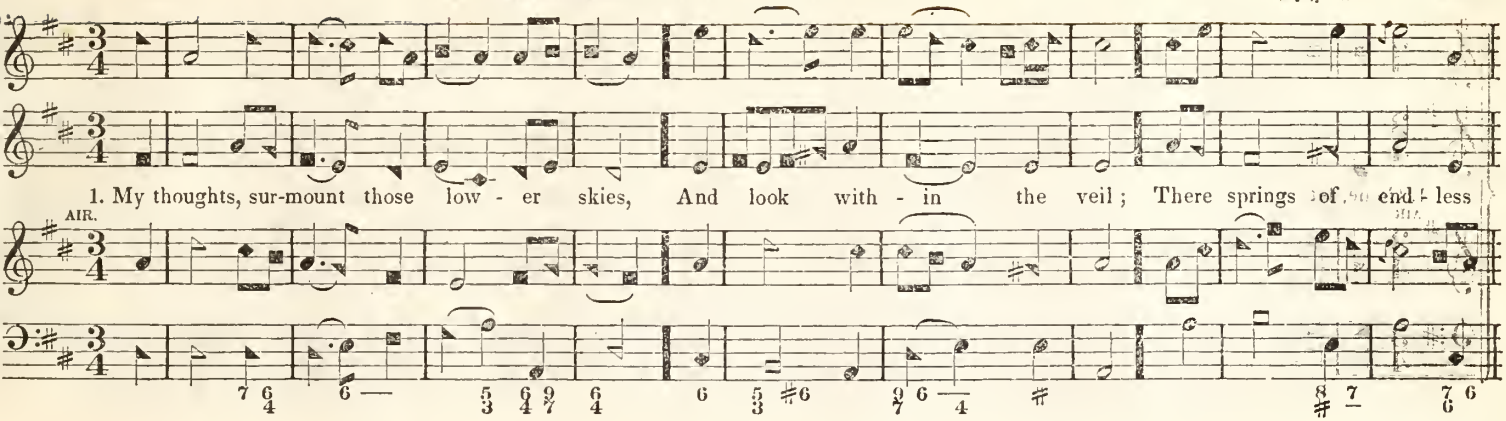


2. What though our enemy should rise,
And hosts of agents bring,
Thy word our fainting strength renews,
Our Saviour shall be King.

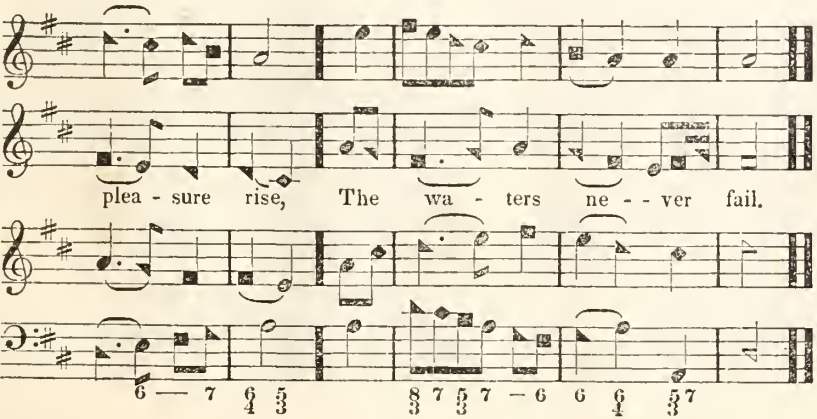
3. The Heathens shall destroy their gods,
And Jesus' praise shall ring
Throughout a world, which once despised
But then shall hail him King.

4. And He, who once on Calvary groan'd,
Of death, once felt the sting,
Now reigns throughout the hosts of heaven,
And o'er his saints, a King.

5. Soon shall he come, and earth shall bow,
And all shall tribute bring;
Soon the redeem'd on earth shall soar
To heaven, where Christ is King. H. M.



1. My thoughts, sur-mount those low - er skies, And look with - in the veil; There springs of end - less



plea - sure rise, The wa - ters ne - - ver fail.

2. There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in one;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3. His promise stands forever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4. Light are the pains that nature brings,
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!

5. I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I forever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's face.

1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs, With an - gels round the throne; Ten thou - sand thou - sand are their tongu

AIR.

But all their joys are one.

2. "Worthy the Lamb that died"—they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"—
"Worthy the Lamb"—our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

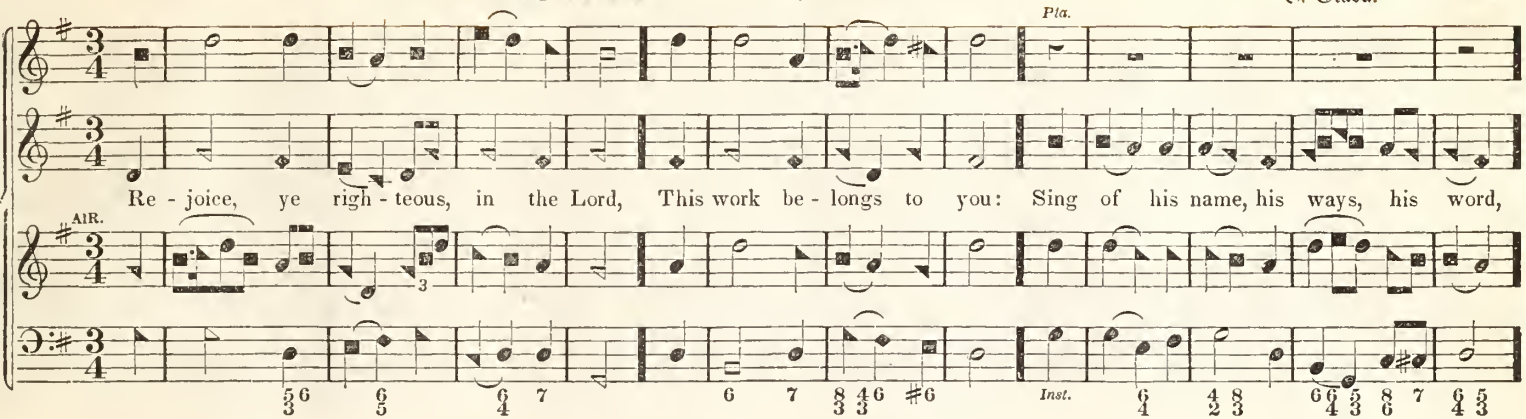
4. The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

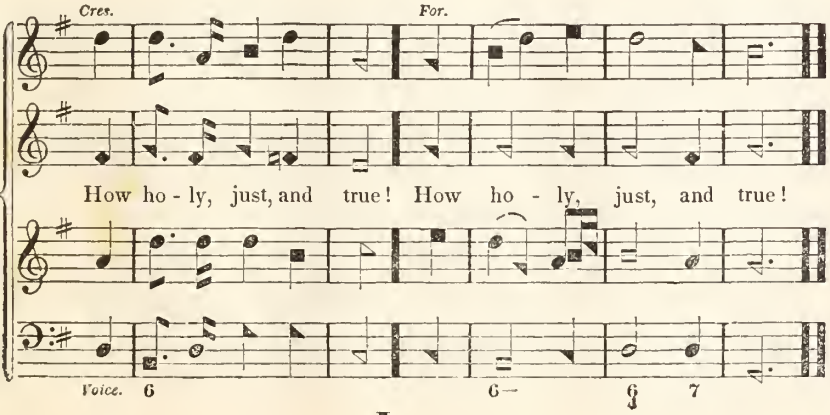
BROTHERLY LOVE.

1. Lo! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite,
Of harmony and love!

2. Where streams of bliss, from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul;
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3. 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory snows,
And makes his grace distil.





SEEKING THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

1. Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart;
   Inspire each lifeless tongue;
   And let the joys of heaven impart
   Their influence to our song.

2. Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
   In us the heav'nly flame;
   Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
   Our hearts adore thy name.

3. Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
   And fill thy dwellings here,
   Till life, and love, and joy divine,
   A heaven on earth appear.

BRATTLE STREET.* C. M. [Double.]

Pleyel.

1. Whilst thee I seek, pro - tect-ing Power! Be my vain wish-es still'd; And may this con-se - cra - ted hour, With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.

AIR.

3. In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy ruling hand I see; Each blessing to my soul most dear, Be-cause con-ferr'd by thee.

5. When gladness wings my favour'd hour, Thy love my tho'ts shall fill; Resign'd, when storms of sor-row low'r, My soul shall meet thy will.

2. Thy love the pow'r of tho't be-stow'd, To thee my tho'ts would soar: Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flow'd; That mer - cy I a - dore.

4. In eve-ry joy that crowns my days, In eve - ry pain I bear; My heart shall find de-light in praise, Or seek re - lief in pray'r.

6. My lift - ed eye, with-out a tear, The gath'ring storm shall see; My steadfast heart shall know no fear; That heart will rest on thee.

* This tune is also known by the names, "Pleyel's Hymn Second," "Retirement," and "Devotion."

BROOMSGROVE. C. M.

My Saviour, my al-migh-ty friend, When I begin thy praise, Where will the growing numbers end, The numbers of thy grace? The numbers, &c.

AIR.

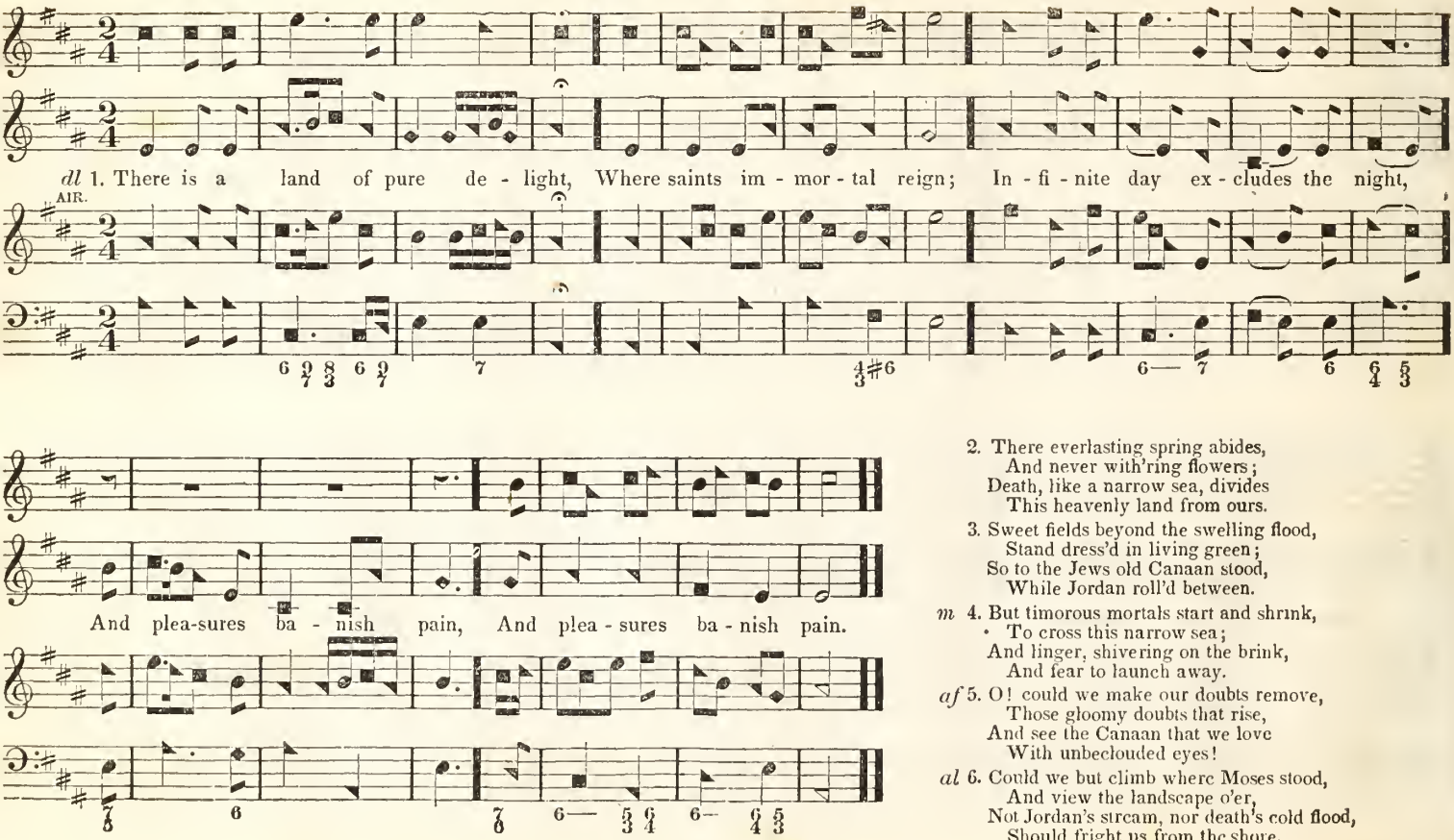
BETHEL. C. M.

Leach.

This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own; Let heaven re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.

AIR.

PARADISE. C. M.



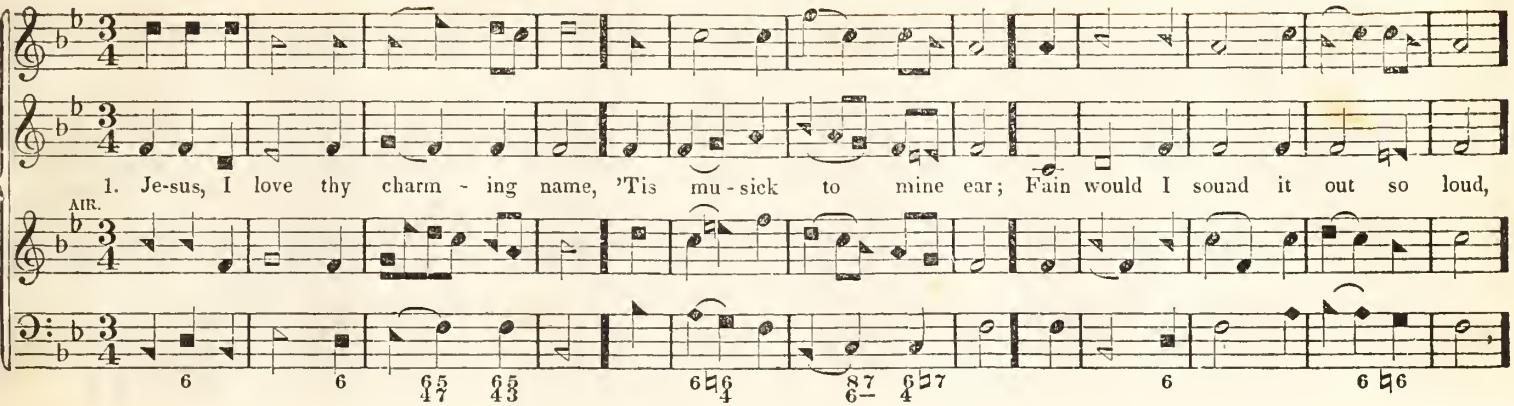
2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

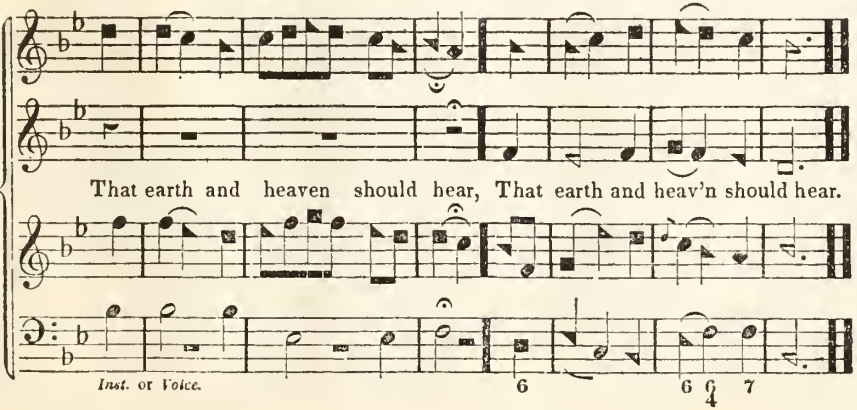
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

m 4. But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

af 5. O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

al 6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.





2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3. All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5. I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

BATH CHAPEL. C. M.

Milgrove

Happy the heart where graces reign, Where love inspires the breast; Love is the brightest of the train, Love is the brightest of the train, And strengthens all the rest.

AIR.

BRAY, or ST. GEORGE'S. C. M.

German.

Tenour.

1. Let saints on earth their anthems raise, Who taste the Saviour's grace; Let heathens too, proclaim his praise, And crown him 'Prince of Peace,'

AIR.

And crown him 'Prince of Peace.'

2. Praise him, who laid his glory by,
For man's apostate race;
Praise him, who stoop'd to bleed and die,
And crown him 'Prince of Peace.'

3. Ye nations, lay your weapons down,
Let war forever cease;
Immanuel for your Sov'reign own,
And crown him, 'Prince of Peace.'

4. We soon shall reach the heav'nly shore,
To view his lovely face;
His name forever to adore,
And crown him 'Prince of Peace.'

ADAIR. C. M

Allen.

Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere, And lead them safe - ly on To the bright gates of Pa - ra-dise, Where Christ, their Lord is gone.

AIR.

ST. ALBAN'S. C. M.

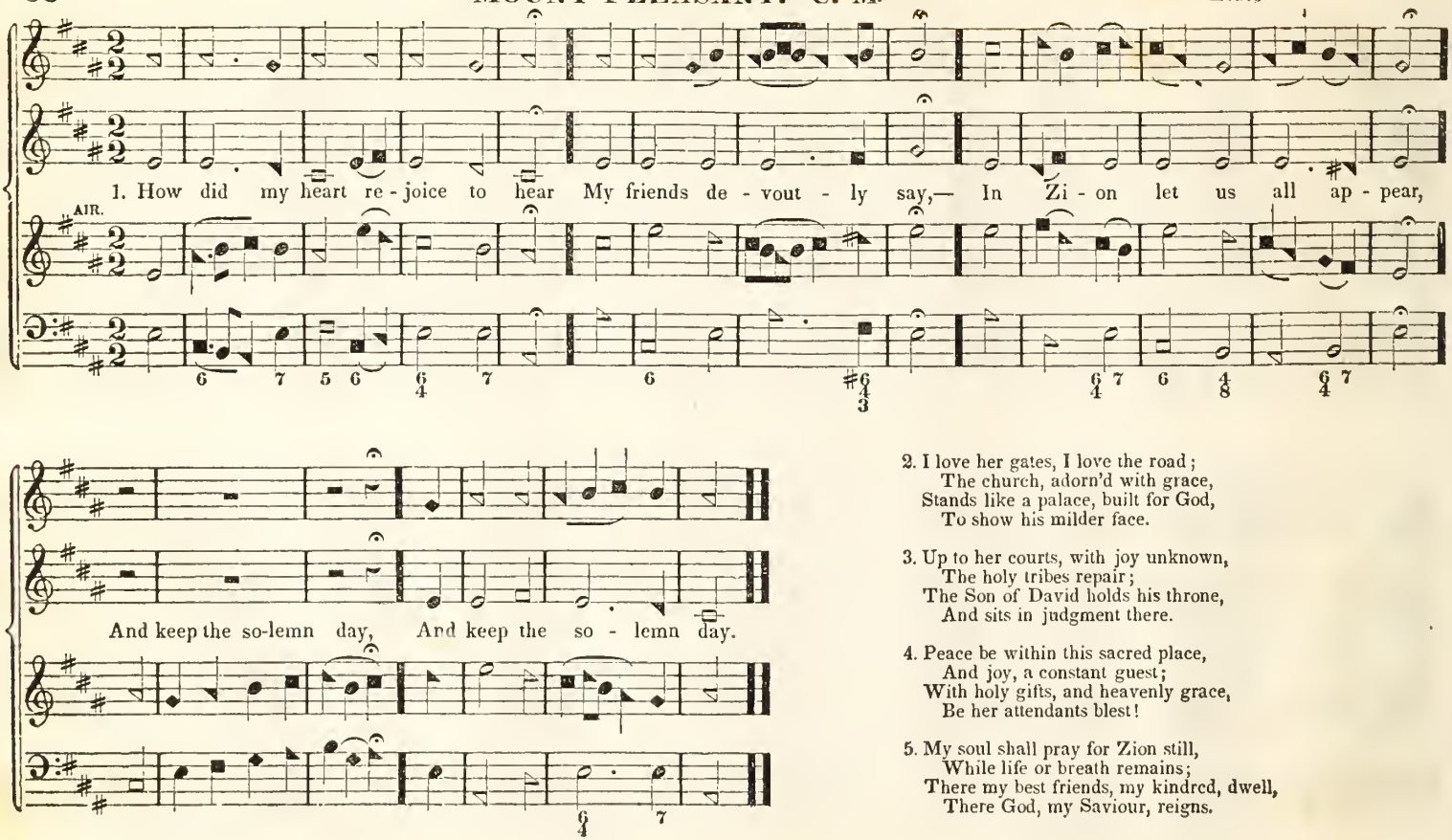
Shoel.

When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes.

AIR.

MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M.

Leach.



2. I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show his milder face.

3. Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

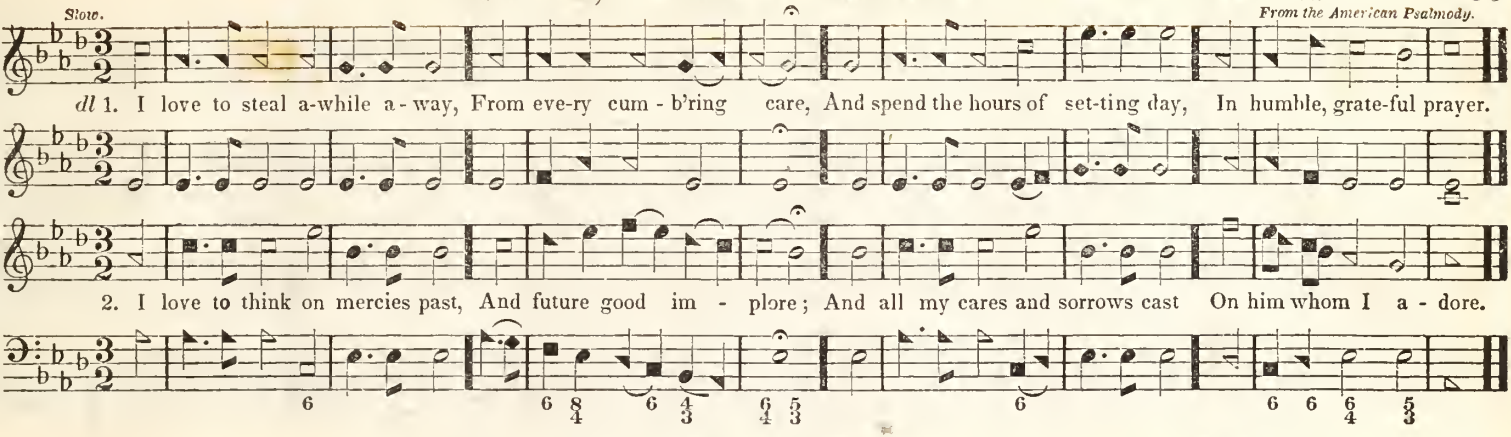
4. Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy, a constant guest;
With holy gifts, and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest!

5. My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

DUTTON, or WOODSTOCK. C. M.

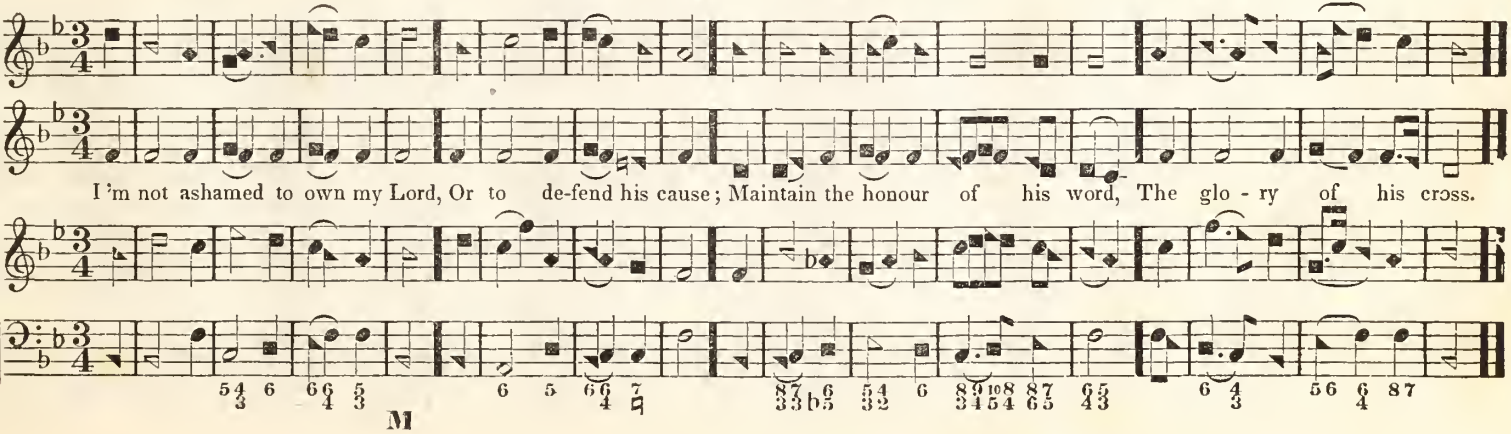
D. Dutton, Jr.

From the American Psalmody.



ST. GREGORY'S. C. M.

Dr. Wainwright.



MORAVIAN HYMN. C. M. [Double.]

FINE. D. C.

1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend his cause;—2.

D. C.

2—Main-tain the ho-nour of his word, The glo - ry of his cross. Je - sus, my Lord! I know his name; His name is all my trust;—3.

AIR. D. C.

3—Nor will he put my soul to shame, Or let my hope be lost.

D. C.

LANCASTER. C. M.

Tenour omitted—*ad lib.* Cuzens.

Where'er I turn my ga-zing eyes, Thy ra - diant foot-steps shine; Ten thou-sand plea-sing won-ders rise, And speak the hand di - vine.

AIR.

RANKIN. C. M.

SOLO. TUTTI.

A-rise, my soul, my joy-ful pow'rs, And triumph in my God; Awake, my voice, and loud pro-claim, His glo-rious grace a-broad.

AIR. SOLO. TUTTI.

Inst.

WILMINGTON. C. M.

Cuzens.

1. Our land, O Lord, with songs of praise, Shall in thy strength re-joice; And, blest with thy sal-va-tion, raise To heaven a cheerful voice.

AIR.

2. Thy sure de-fence, thro' na-tions round, Hath spread our coun-try's name; And all her hum-ble ef-forts crown'd With free-dom and with fame.

NEW LYNN. C. M.

Th: Zeuner.

From the Ancient Lyre.

UNISON. *Pia.* *For.*

E - ter-nal Wisdom! thee we praise, While with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas, And heav'n's high palace ring.

AIR.

Thee, all thy creatures sing; And heav'n's high palace ring,

UNISON. *Pia.* *For.*

T. S.

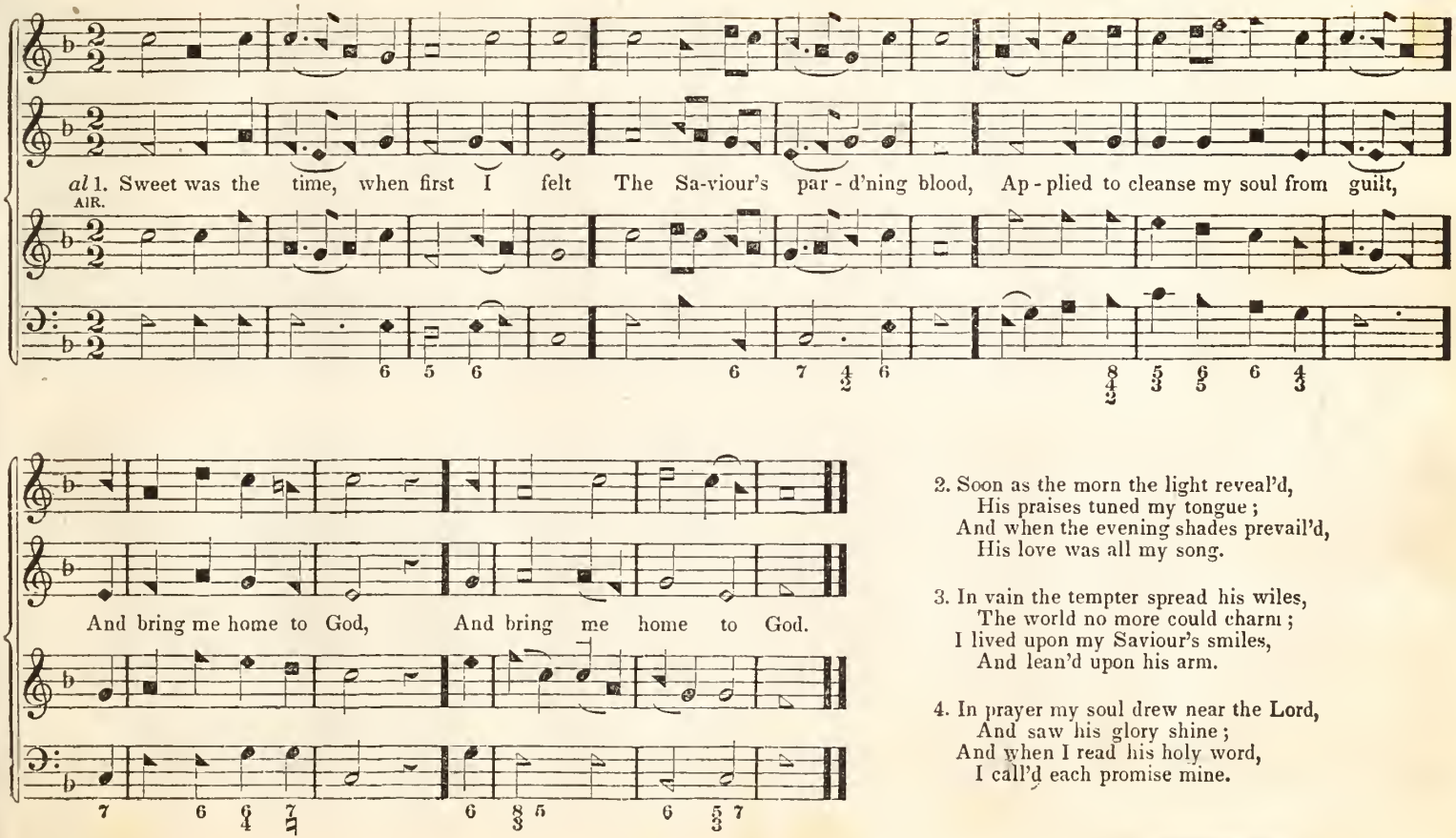
JORDAN. C. M.

A. Jones.

On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

AIR.

Unison.



2. Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3. In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

RANDALL, or CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

Dr. Randall.

SOLO.

My songs ad-dress thy throne,

What shall I ren-der to my God, For all his kind-ness shown? My feet shall vi-sit thine a-bode.

AIR.

My songs ad-dress thy throne,

SOLO.

SOLO.

TUTTI.

My songs ad-dress thy throne, My songs ad-dress thy throne.

SOLO.

TUTTI.

CHRIST OUR CONQUEROR.

1. Forever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2. When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me in the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3. A friend and helper so divine
My fainting hope shall raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

SCHAEFFER. C. M.

From the Family Minstrel.

TUTTI.

SOLO.

Joy is a fruit that will not grow In nature's bar-ren soil; All we can boast, till Christ we know, Is va-ni-ty and toil, Is va-ni-ty and toil.

AIR.

SOLO.

Pia. *For.*

TUTTI.

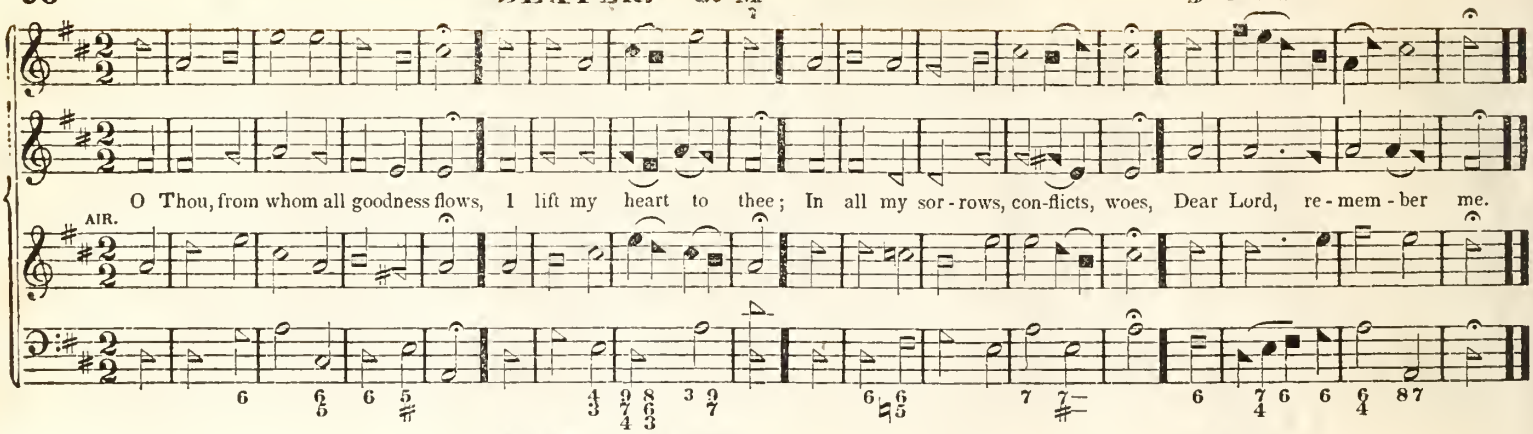
COVINGTON. C. M.

How sweet and aw-ful is the place, With Christ with-in the doors; While e-ver-lasting love dis-plays, The choi-cest of her stores.

AIR.

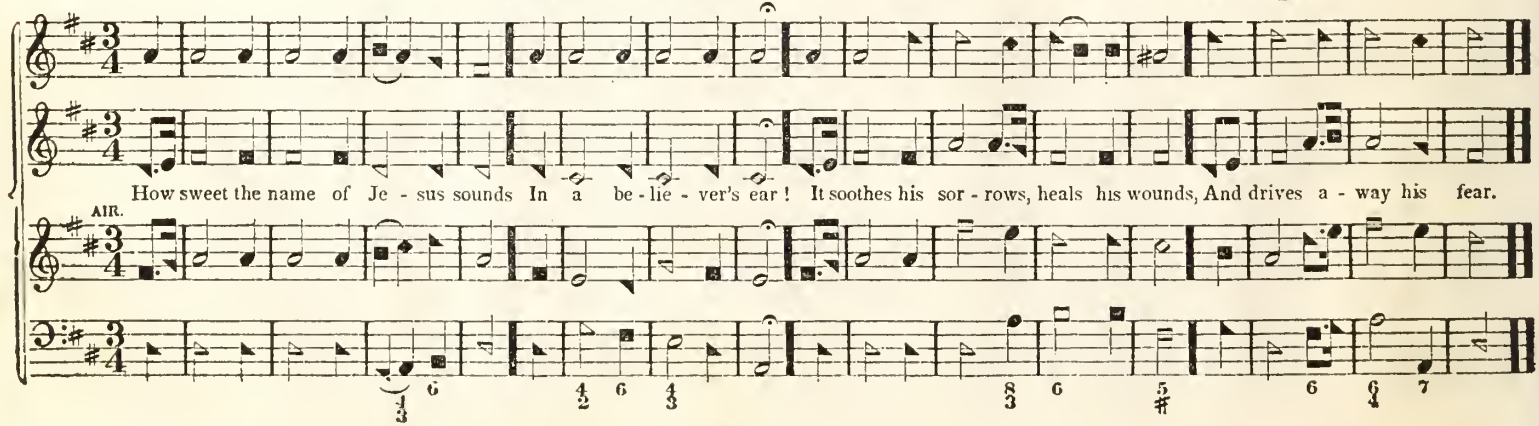
DEXTER. C. M

J. C. Andrews.

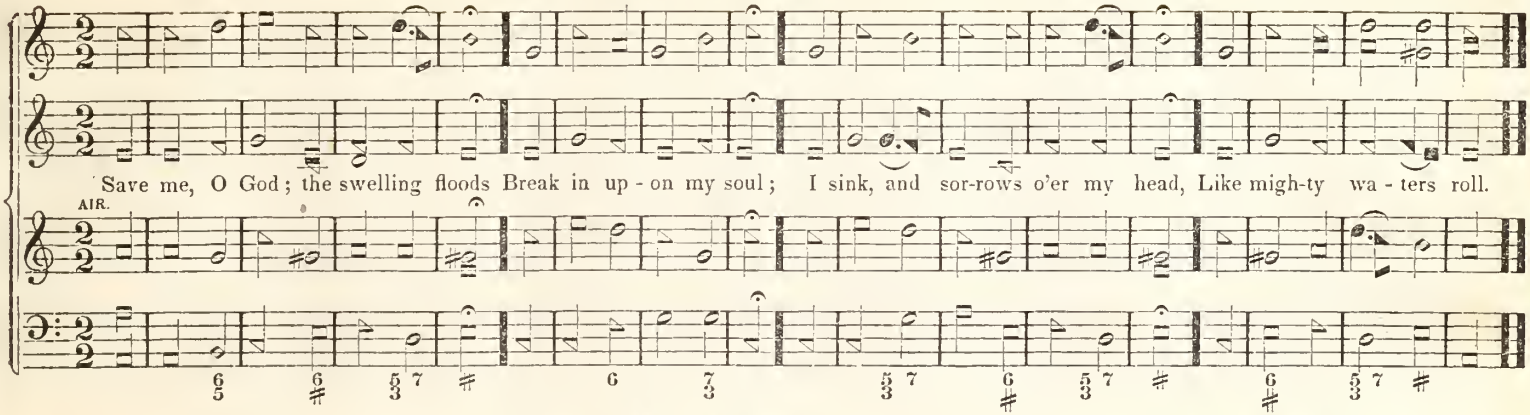


ELIOT. C. M.

D. E. J.

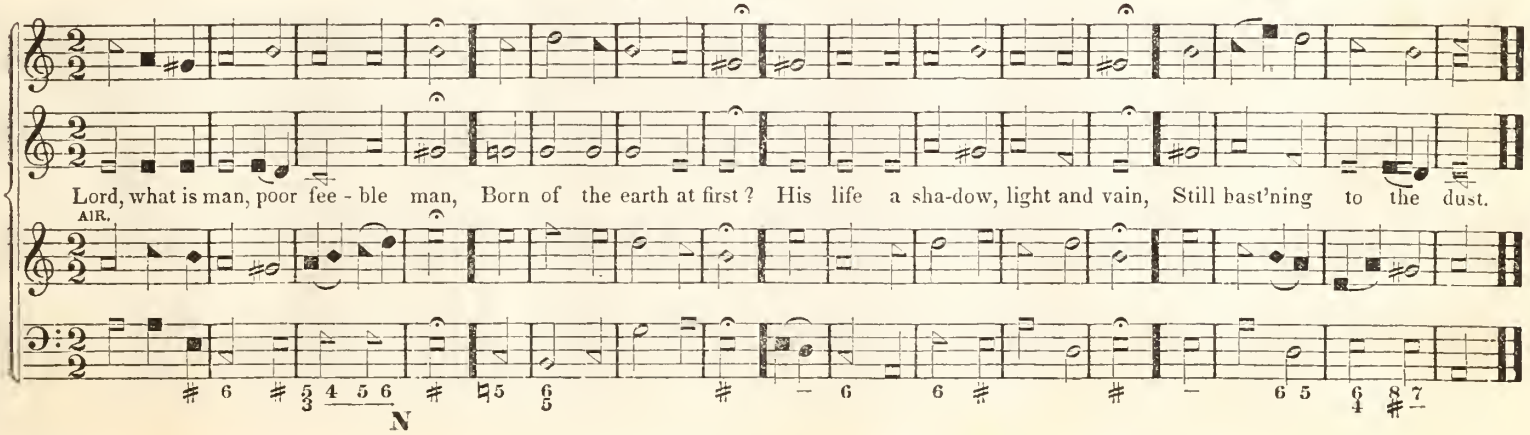


COLESHILL. C. M.



LEBANON. C. M.

Billings.



WALSAL, or READING. C. M.

Purcell.

Return, O God of love, re - turn! Earth is a tire-some place; How long shall we, thy chil-dren, mourn The ab - sence of thy face

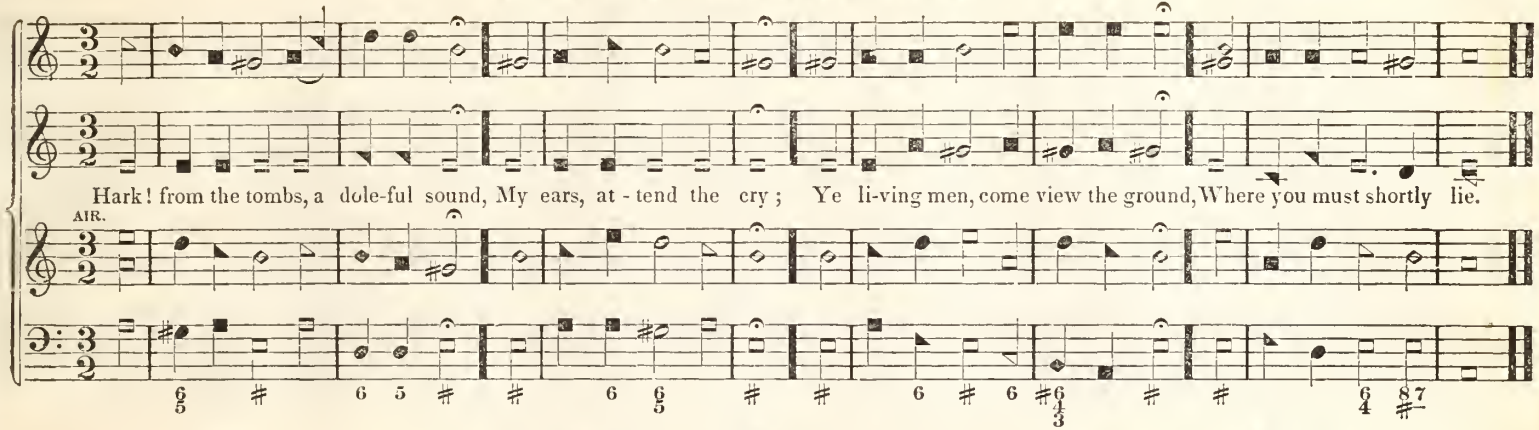
BANGOR. C. M.

Ravenscroft.

To God I made my sorrows known, From God I sought relief; In long complaint be - fore his throne, I pour'd out all my grief.

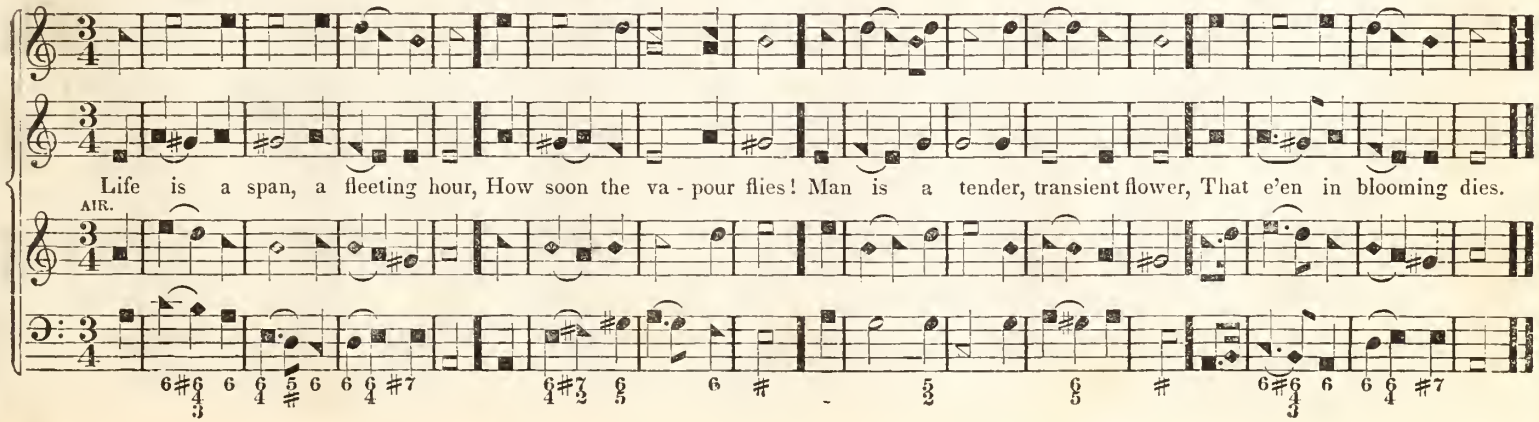
FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M.

E. Smith.



CROWLE. C. M.

Dr. Green.



WANTAGE. C. M.

Now let our droop-ing hearts re - vive, And eve - ry tear be dry; Why should these eyes be drown'd in grief, That view a Sa - viour nigh!

AIR.

SHIELDS. C. M.

Leach.

Tenour.

And let this fee - ble bo - dy fail; And let it faint and die: My soul shall quit this mourn-ful vale, And soar to worlds on high.

AIR.

af 1. Oh, the sharp pangs of smart-ing pain My dear Re-deem - er bore; When knot - ty whips, and rug- ged thorns His sa - cred bo - dy tore!

2. 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

3. 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head;
Break, break, my heart, oh, burst, mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed

4. Strike, mighty grace, my stubborn soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes,
In undissembled woe.

ST. MARY'S. C. M.

Dr. Croft.

Let this vain world en-gage no more; Be-hold the open-ing tomb! It bids us seize the pre-sent hour; To-mor-row death may come.

AIR.

BURFORD. C. M.

Purcell.

When shall my drooping spi-rits rise, And bless thy heal-ing rays; And change these deep, complaining sighs For songs of sa-cred praise.

AIR.

FUNERAL HYMN. C. M.

Dr. Miller.

Must friends and kin-dred droop and die, Must help-ers be withdrawn; While sor-row with a weep-ing eye, Re-counts our com-forts flown?

AIR.

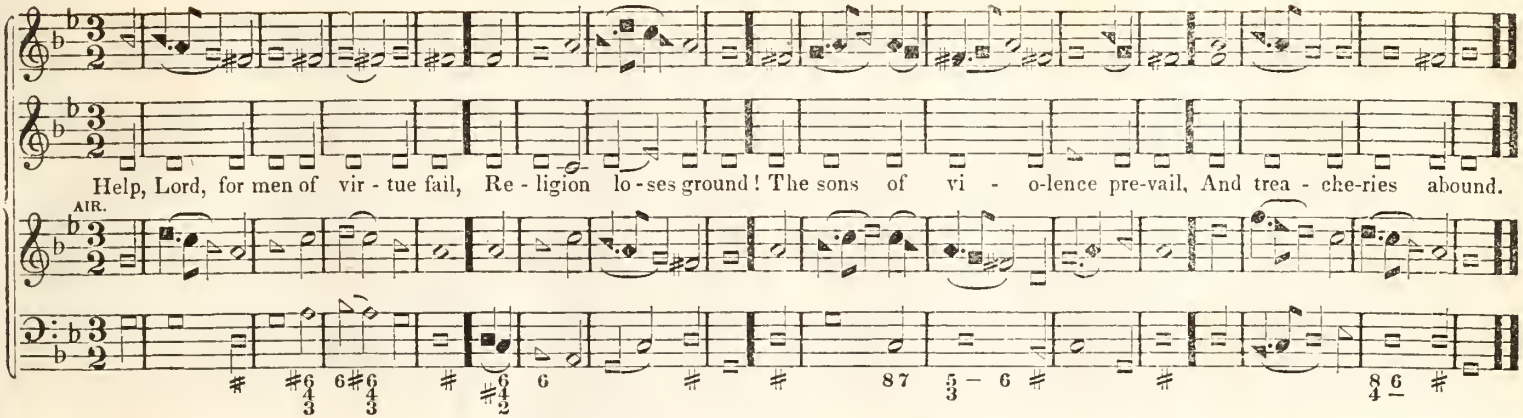
PLYMOUTH. C. M.

Wandel.

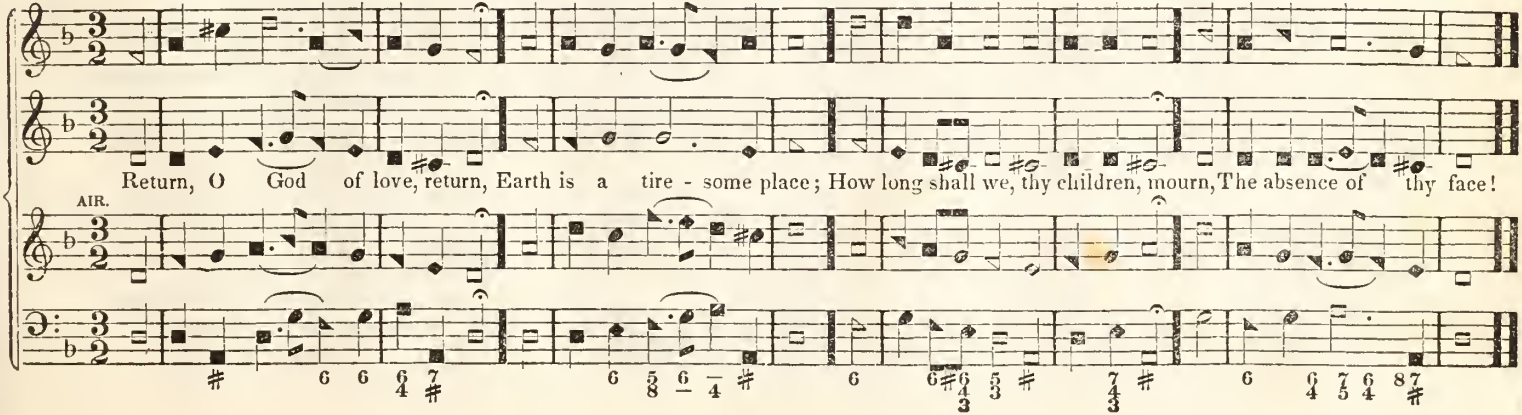
O God of mer-cy, hear my call, My load of guilt re-move; Break down the se-pa-ra-ting wall, That bars me from thy love.

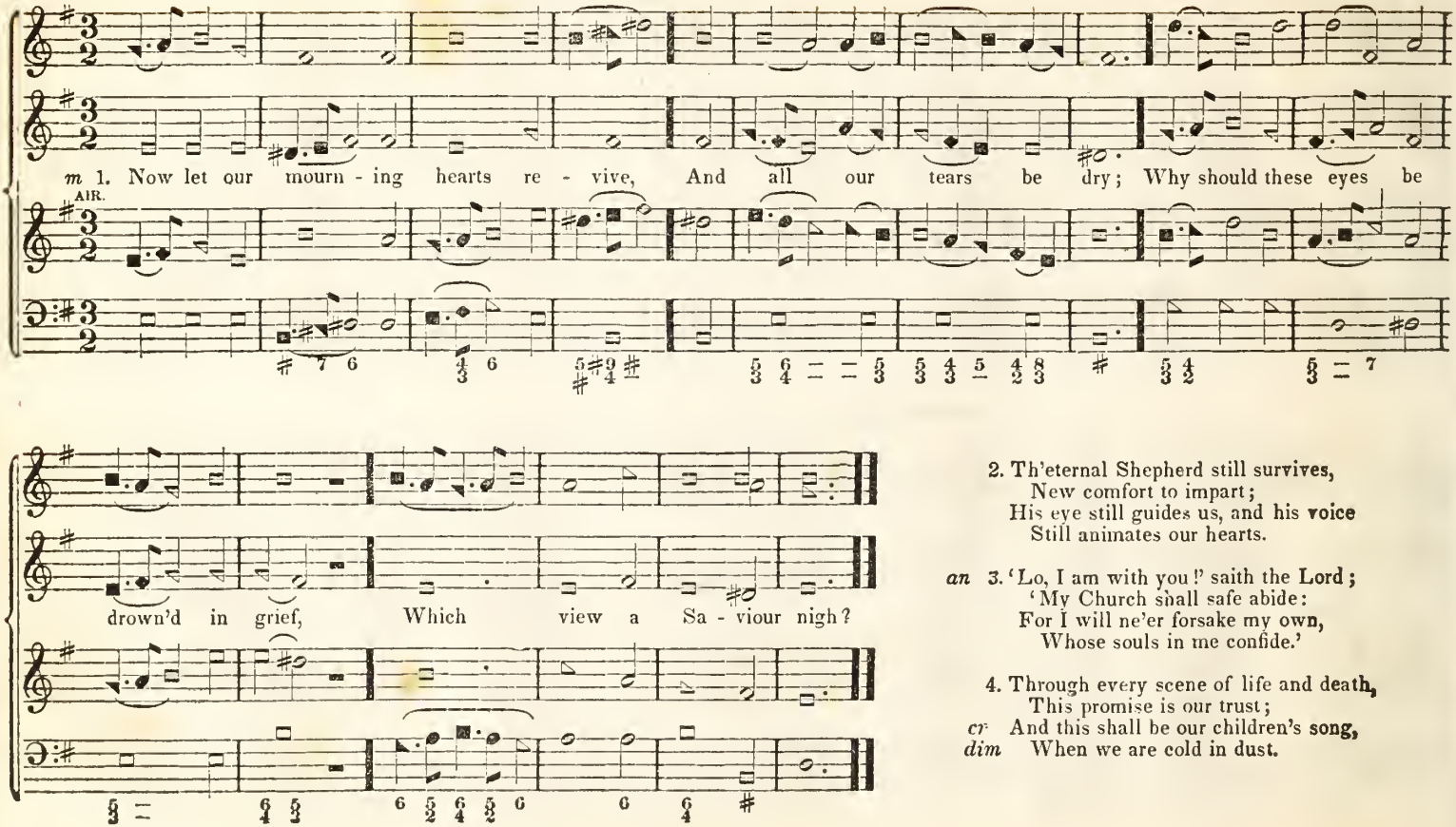
AIR.

BUCKINGHAM. C. M.



GEORGIA. C. M.



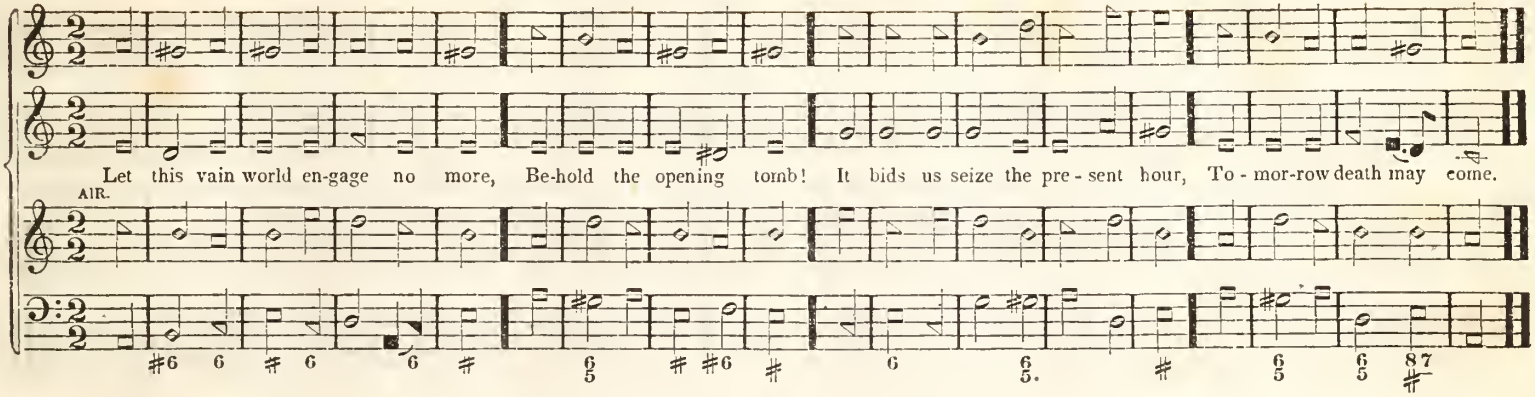


2. Th'eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our hearts.

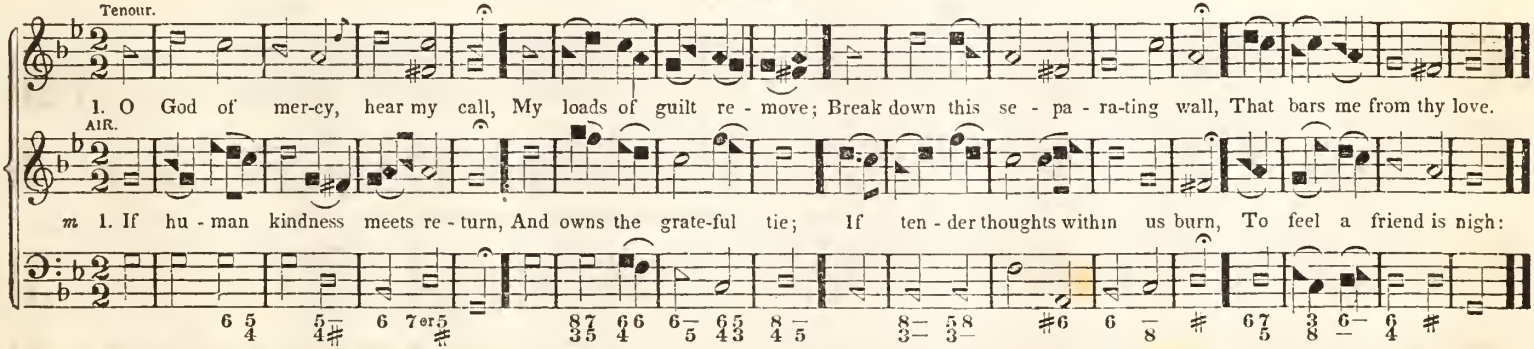
an 3. 'Lo, I am with you!' saith the Lord;
'My Church shall safe abide:
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide.'

4. Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
cr And this shall be our children's song,
dim When we are cold in dust.

ELGIN. C. M.



BURSTAL. C. M.



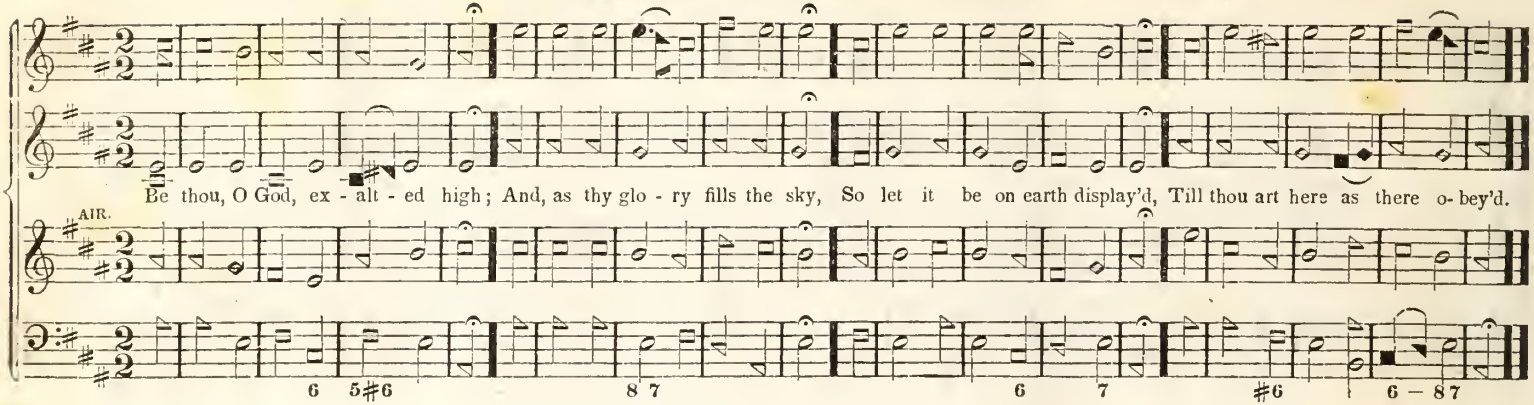
2. Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe,
To Him who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe!

af 3. While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words display'd –
'Meet, and remember me!'

4. Remember, thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

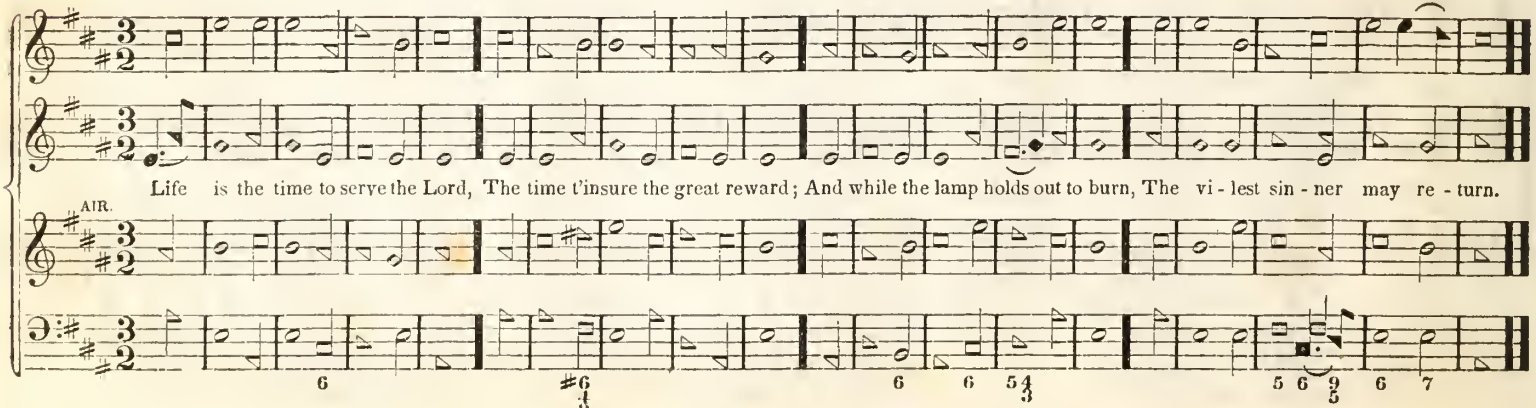
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

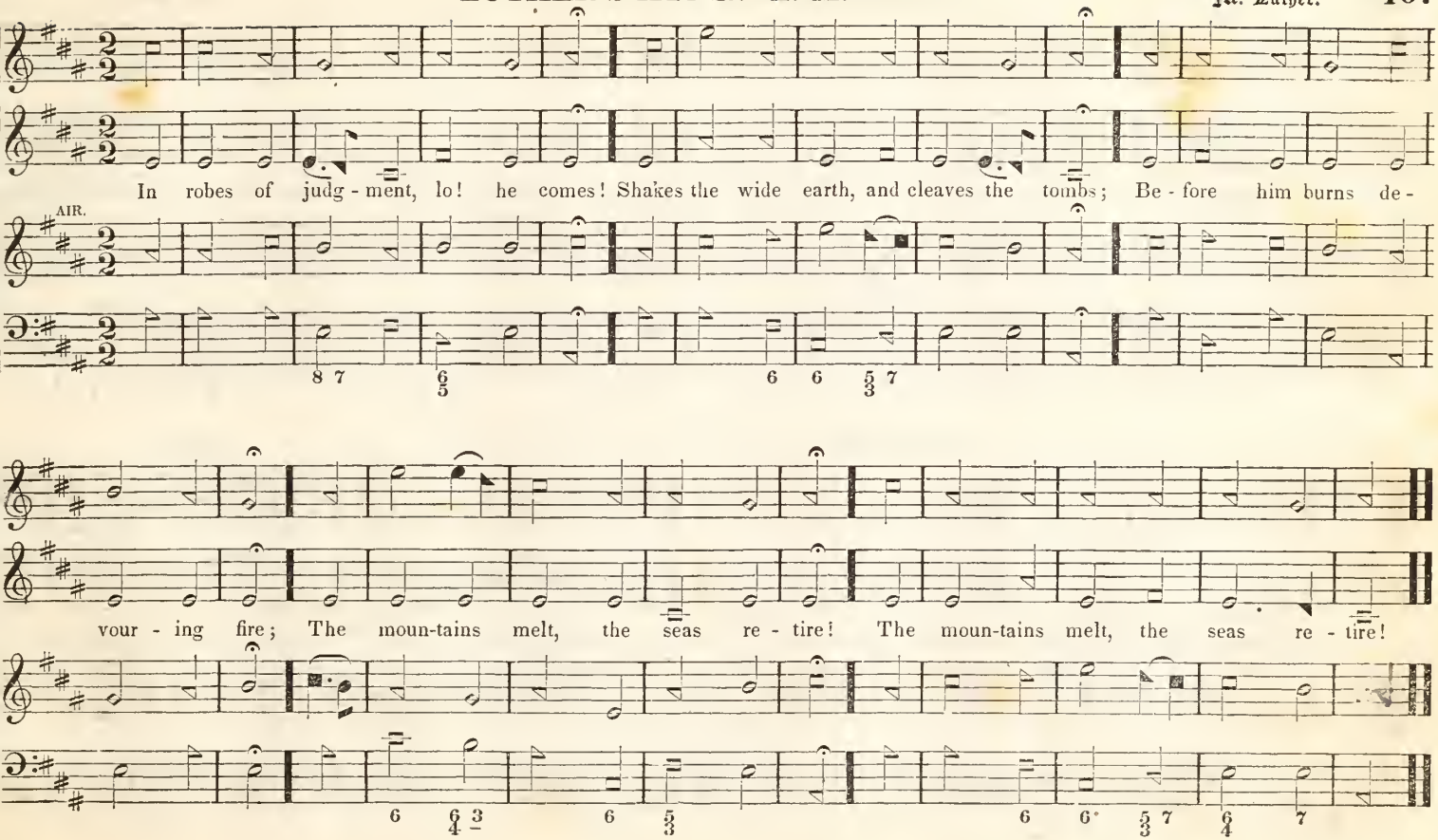
Martin Luther



BATH. L. M.

Wandel.




AIR.
In robes of judg - ment, lo! he comes! Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs; Be - fore him burns de-
vour - ing fire; The moun-tains melt, the seas re - tire! The moun-tains melt, the seas re - tire!

TRURO. L. M.

Dr. Burney.

Now to the Lord a no-ble song, A-wake, my soul, a-wake, my tongue; Ho-san-na to th'e-ter-nal name, And all his boundless love pro-claim.

AIR.

SEASONS. L. M.

Pleyel.

Thy goodness, Lord, doth crown the year, Thy paths drop fatness all a-round, And barren wilds thy praise declare, And vo-cal hills re-turn the sound.

AIR.

Inst. or *Voice.*

GREEN'S HUNDREDTH. L. M.

Ye nations round the earth, re - joice Be-fore the Lord, your sov'-reign King; Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glory sing.

AIR.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.

At an-chor laid, re-mote from home, Toiling, I cry, sweet Spi-rit, come; Ce - les - tial breeze, no long-er stay, But swell my sails, and speed my way.

AIR.

PARK STREET. L. M.

Venua.

Pia.

Hark! how the cho - ral song of heaven Swells full of peace and joy a - bove! Hark! how they strike their gold - en harps,

AIR.

Cres. For.

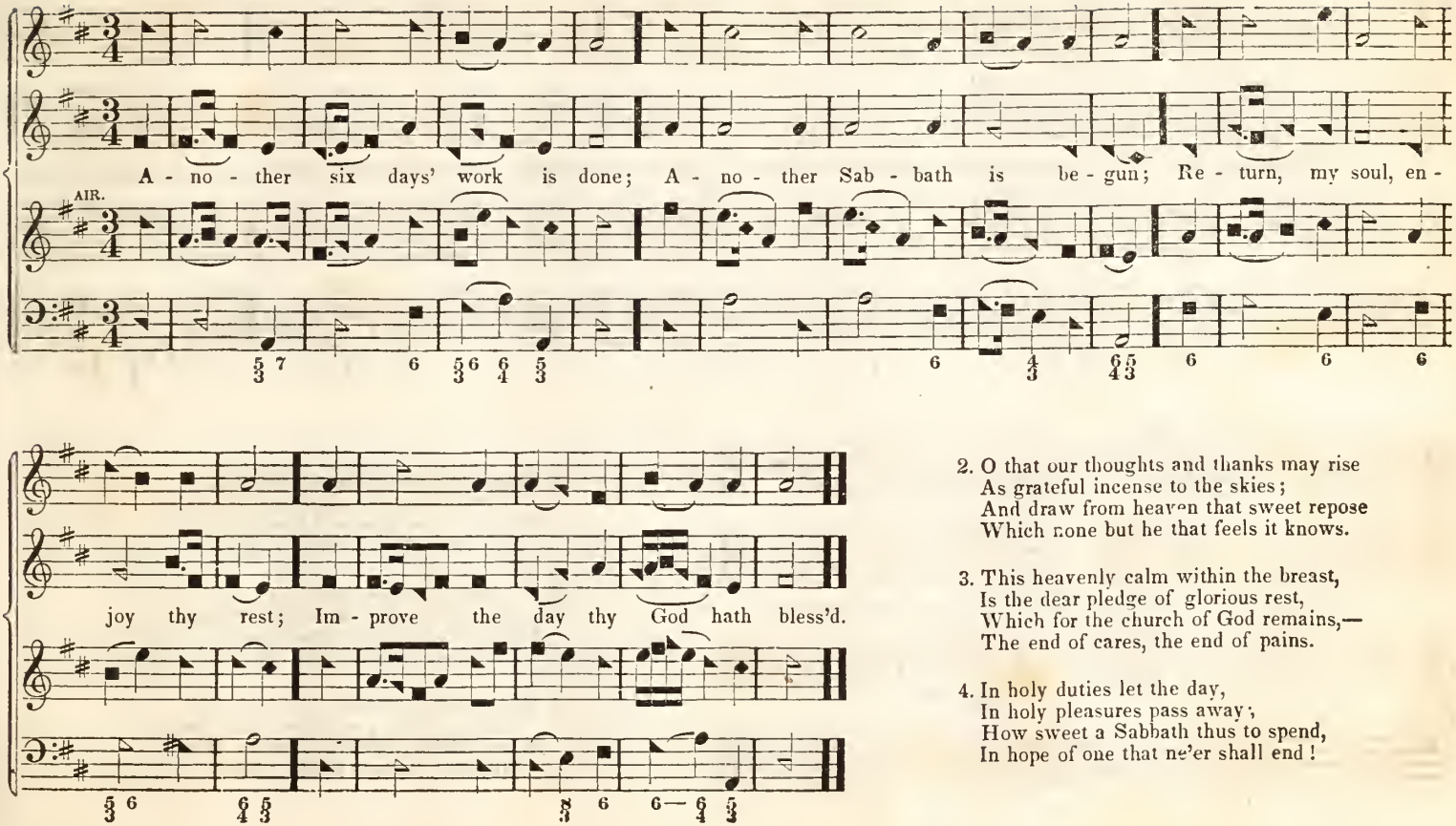
And raise the tune - ful notes of love, And raise the tune - ful notes of love.

GENERAL PRAISE TO GOD.

di 1. My heart is fix'd on thee, my God,
Thy sacred truth I'll spread abroad;
My soul shall rest on thee alone,
And make thy loving-kindness known.

cr 2. Awake, my glory—wake, my lyre,
To songs of praise my tongue inspire;
With morning's earliest dawn arise,
And swell your musick to the skies.

di 3. With those who in thy grace abound,
I'll spread thy fame the earth around;
Till every land, with thankful voice,
Shall in thy holy name rejoice.



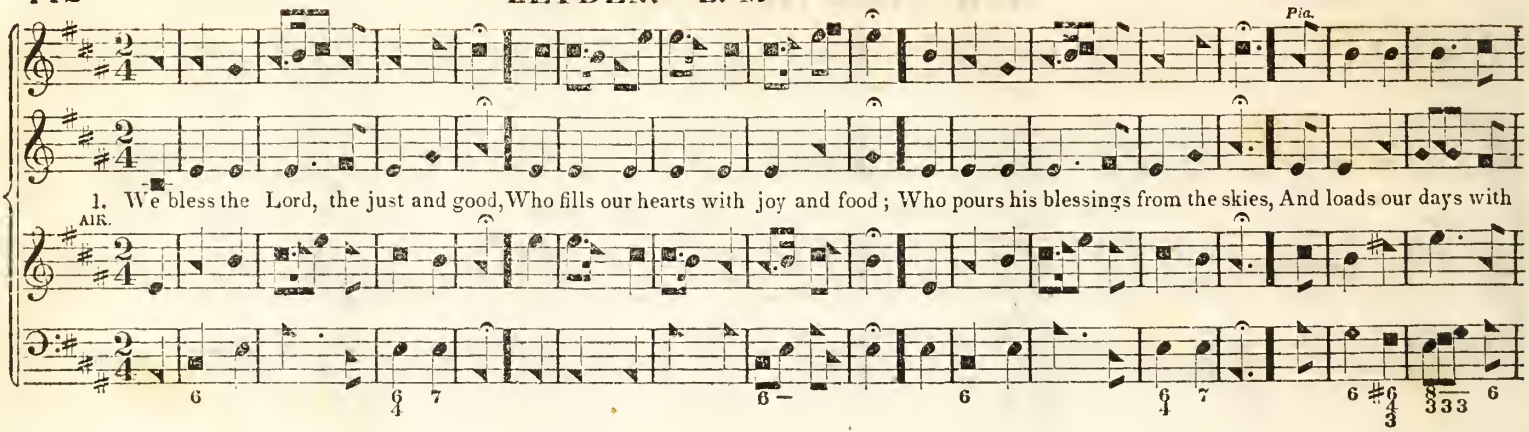
2. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

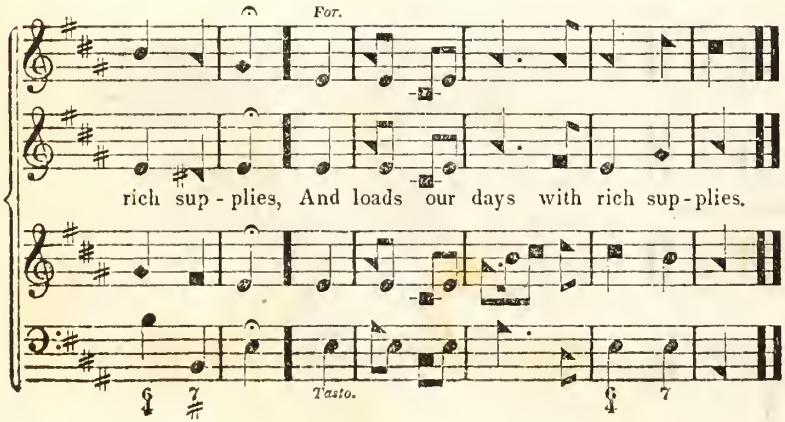
3. This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4. In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

LEYDEN. L. M

Costellow.

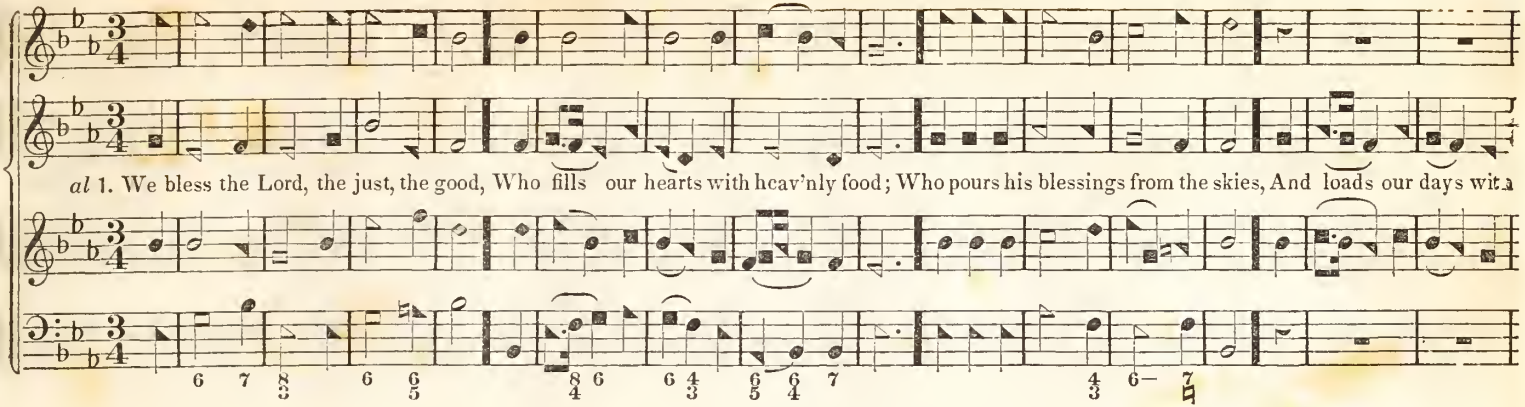


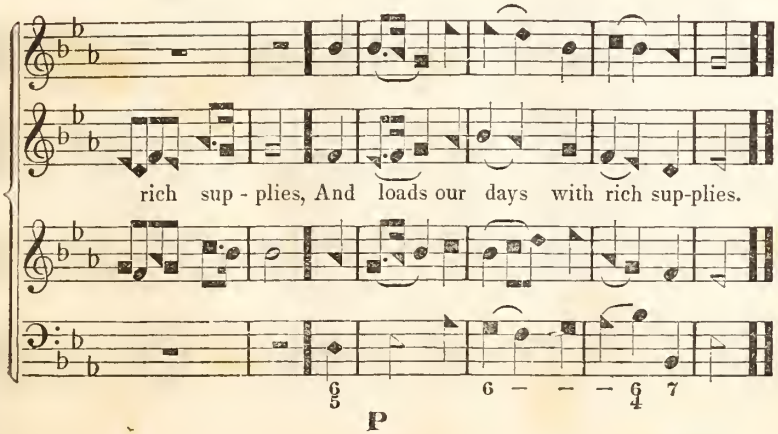


2. Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous name and power rehearse
His honours shall enrich your verse.

3. His thunders echo through the sky,
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high:
Praise him aloud, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

4. God is our shield—our joy, our rest;
God is our King—proclaim him blest;
When terrors rise—when nations faint,
He is the strength of every saint.





2. He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3. 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4. He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love,
But the wide difference that remains,
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. Mason.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days; And eve-ry evening shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.

AIR.

GERMAN AIR. L. M.

German.

Loud swell the pealing or-gan's notes, Breathe forth your soul in raptures high; Praise ye the Lord with harp and voice, Join the full cho - rus of the sky

AIR.

ALFRETON. L. M.

W. Beastall.

Great God, whose u - ni - ver - sal sway, The known and unknown worlds o - bey; Now give the king-dom to thy Son, Ex-tend his pow - er, ex-alt his throne.

AIR.

WARD. L. M.

L. Mason.

There is a stream whose gentle flow Sup-plies the ci - ty of our God! Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And wat'-ring our di-vine a - bode.

AIR.

ST. PETER'S. L. M.

Marwood.

Great Light of life! thou na-ture's Lord, Bring light from darkness by thy word; Shine in our hearts, in mercy shine, To give the light of truth di-vine.

AIR.

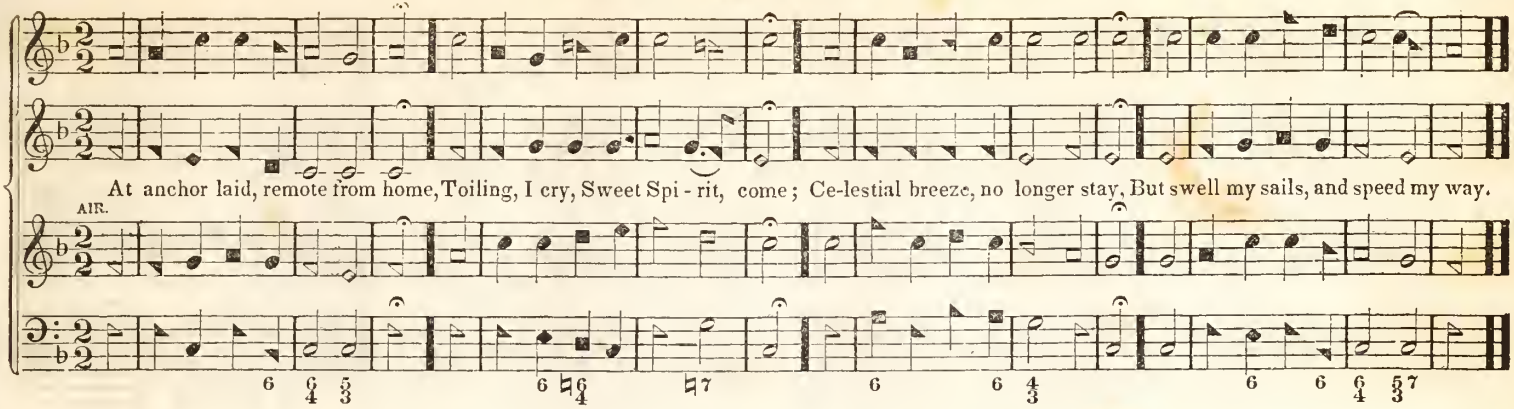
BREWER. L. M.

Ye nations round the earth, re-joice Be-fore the Lord, your Sov'reign King; Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glo-ry sing.

AIR.

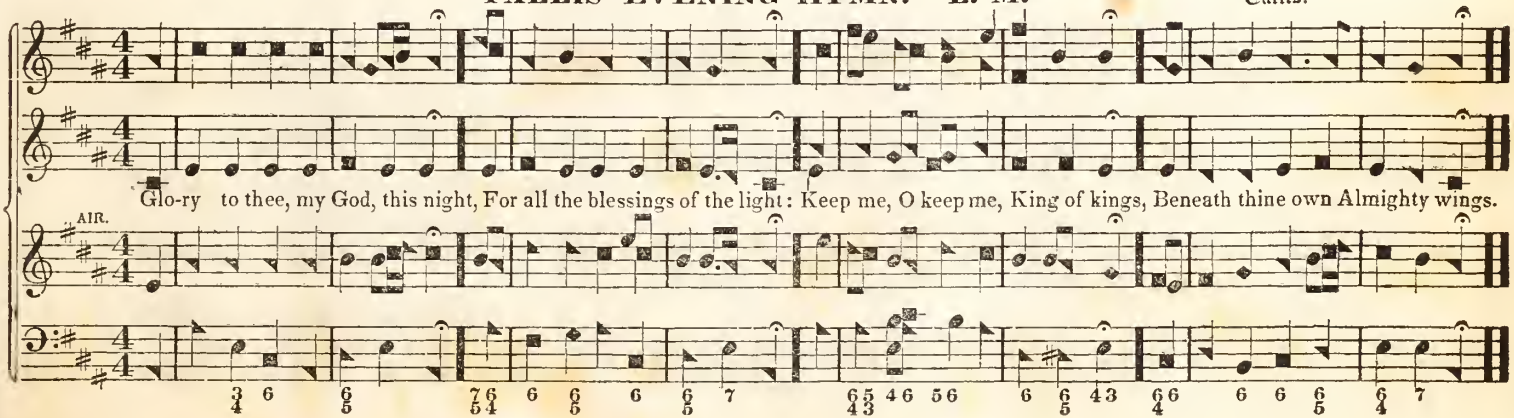
UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. Mason.

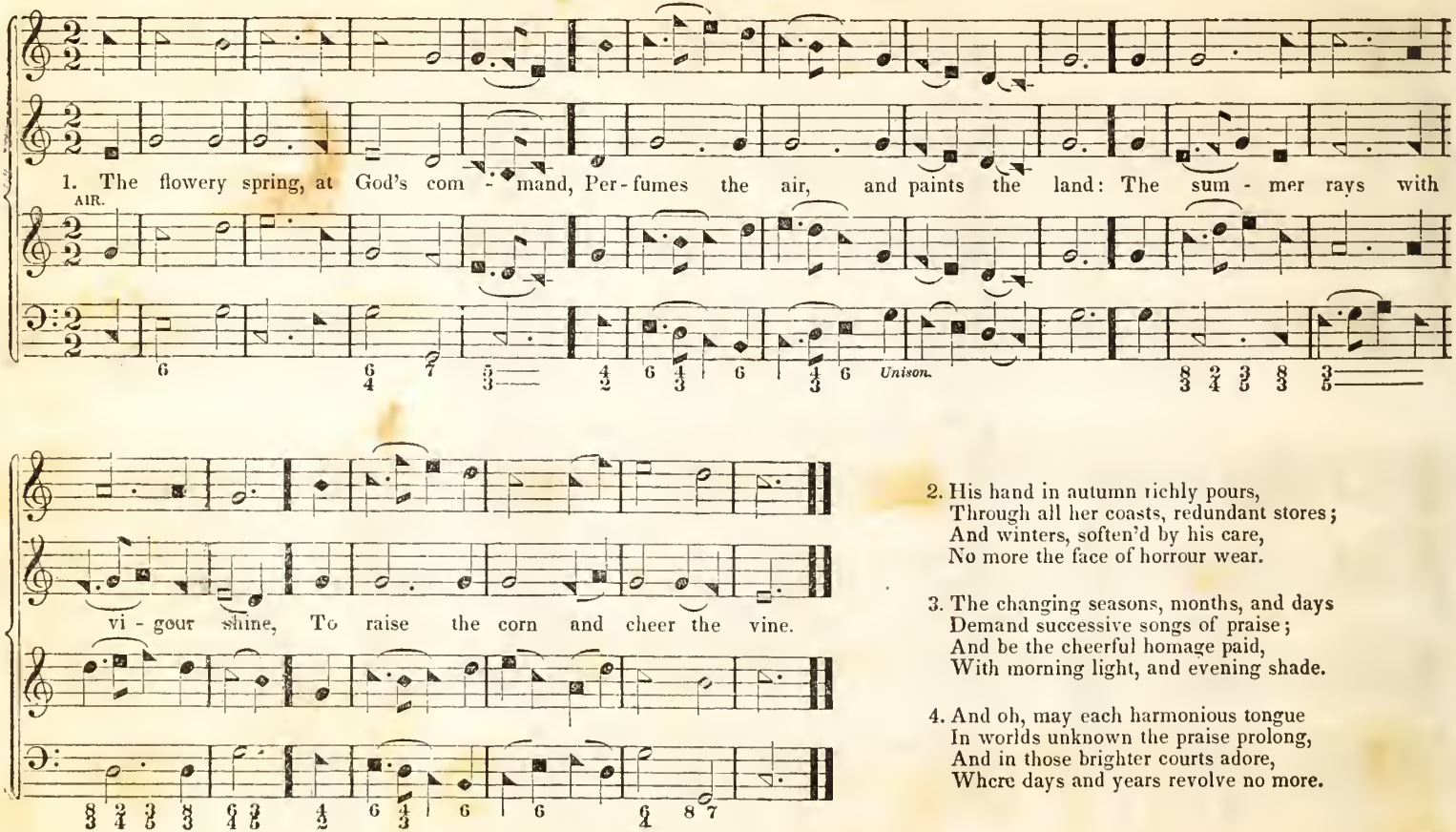


TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.

Tallis.



ANTIGUA. L. M.



2. His hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all her coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by his care,
No more the face of horrour wear.

3. The changing seasons, months, and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light, and evening shade.

4. And oh, may each harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown the praise prolong,
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

AIR.

1. Oh, for a sight—a plea - sing sight, Of our al - migh - ty Fa - ther's throne! There sits our Sa - viour, crown'd with light,

For.

There sits our Sa-viour, crown'd with light, Clothed with a bo - dy like our own.

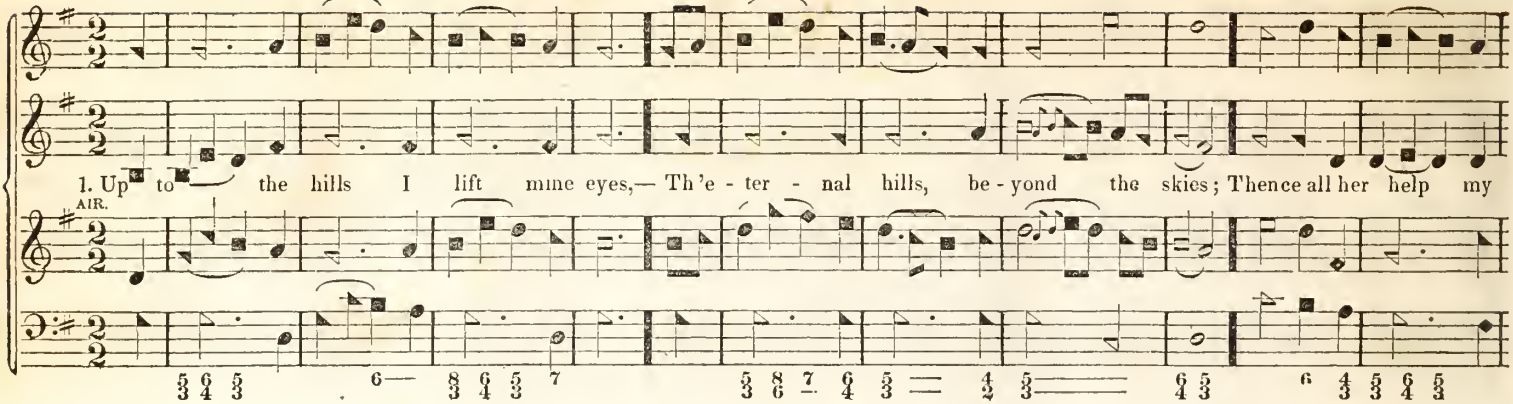
2. Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds bright glories on them all!

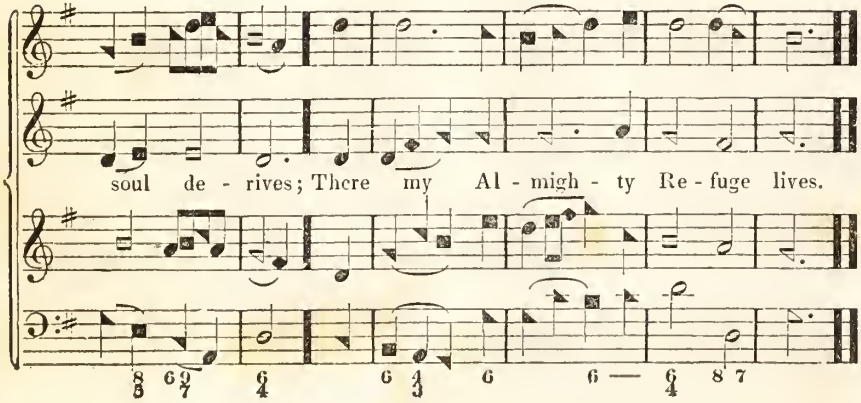
3. Oh, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And echo from each heavenly hill,
The glorious triumphs of their King!

4. When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amid'st them there,
And view thy face—and sing thy love?

SABAOTH. L. M

R. Taylor.





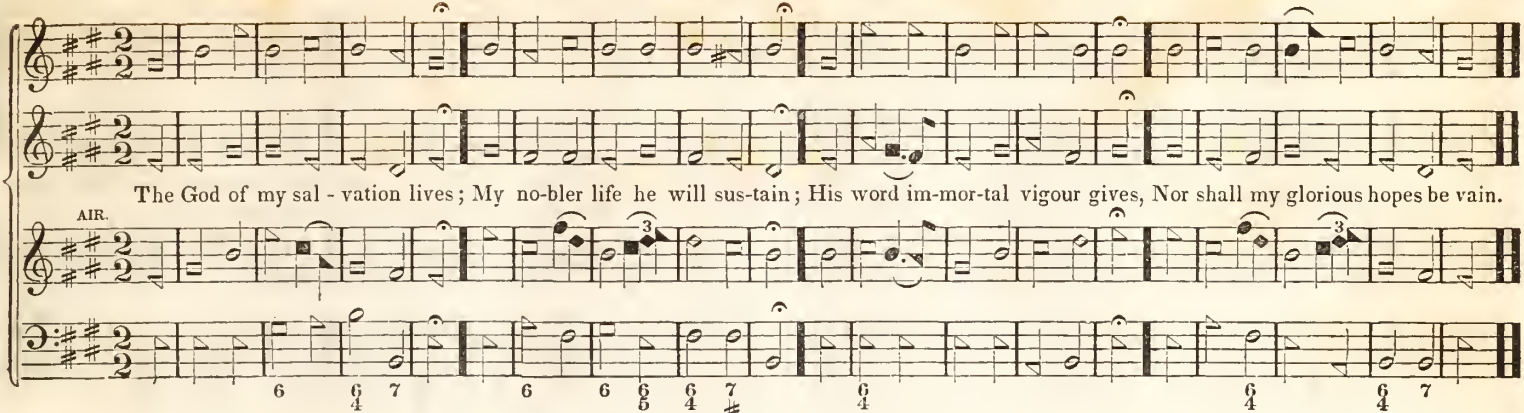
2. He lives—the everlasting God,
That built the world—that spread the flood;
The heavens, with all their host, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3. He guides our feet—he guards our way;
His morning smiles adorn the day:
He spreads the evening veil—and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.

4. Israel—a name divinely blest,
May rise secure—securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

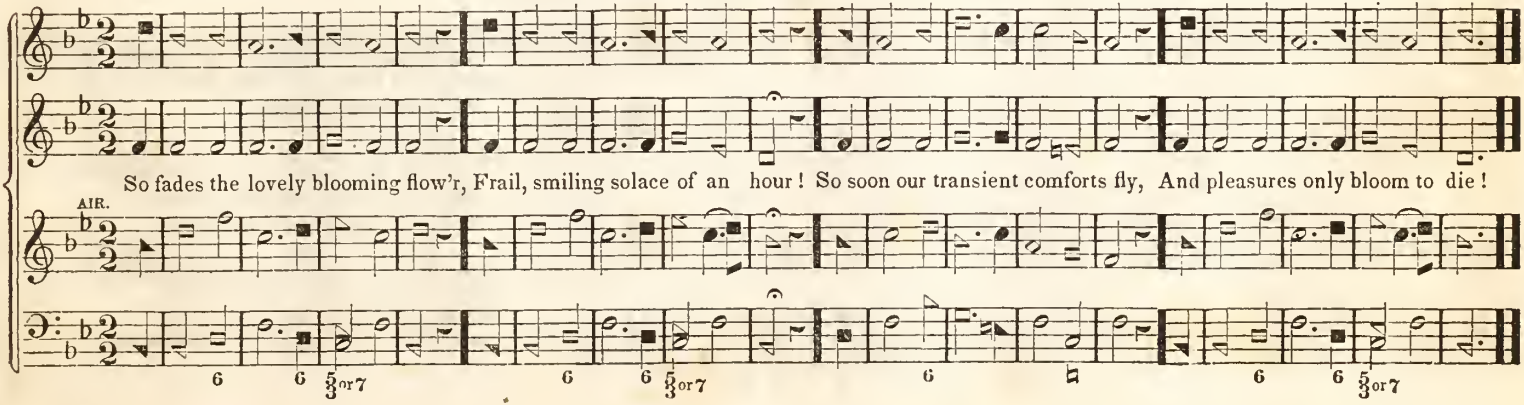
5. Long as I live I'll trust his power;
Then in my last, departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear me homeward to my God.

JARMAN. L. M.



GERMAN HYMN. L. M., or 7's.*

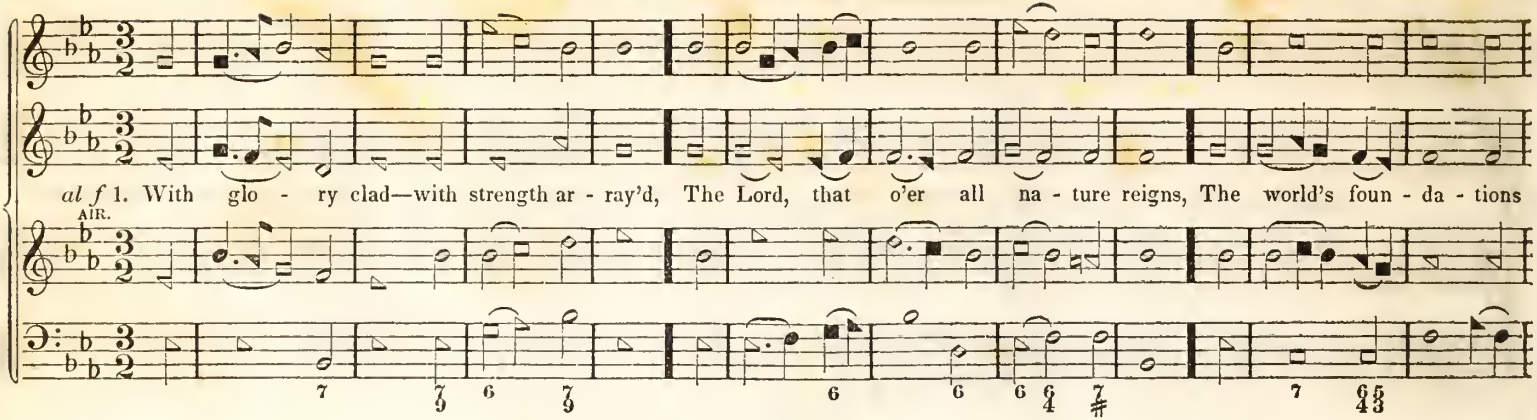
Pleyel.

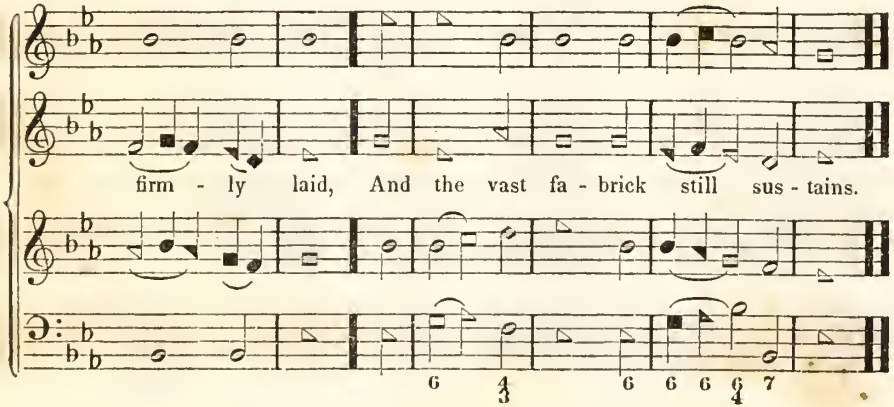


* By omitting the first note of each line.

STONEFIELD. L. M.

Stanley.



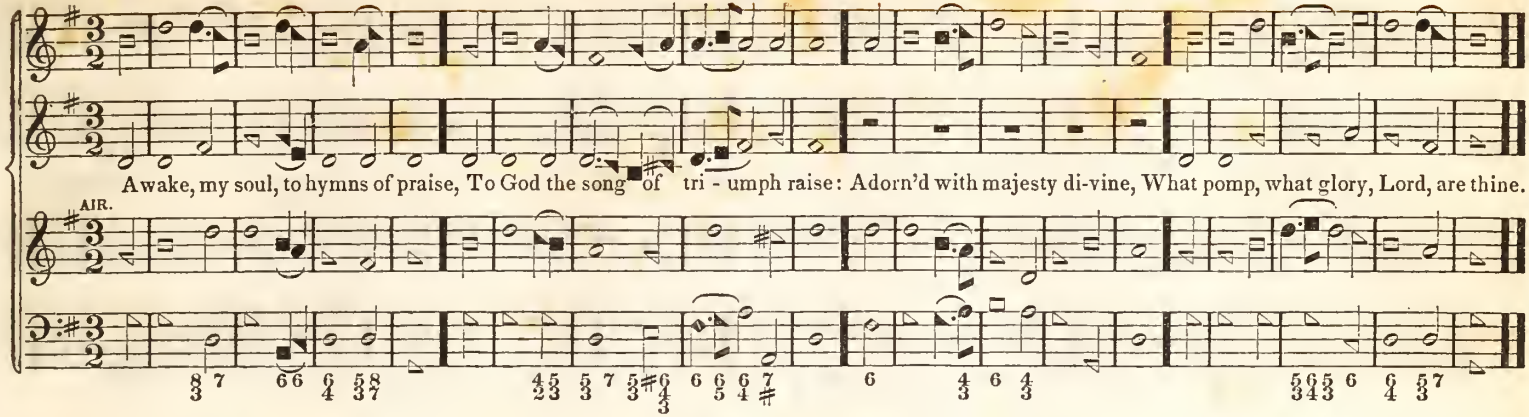


2. How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord—and thou alone,
Art God, from all eternity.

3. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

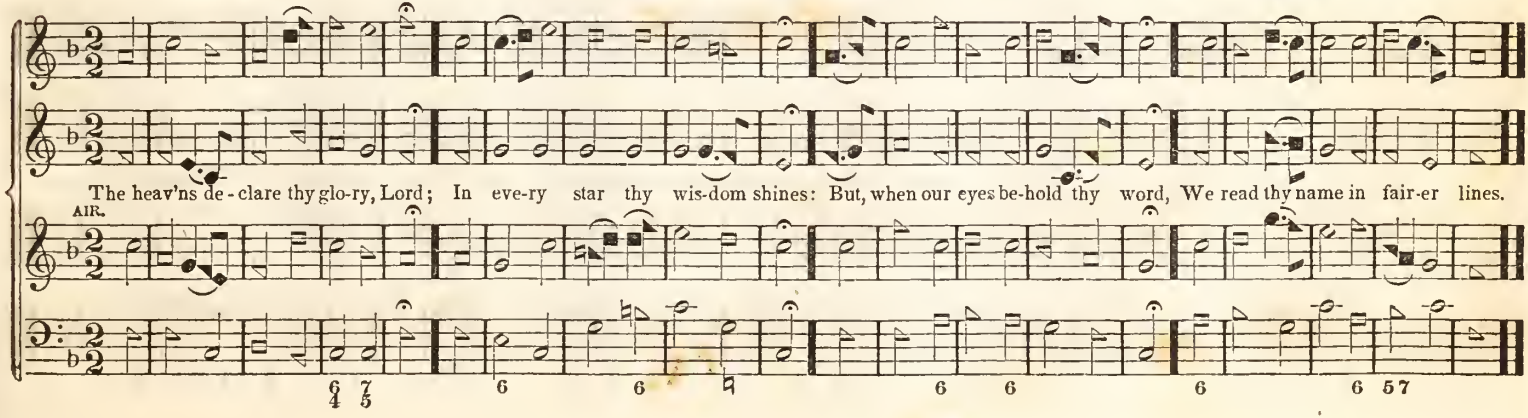
4. Through endless ages stands thy throne;
Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
The pure in heart—and they alone,
Shall find their hope of heaven secure.

PILESGROVE. L. M.



KENT. L. M.

Dr. Green.



STANLEY, or ASYLUM. L. M.

Stanley.

For thee, O God, our con-stant praise, In Zi - on waits, thy cho-sen seat; Our pro-mised al - tars we will raise, And there our zealous vows complete.

AIR.

NAZARETH. L. M.

S. Webbe.

Re-turn, my soul, and sweet- ly rest On thy Al-migh- ty Fa-ther's breast; The bounties of his grace a - dore, And count his won-drous mer-cies o'er.

AIR.

al 1. Ye na - tions round the earth, re - joice Be - fore the Lord, your sov' - reign King; Serve him with cheer-ful heart and voice,

Voice or Inst.

TUTTI.

SOLO.

With all your tongues his glo - ry sing, With all your tongues his glo - ry sing.

SOLO. TUTTI.

2. The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3. Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

AIR.

1. O ren - der thanks to God a - bove, The foun-tain of e - ter - nal love; Whose mer - cy, firm thro' a - ges past

SOLO. TUTTI.

Has stood, and shall for - ev - er last, Has stood, and shall for ev - er last.

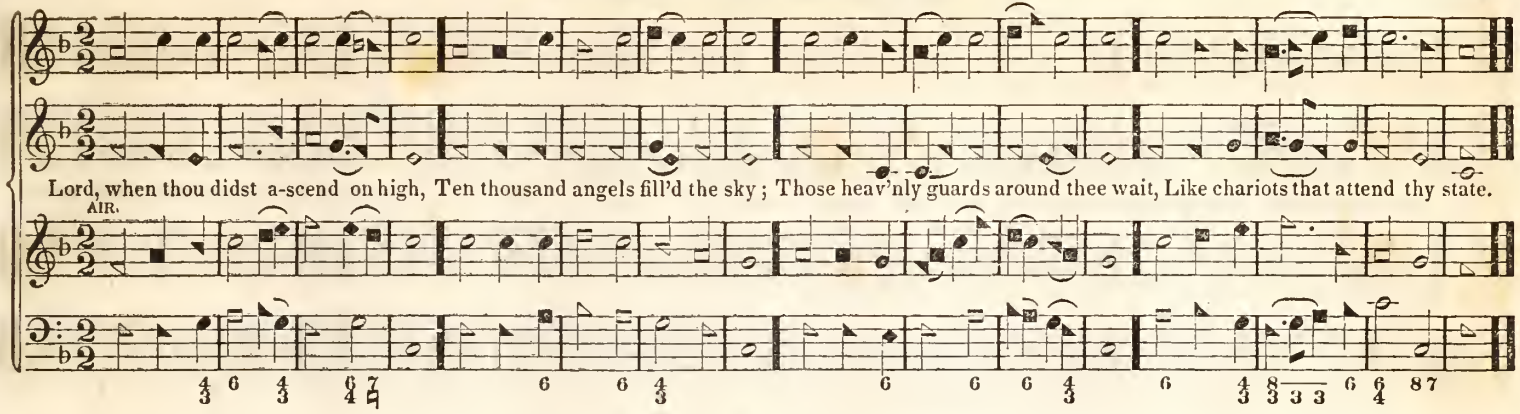
SOLO. TUTTI.

2. Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

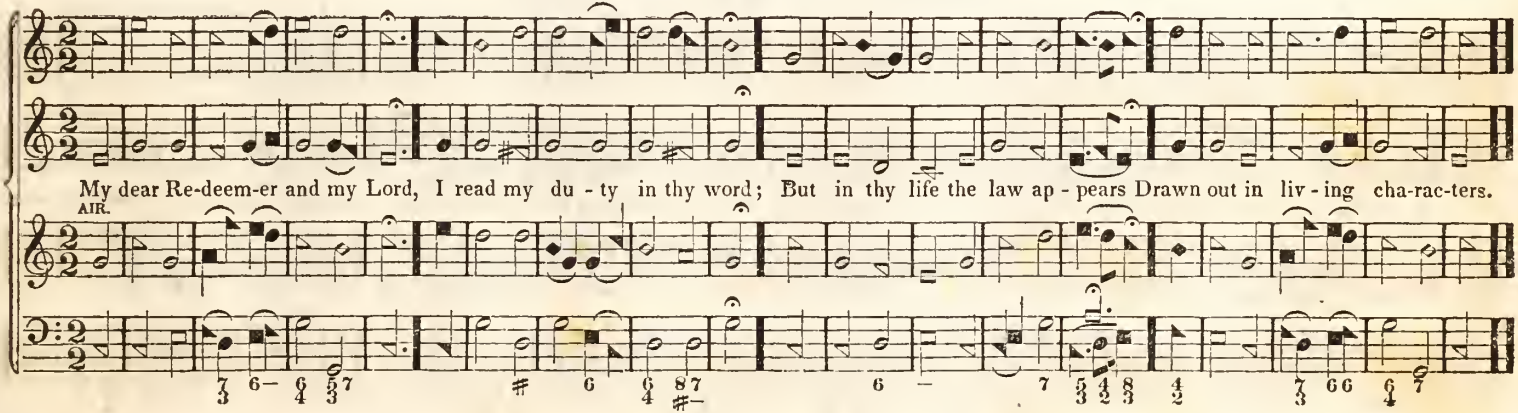
3. Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

4. O render thanks to God above,
The object of eternal love;
Whose mercy, firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall forever last.

NEWRY, or DUKE STREET. L. M.



GILGAL. L. M.



CHAMBERSBURG. L. M.

Give to our God im-mor-tal praise, Mer-cy and truth are all his ways, Give to the Lord of lords re-nown, The King of kings, with glory crown.

AIR.

SUCCOTH. L. M.

From the Boston Academy's Collection.

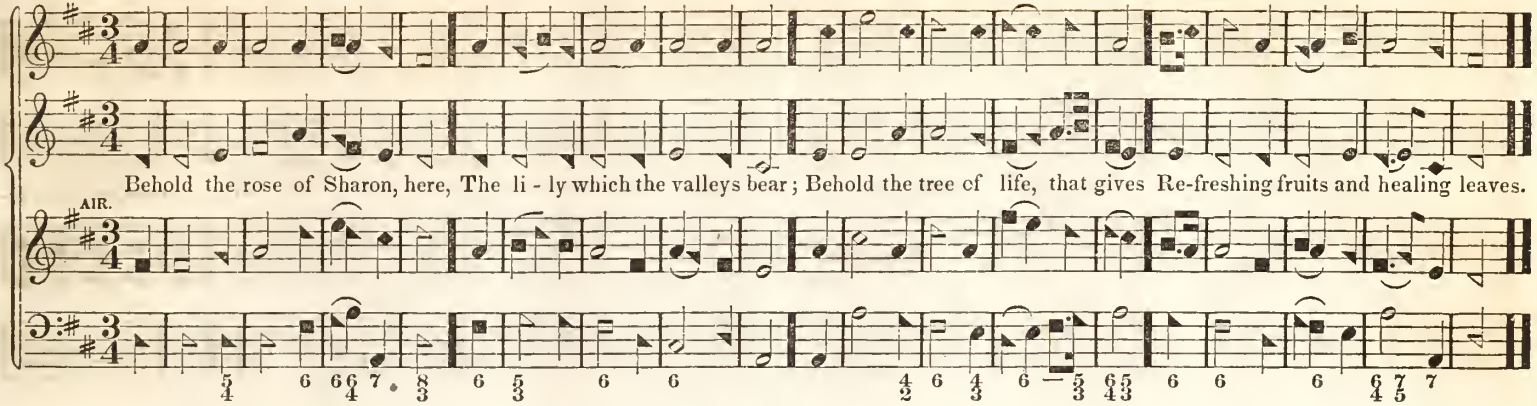
Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moon shall wax and wane no more.

AIR.

Unison.

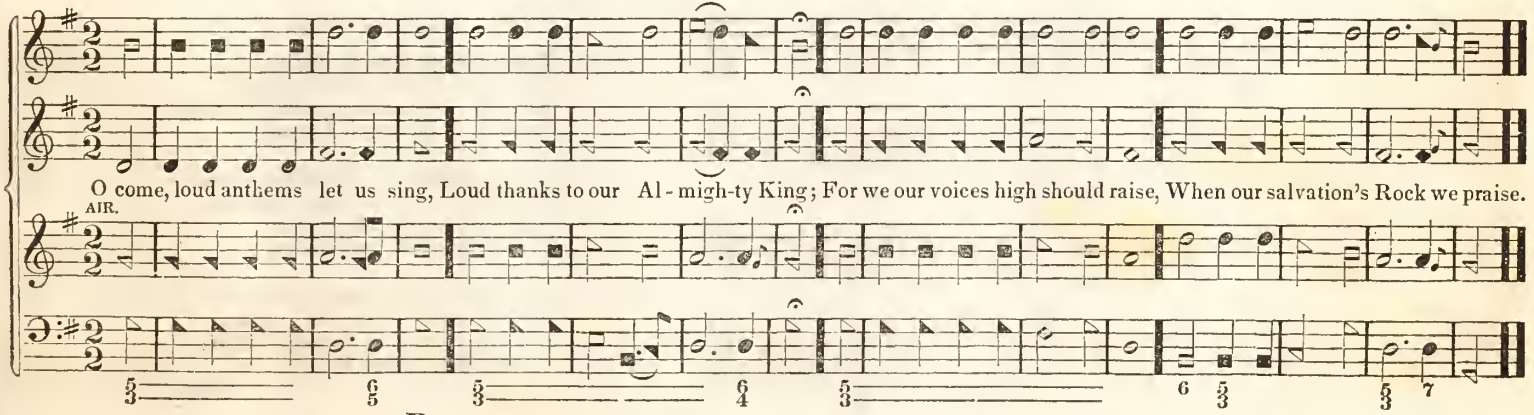
Unison.

LOWELL. L. M.



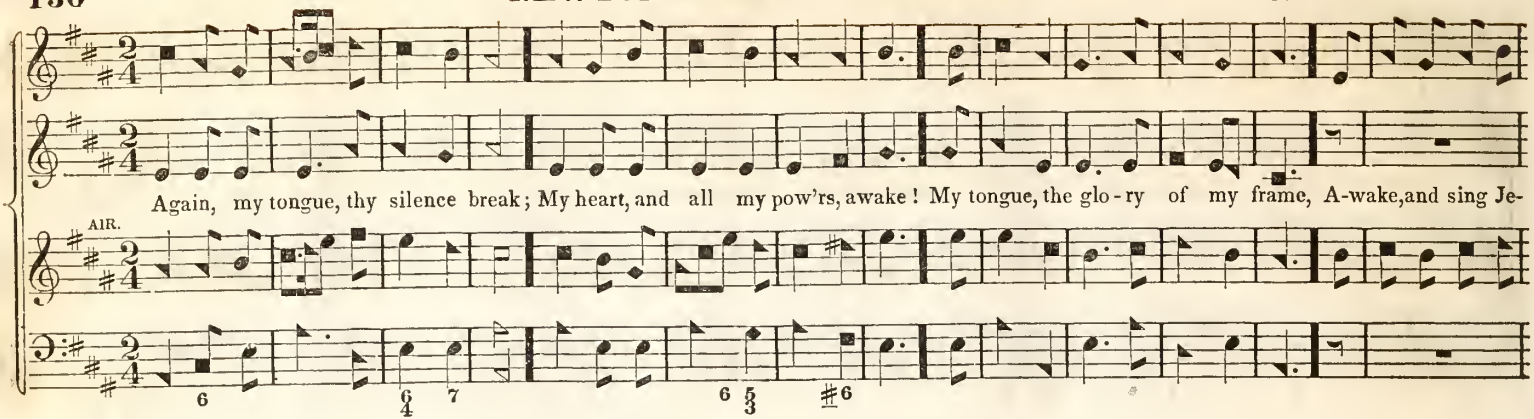
STERLING. L. M.

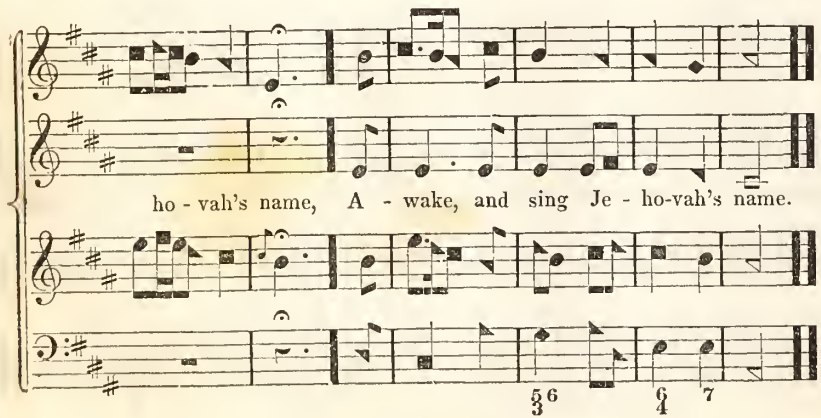
Ancient Chant.



NEWTON. L. M.

T. Clark.





MONTHLY CONCERT.

1. The trump of Israel's jubilee
Shall sound aloud from Calvary;
And bid the wand'ring exiles—"Come,
And find in Zion still a home."

2. Israel shall hear—that thrilling sound
Shall reach to earth's remotest bound,
And gather to that holy place
The fugitives of Jacob's race.

3. Their exiled tribes shall yet return;
Shall come to Calvary, and mourn;
And bow'd beneath Messiah's sway,
With willing hearts his rule obey.

Hyde.

WINCHESTER. L. M.

To God the great, the e - ver bless'd, Let songs of ho - nour be ad - dress'd; His mer-cy firm for e - ver stands, Give him the praise his love de-mands.

AIR.

* Generally ascribed to Dr. Croft.

MEINECKE, or MARYLAND. L. M.

C. Meinecke

To Je - sus, our ex - alt - ed Lord, Thy name in heav'n and earth a-dored; Fain would our hearts and voices raise A cheer-ful song of sa - cred praise.

AIR.

PROCTOR. L. M.

A. Reed.

Tenour omitted—*ad. lib.*

SOLO.

1. O for a sweet, in - spi - ring ray, To a - ni - mate our fee-ble strains, From those bright realms of endless day, The blissful realms where

AIR.

SOLO.

Inst.

TUTTI.

Je - sus reigns, The bliss - ful realms where Je - sus reigns.

TUTTI.

2. There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

3. There, all the followers of the Lamb,
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!

4. Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face

TIMSBURY. L. M.

E. Smith.

Je - ho - vah reigns, enthroned on high; His robes are light and majes - ty! His glo - ry shines with beams so bright, No mor-tal can sus-tain the sight.

AIR.

ELLENTHORPE. L. M.

Linley.

Say, how may earth and heav'n u - nite, And how shall man with an - gels join? What link harmonious may be found, Dis-cor-dant na-tures to com-bine?

AIR.

LUTON. L. M.

Bender.

With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Ma - ker in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap-prove the song, and join the praise.

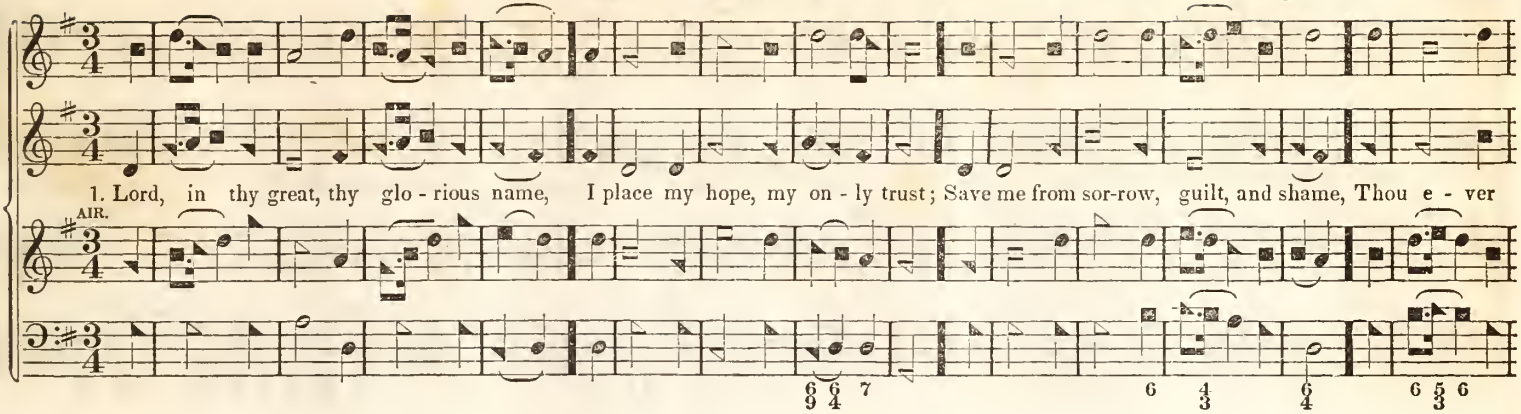
AIR.

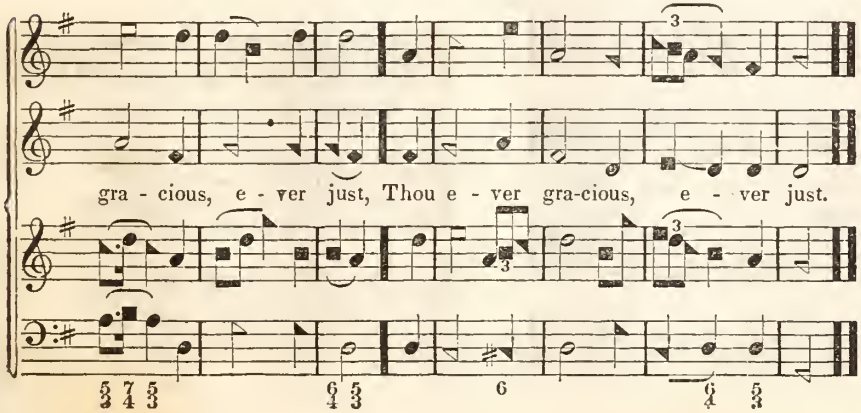
ALL SAINTS, or WAREHAM. L. M.

W. Knapp.

Praise ye the Lord, ex - alt his name, While in his ho-ly courts ye wait, Ye saints that to his courts belong, Or stand at - tend-ing at his gate.

AIR.





2. Thou art my rock—thy name alone
The fortress where my hopes retreat;
Oh make thy power and mercy known;
To safety guide my wandering feet.

3. Blest be the Lord—for ever blest,
Whose mercy bids my fear remove;
Those sacred walls, which guard my rest,
Are his almighty power and love.

4. Ye humble souls, who seek his face,
Let sacred courage fill your heart;
Hope in the Lord—and trust his grace,
And he will heavenly strength impart.

AIR.

1. Great Source of life, our souls con - fess The va - rious rich - es of thy grace; Crown'd with thy mer - cies, we re - joice,

Inst.

Pia. *For.*

And in thy praise ex - alt our voice, And in thy praise ex - alt our voice.

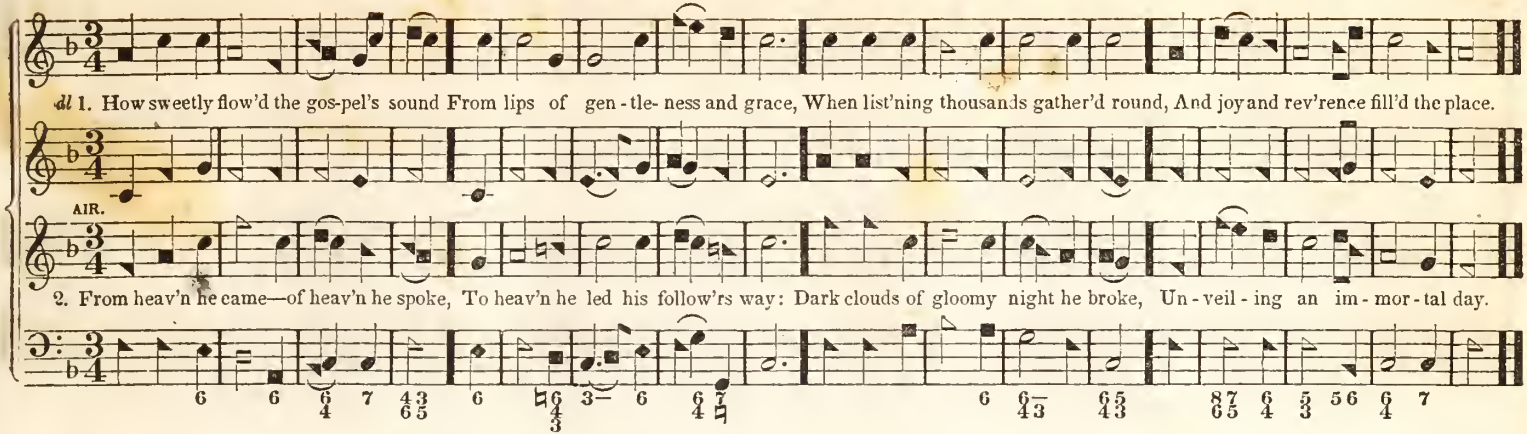
Pia. *For.*

2 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
It gently wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

3. These lives are sacred to the Lord,
By thee upheld—by thee restored;
And while our hours renew their race,
We still would walk before thy face.

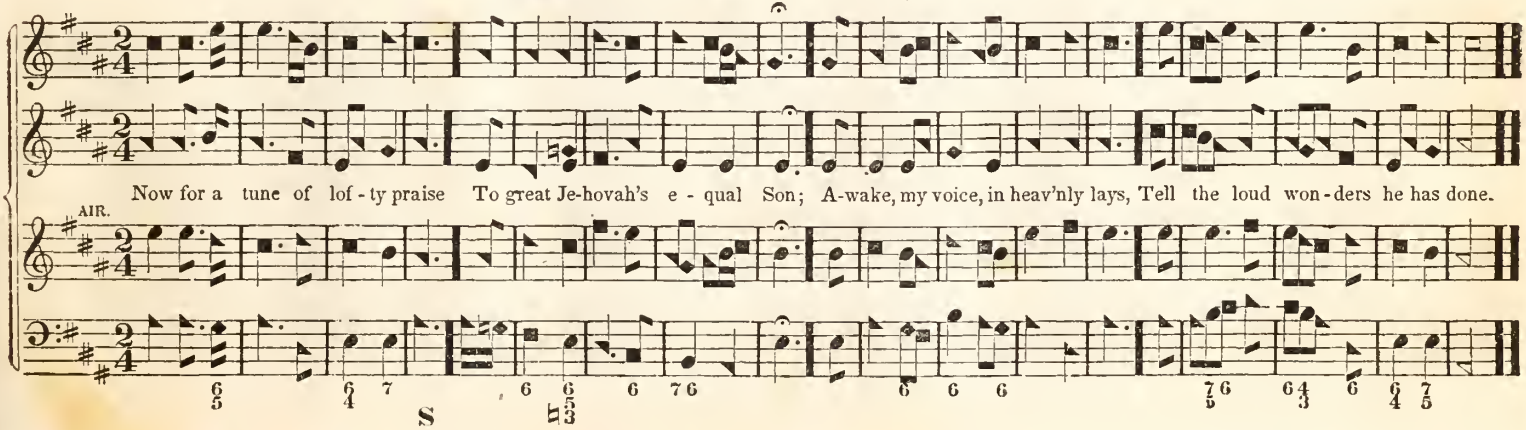
4. So, when our souls by thee are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant they shall move
To seats of nobler life above.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

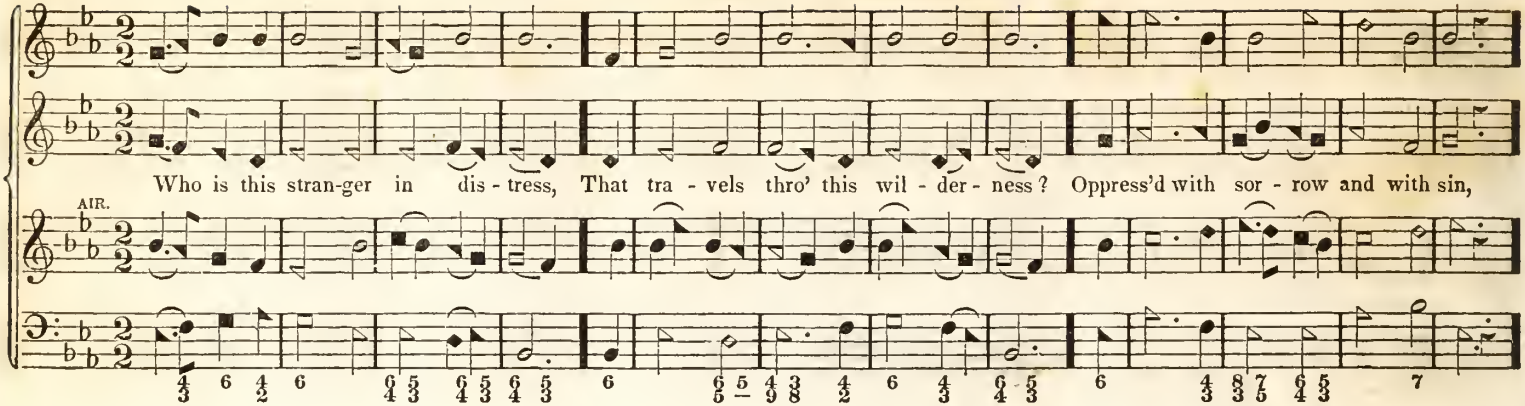


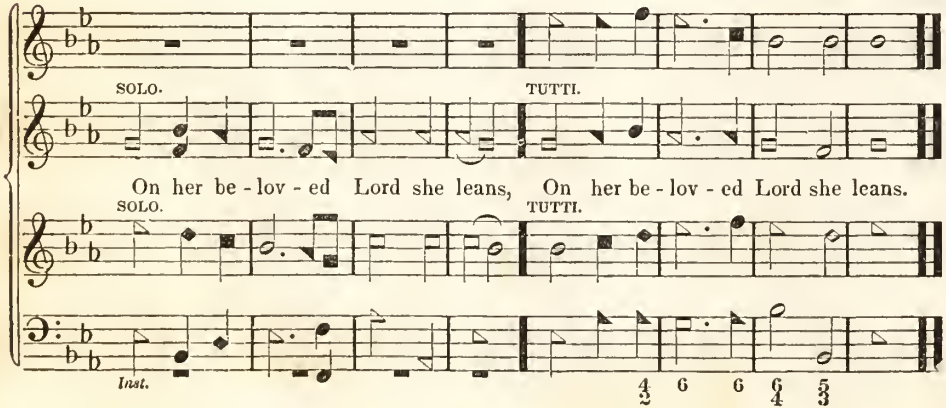
SIMEON. L. M.

Stanley.



QUITO. L. M.





HEAVEN SEEN BY FAITH.

1. As when the weary trav'ler gains
   The height of some commanding hill,
   His heart revives, if o'er the plains
   He sees his home, though distant still:

2. So, when the Christian pilgrim views
   By faith his mansion in the skies,
   The sight his fainting strength renews,
   And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3. The hope of heaven his spirit cheers;
   No more he grieves for sorrows past:
   Nor any future conflict fears,
   So he may safe arrive at last.

BLENDON. L. M.

When God is nigh, my faith is strong; His arm is my al - migh - ty prop; Be glad, my heart, re - joice, my tongue, My dy - ing flesh shall rest in hope.

AIR.

BERLIN. L. M.

Hap-py the church, thou sa-cred place, The seat of thy Cre-a - tor's grace: Thine holy courts are his a - bode, Thou earth-ly pa - lace of our God.

FELICITY. L. M.

B. Childs.

TENOUR.

dl 1. There is a pure and peace - ful wave, That rolls a - round the throne of love;
2. While streams which on that tide de - pend, Steal from those heav'n - ly shores a - way,

AIR.

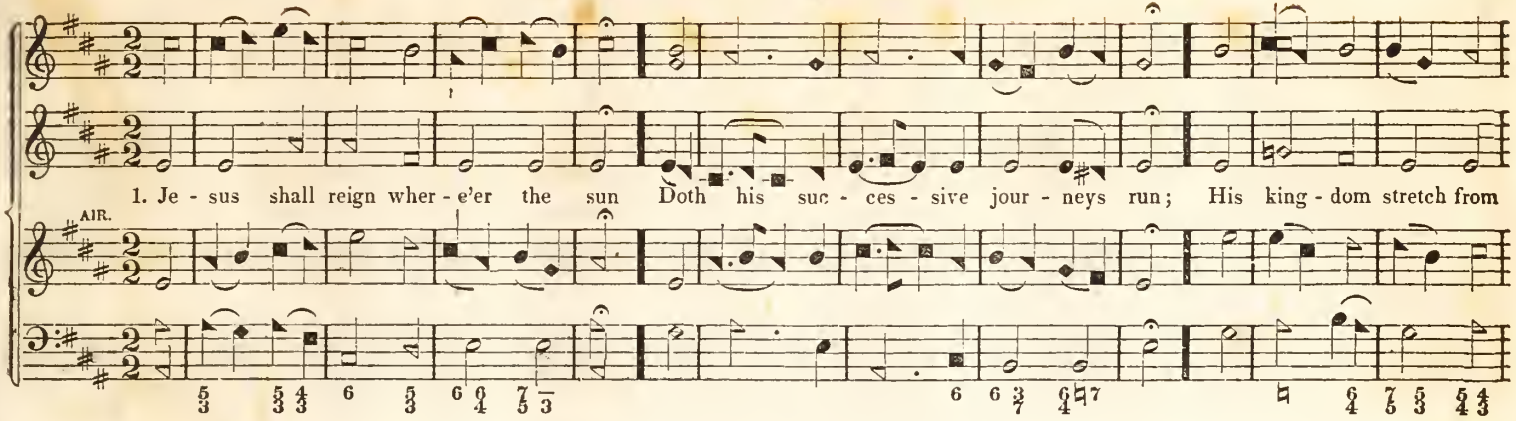
3. The pil - grim faint, and near to sink, Be - neath his load of earth - ly woe,
4. There, O my soul, do thou re - pose, And ho - - ver o'er the hal - low'd spring;

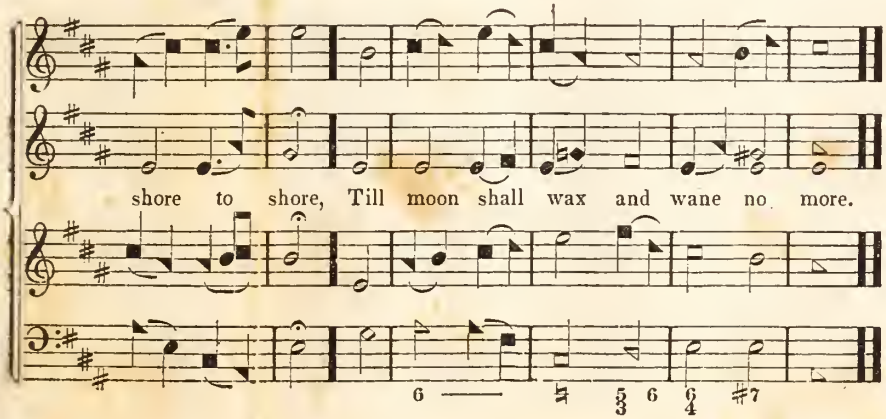
5. It may be, that the waft of love Some leaves on that pure tide hath driven;
6. So shall thy wants and woes be heal'd By the blest in - flu - ence they bring;

Whose wa - ters glad - den as they lave The bright and heav'n - ly shores a - bove.
And on this de - sert world de - scend, O - - ver our bar - ren land to stray.

Re - fresh'd be - neath its ver - dant brink, Re - joi - - ces in its gen - tle flow.
To drink the crys - tal wave; and there, To lave thy wound - ed wea - ry wing.

Which pass - ing from the shores a - bove, Have float - ed down to us from heaven.
So thy parch'd lips shall be un - seal'd, Thy Sa - - viour's wor - thy name to sing.





2. For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud AMEN.

DIGNITY. L. M.

E. Jarman.

The Lord, how wondrous are his ways! How firm his truth! how large his grace! He takes his mercy for his throne, And thence he makes his glories known.

AIR.

CAREY. L. M.

H. Carey.

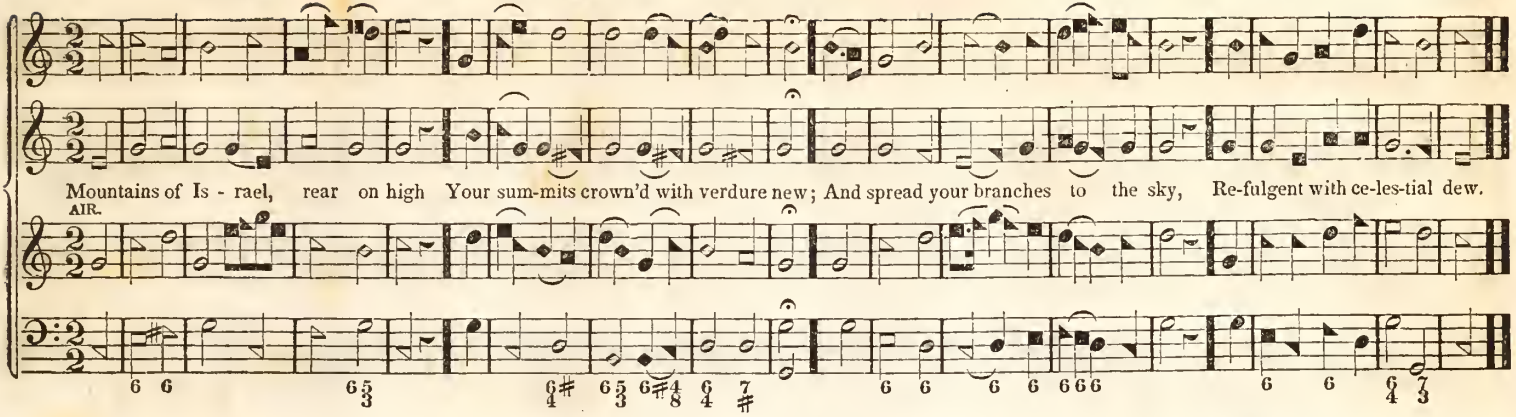
Second Treble, or Tenour.

My God, my King, thy various praise, Shall fill the remnant of my days; Thy grace em-ploy my humble tongue, Till death and glo - ry raise the song.

AIR.

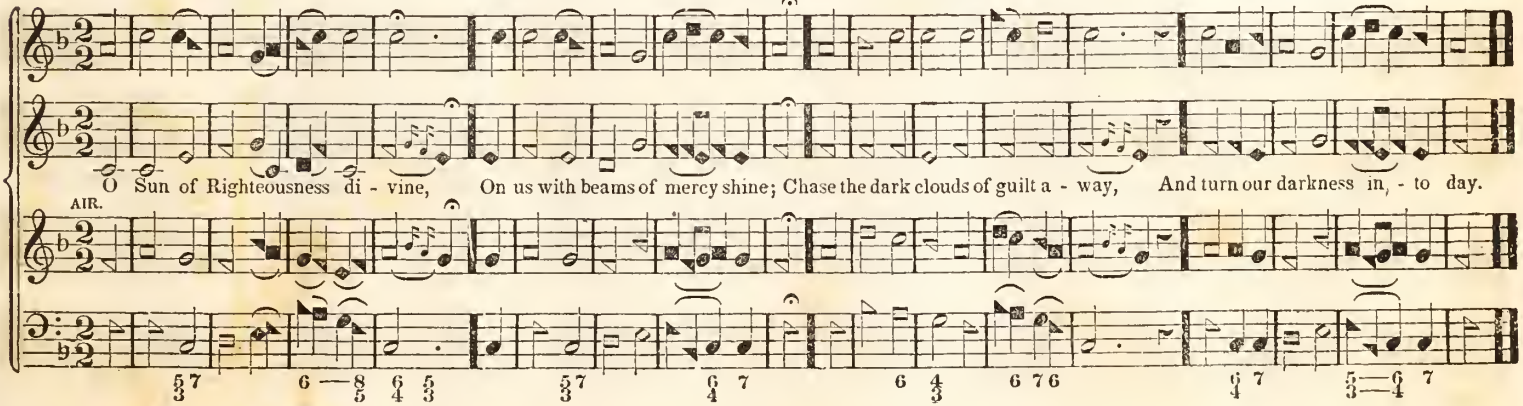
HAMILTON. L. M.

Leach.



MILLER, or CALVARY. L. M.

Dr. Miller.



BERNARD. L. M.

J. Jarman.

Happy the Church, thou sacred place, The seat of thy Cre - a-tor's grace; Thine holy courts are his a - bode, Thou earth-ly pa - lace of our God

AIR.

MEDWAY. L. M.

Pergolesi.

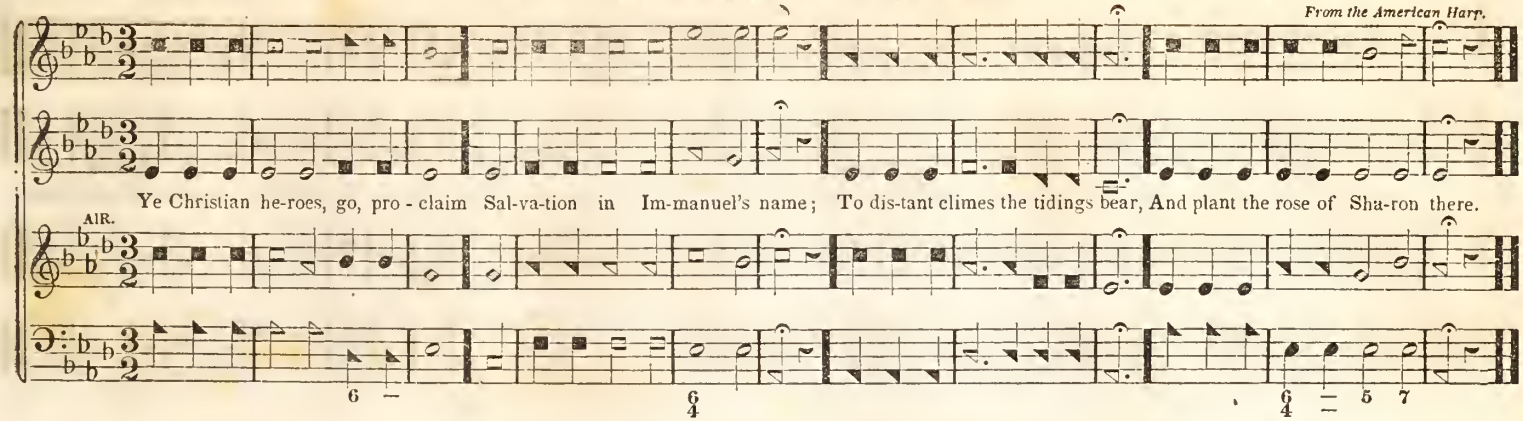
When I survey the wond'rous cross On which the Prince of Glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

AIR.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

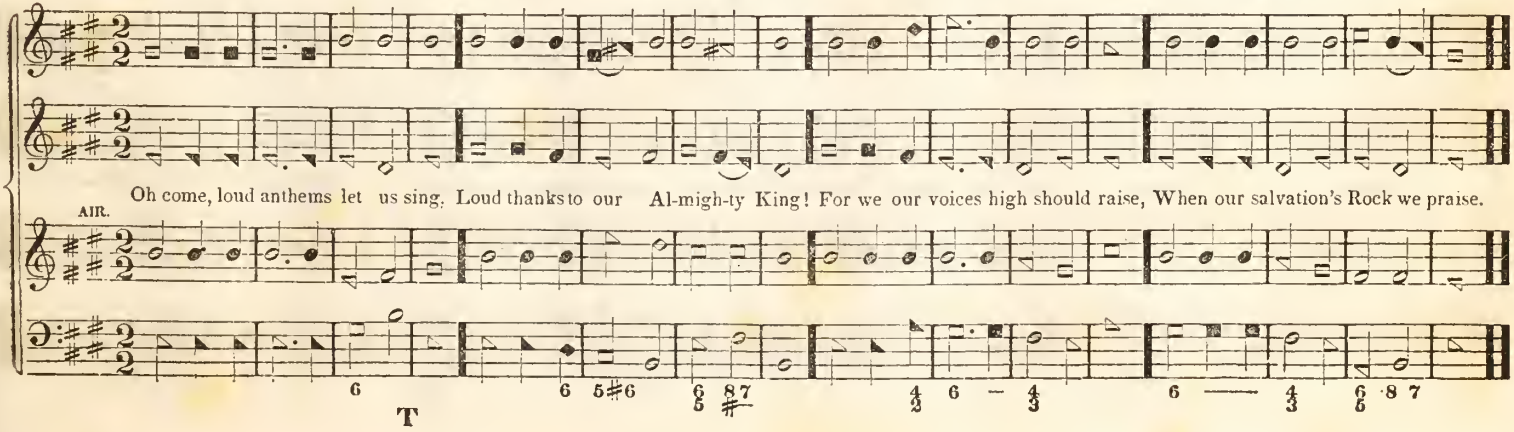
Ch: Zeuner.

From the American Harp.



APPLETON. L. M.

Dr. Boyce.



ANGELS' HYMN. L. M.

W Tansur.

Angels of light, e - thereal fires! Arise, and sweep your aw - ful lyres; To you the sa-cred right be-longs, To raise the lay and lead our songs.

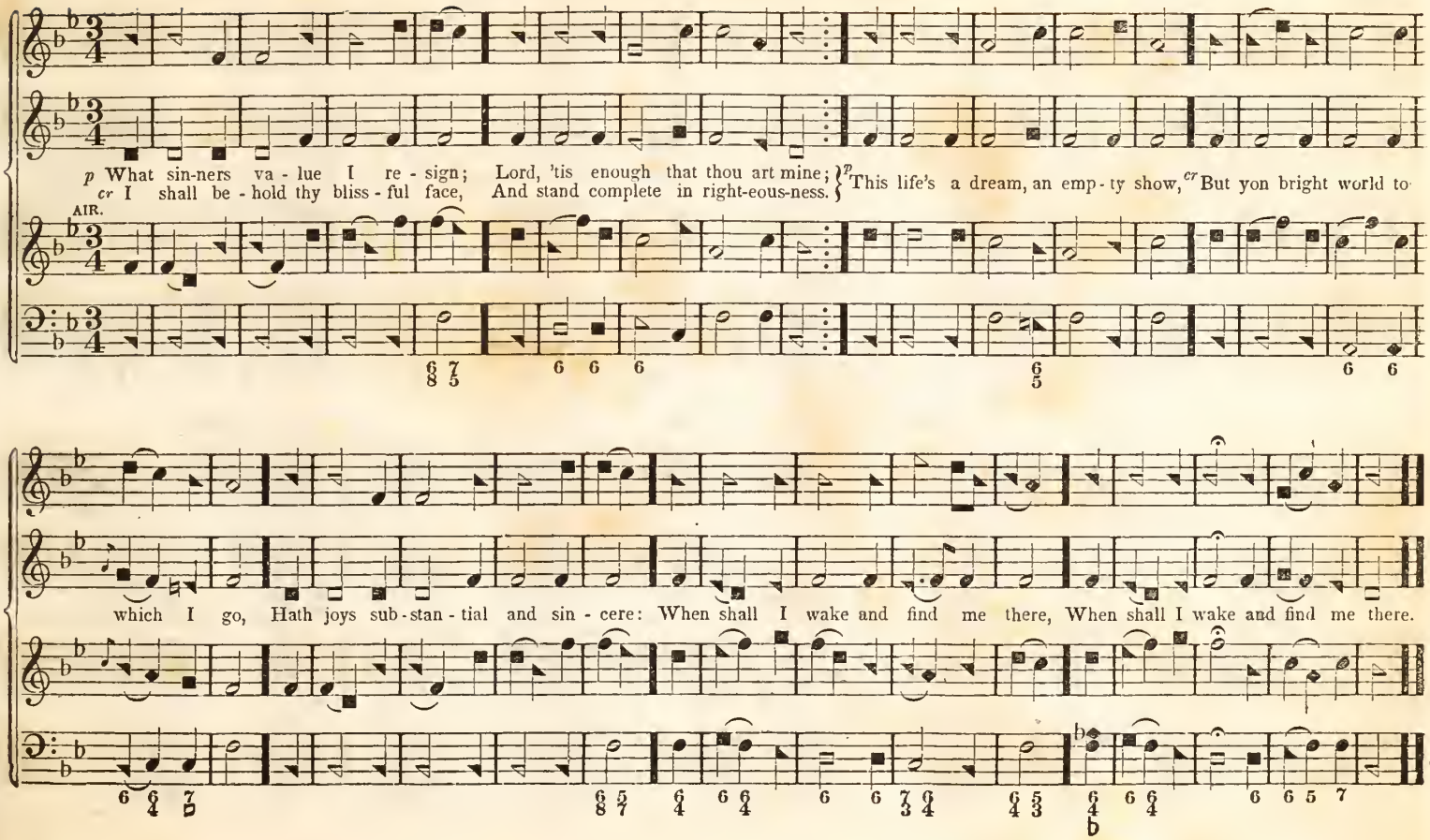
AIR.

WELLS. L. M.

Moldrad.

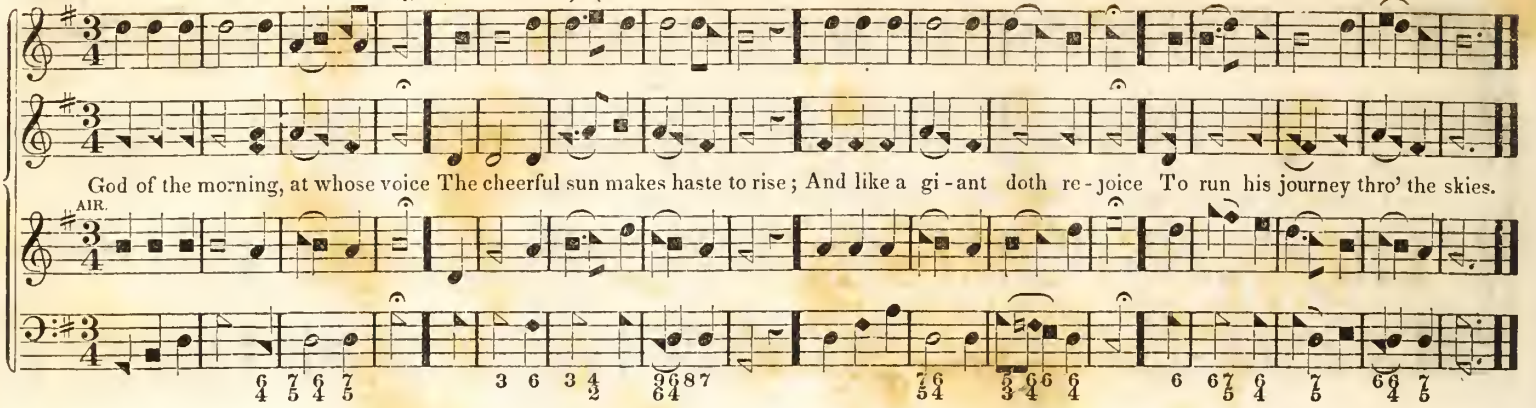
Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'ensure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vi-lest sin - ner may re-turn.

AIR.


p What sin-ners va - lue I re - sign; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
cr I shall be - hold thy bliss - ful face, And stand complete in right-eous-ness.
p This life's a dream, an emp - ty show, cr But yon bright world to
AIR.
which I go, Hath joys sub - stan - tial and sin - cere: When shall I wake and find me there, When shall I wake and find me there.

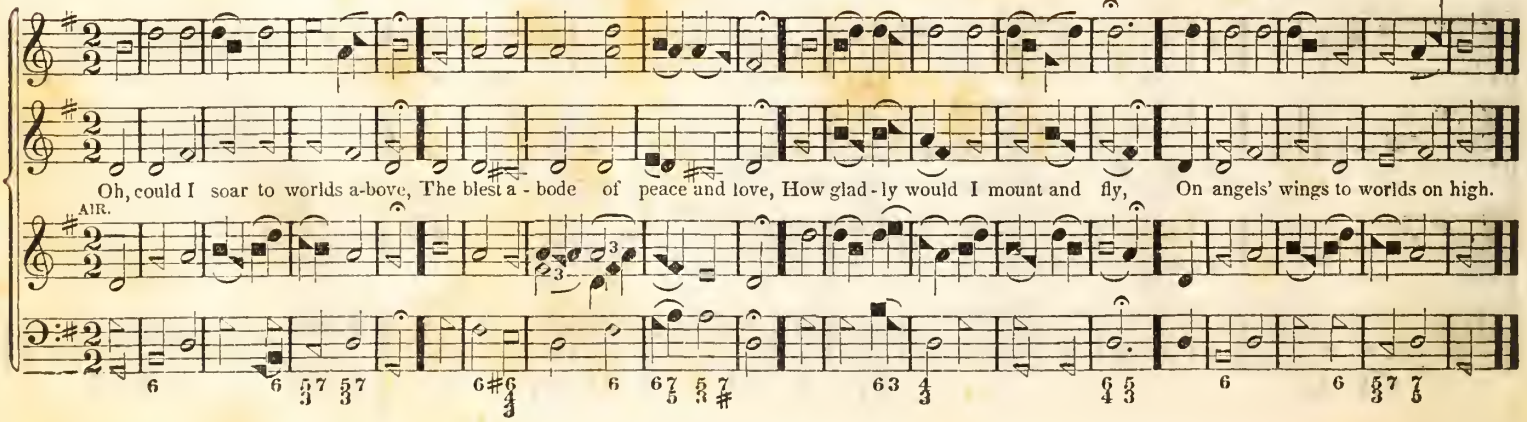
MORNING. L. M.

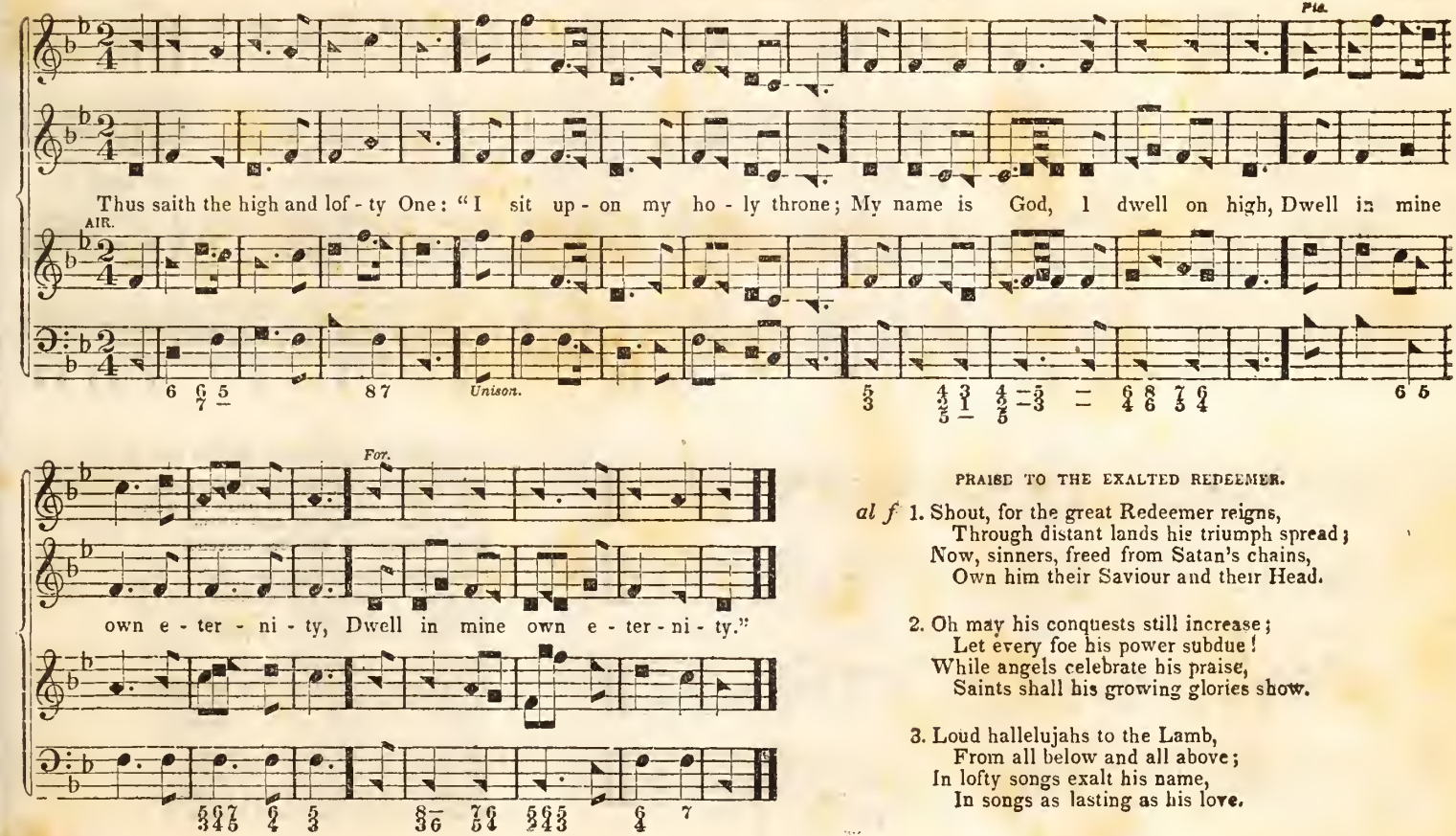
J. Gildon.



PORTUGAL. L. M.

Thorley.





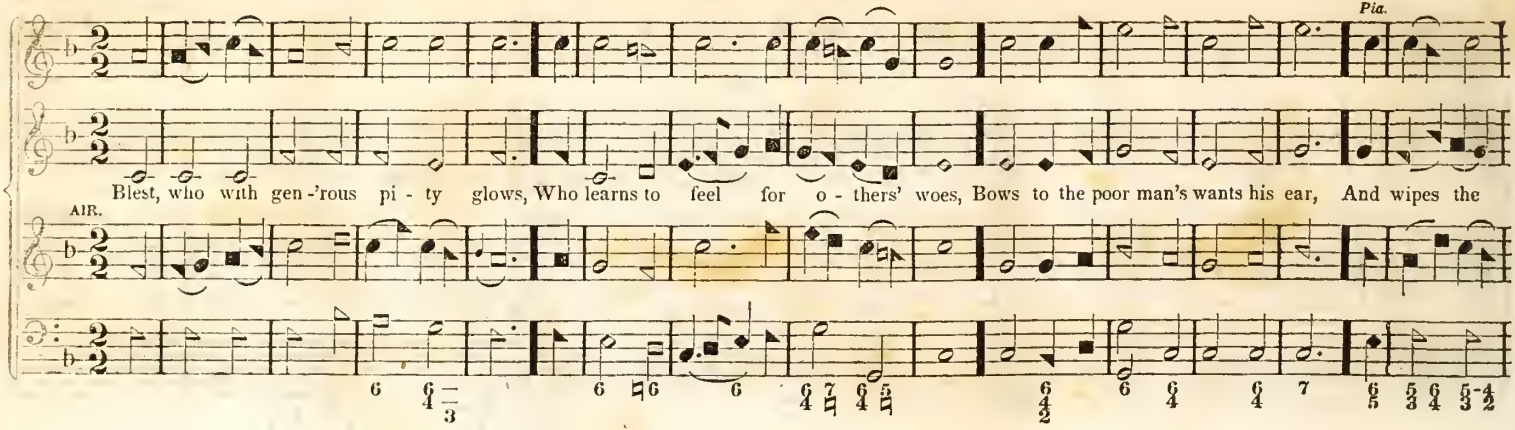
PRAISE TO THE EXALTED REDEEMER.

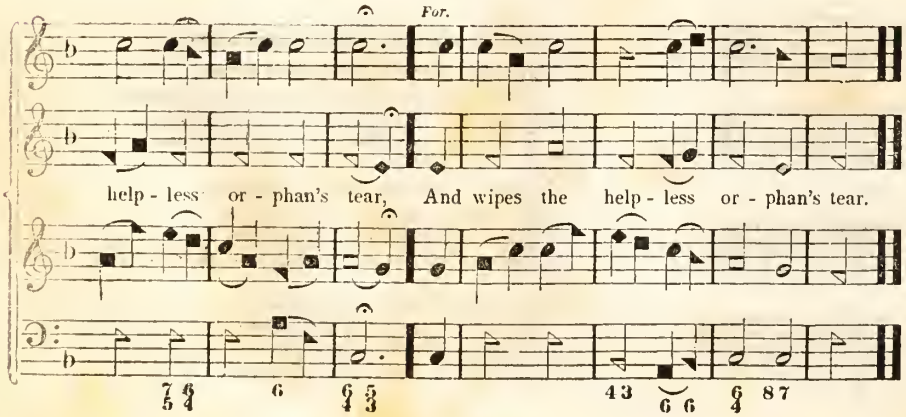
al f 1. Shout, for the great Redeemer reigns,
Through distant lands his triumph spread;
Now, sinners, freed from Satan's chains,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

2. Oh may his conquests still increase;
Let every foe his power subdue!
While angels celebrate his praise,
Saints shall his growing glories show.

3. Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

RAVENSWOOD. L. M.





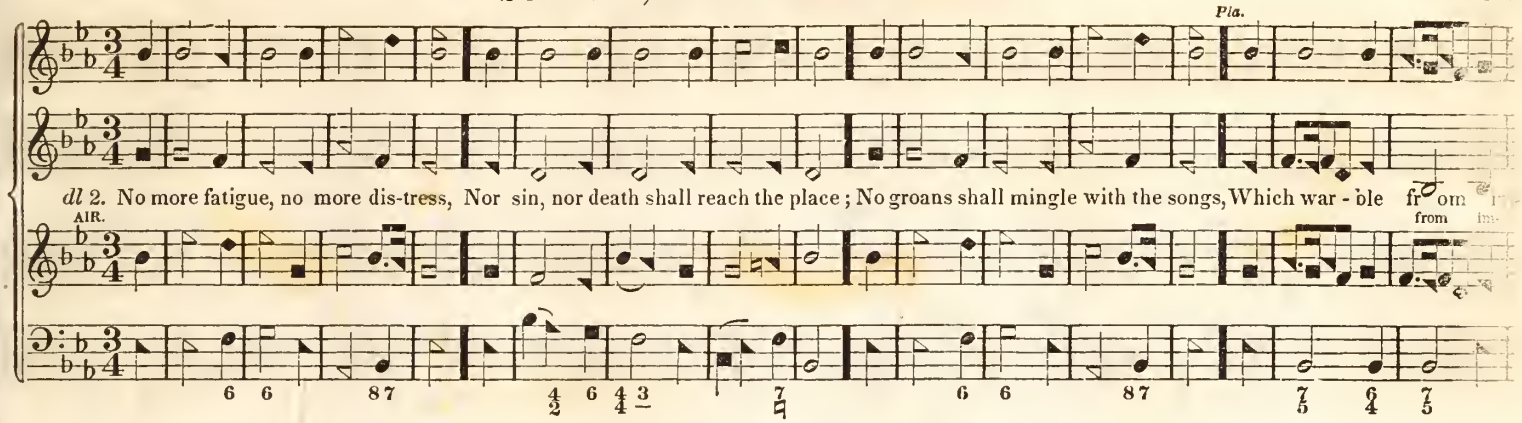
BLESSEDNESS OF FEARING AND OBEYING GOD.

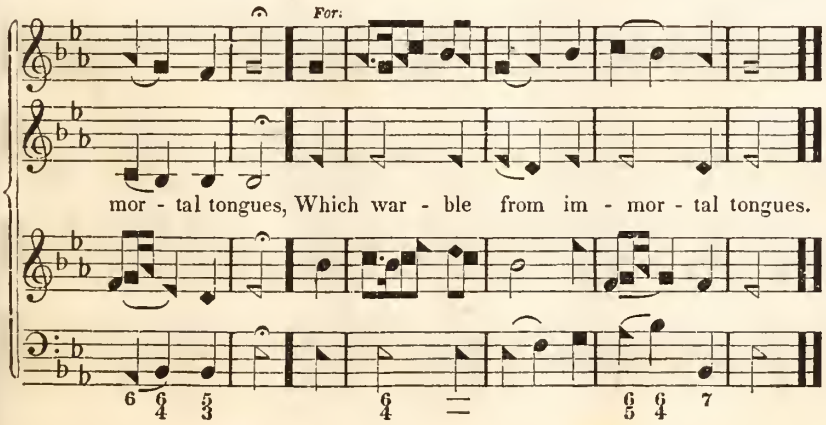
al 1. Thrice happy man! who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands—and trusts his word:
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings on his seed descend.

2. Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them not to be repaid.

3. His spirit, fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
Amid the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

4. He hath dispersed his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain
While envious sinners rage in vain.





al 1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

3. No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

CHARLESTON. L. M.

R. Cook.

From vo-cal air, and concave skies, Let wafted hal - le - lu - jahs sound; And let the sacred triumphs rise, Till vault-ed heav'n the notes rebound.

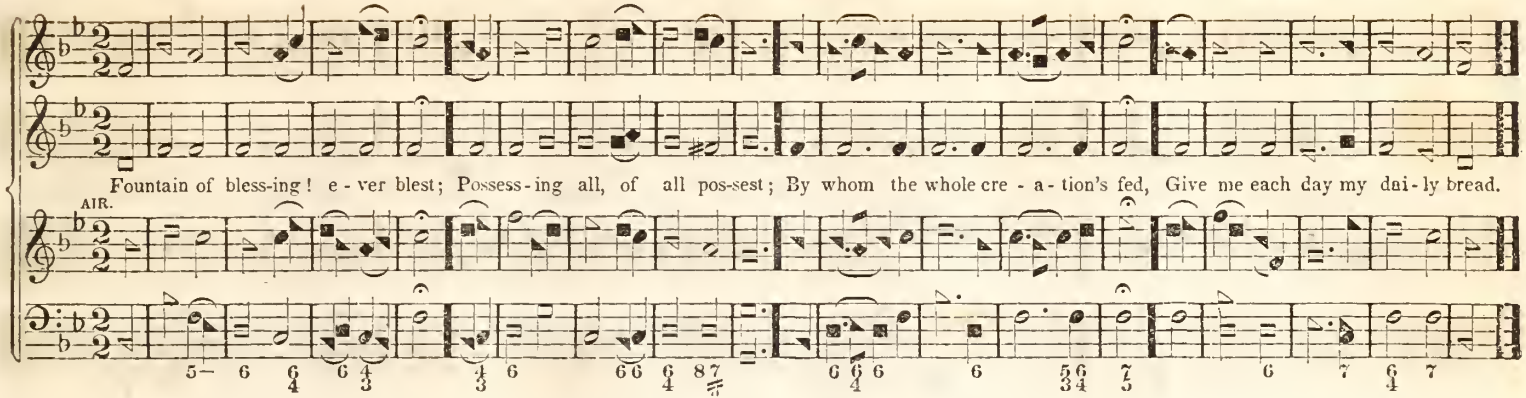
AIR.

WILLIS. L. M.

Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high, Be-hold the king of glo-ry nigh; Who can this king of glo - ry be? The mighty Lord, the Saviour he.

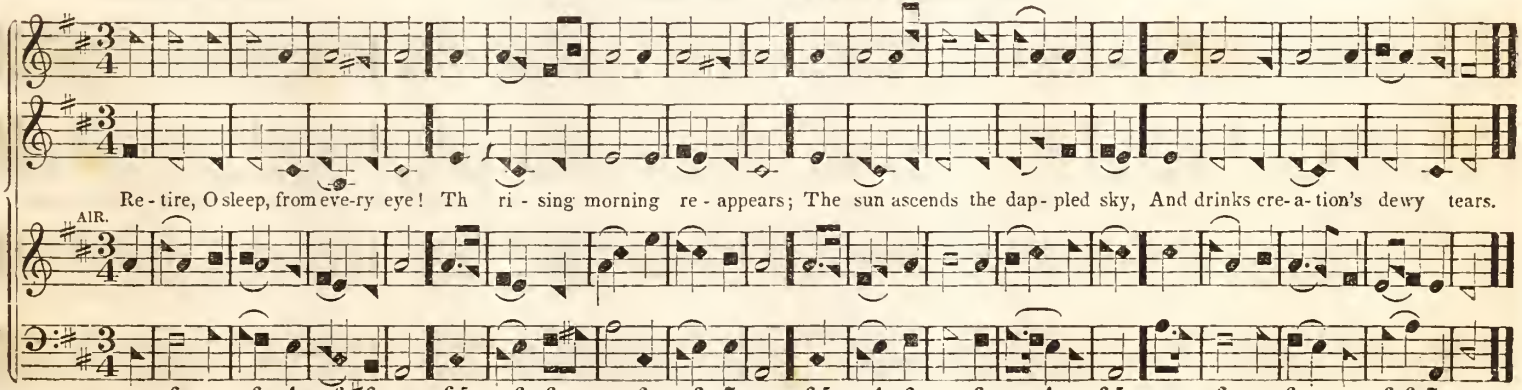
AIR.

FOUNTAIN. L. M.



ST. GEORGE'S. L. M.

Stanley, or R. Harrison.



SHOEL. L. M.

Shoel.

Now shall the trembling mourner come, And bind his sheaves, and bear them home; The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing, Till heav'n with hallelujahs ring.

AIR.

WARRINGTON. L. M.

Rev. R. Harrison.

Come hither, all ye wea-ry souls, Ye heavy la-den sinners, come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.

AIR.

COSTELLOW. L. M.

AIR.

Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn, Let noise and va - ni - ty be - gone; In se-cret silence of the mind, My heav'n—and there my God I find.

FOREST. L. M.

AIR.

O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last sub-mit! At Je - sus' feet to lay it down! To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet.

TRENTON. L. M.

Wm. Shield.

For thee, O God, our constant praise, In Zi-on waits, thy cho-sen seat; Our promised al-tars we will raise, And there our zea-lous vows com-plete.

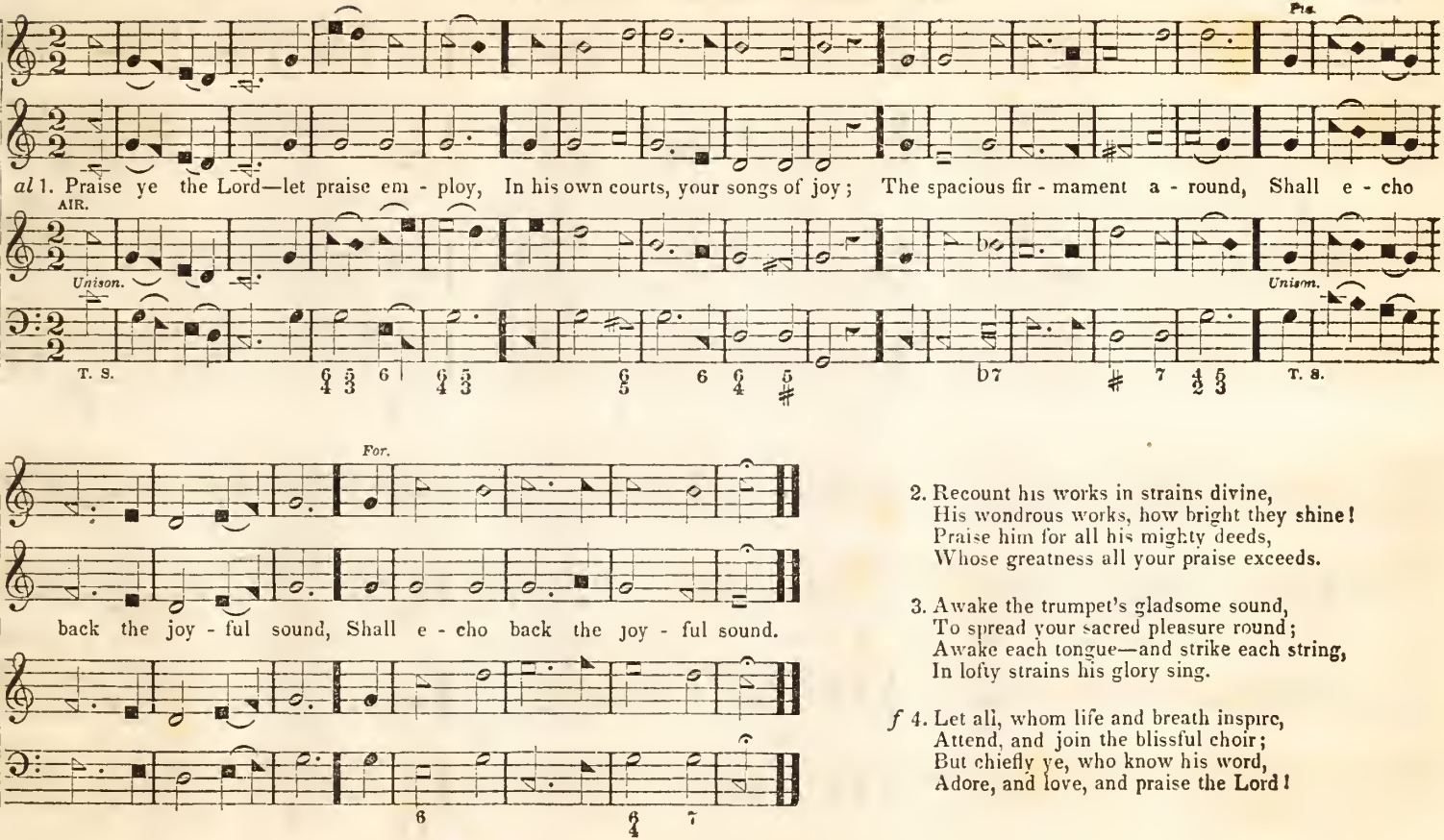
AIR.

NEW-MARKET. L. M.

Dr. Wainwright.

Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song; My song on thee shall e-ver dwell: To a-ges yet un-born, my tongue, Thy ne-ver fail-ing truth shall tell.

AIR.



2. Recount his works in strains divine,
His wondrous works, how bright they shine!
Praise him for all his mighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

3. Awake the trumpet's gladsome sound,
To spread your sacred pleasure round;
Awake each tongue—and strike each string,
In lofty strains his glory sing.

f 4. Let all, whom life and breath inspire,
Attend, and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly ye, who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord!

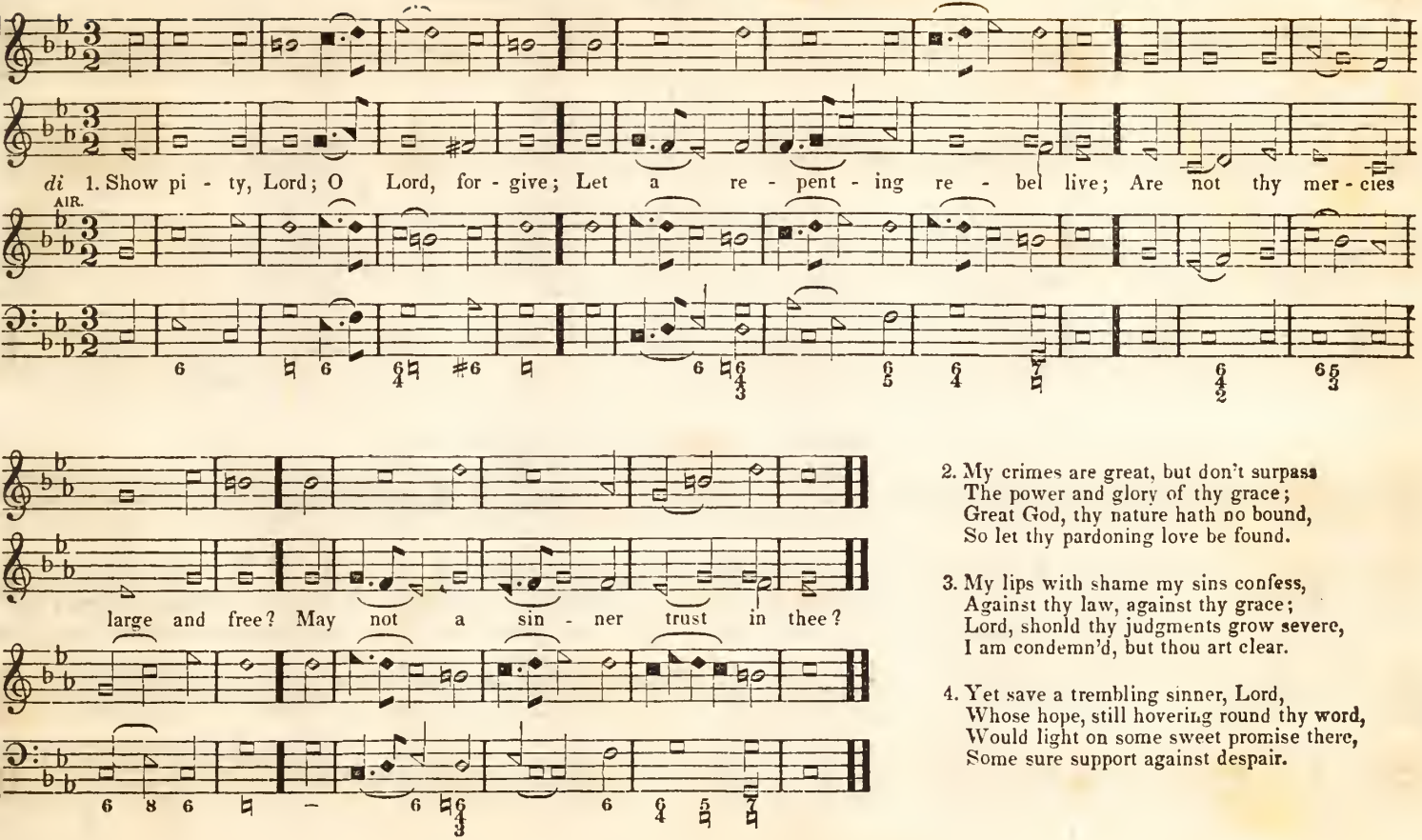
DRESDEN. L. M. [Double]

German.

He dies, the friend of sin - ners dies: Lo, Sa - lem's daughters weep a - round,
A so - lemn darkness veils the skies! A sud - den trembling shakes the ground.
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,

AIR.

For him who groan'd be - neath your load; He shed a thou - sand drops for you, A thou - sand drops of rich - er blood.



2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3. My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

WILTSHIRE. L. M. [Minor Mode.]

Tenour, or Second Treble—*ad lib.* Tenour

1. O God of grace and righteousness, Hear thou my voice when I complain; Thou hast en - larged me in dis - tress, Bow down thy gracious ear again.

AIR.

2. What tho' the tho'tless ma-ny say, "Who will bestow some earthly good?" But, Lord, thy light and love we pray; Our souls desire this heav'nly food.

WILTSHIRE. L. M. [Major Mode.]

Tenour, or Second Treble—*ad lib.* Tenour.

3. Then shall our cheerful hearts rejoice, At grace divine and love so great; Nor will we change our hap - py lot, For all their wealth and robes of state.

AIR.

CALVIN. L. M.

Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears, When Christ, the Lord, from darkness sprung, Death, the last foe, was captive led, And heav'n with praise and wonder rung.

AIR.

WINDHAM. L. M.

Read.

Now let our mournful songs re-cord The dy-ing sorrows of our Lord; When he complain'd in tears and blood, As one for-sa-ken of his God.

AIR.

V

ARMLEY. L. M.

T. Williams.

di 1. Je - sus, thy face I long to see, That love - ly face once marr'd for me; In which, with lus - tre

AIR.

all di - vine, A thou - sand peer - less beau - ties shine.

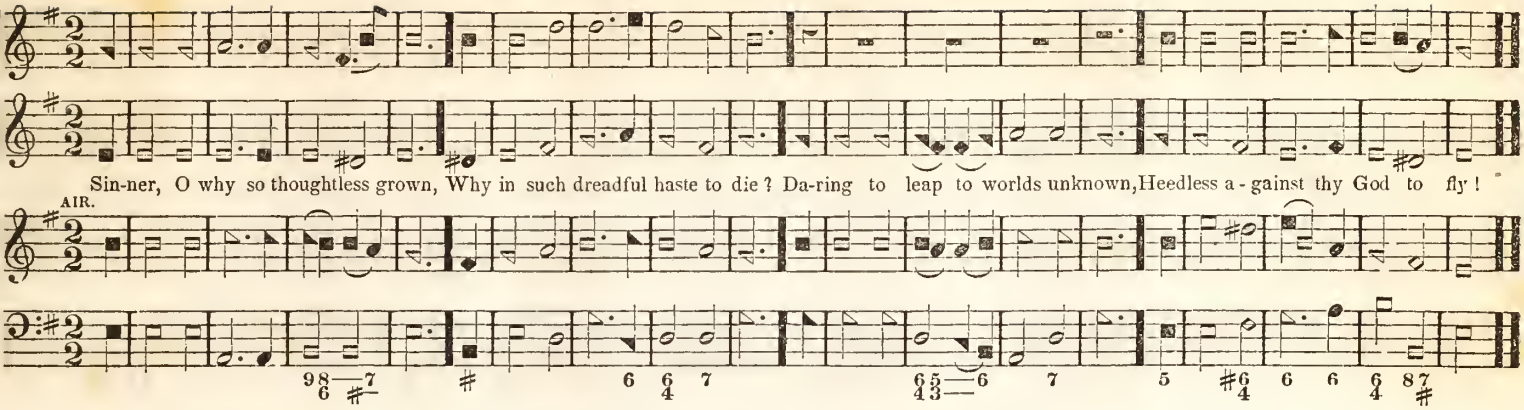
2. The transient visits of thy grace
Make earth itself a pleasant place;
And heav'n would be no heav'n to me,
If I were parted, Lord, from thee.

3. To thee my fainting spirit flies,
To thee my warm affections rise;
For thee alone, I sigh and mourn,
And anxious wait thy kind return.

4. One smile of thine, my heart can cheer;
Prisons delight, if thou art there;
In thine embrace I'll yield my breath,
And triumph in the pangs of death.

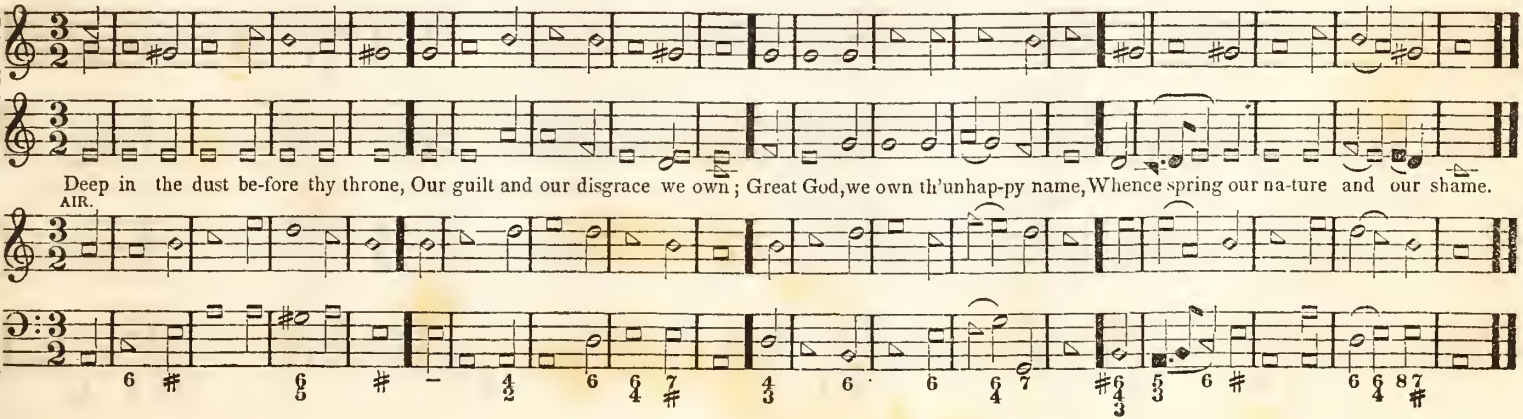
AVERNO. L. M.

Dr. Wages



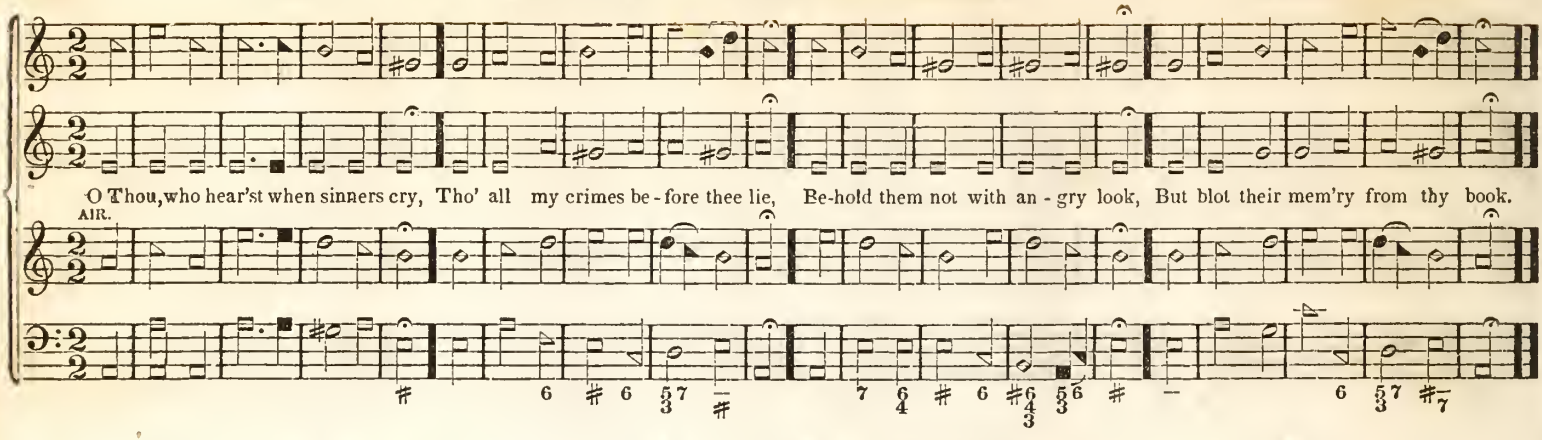
ORMOND. L. M.

Harmon.



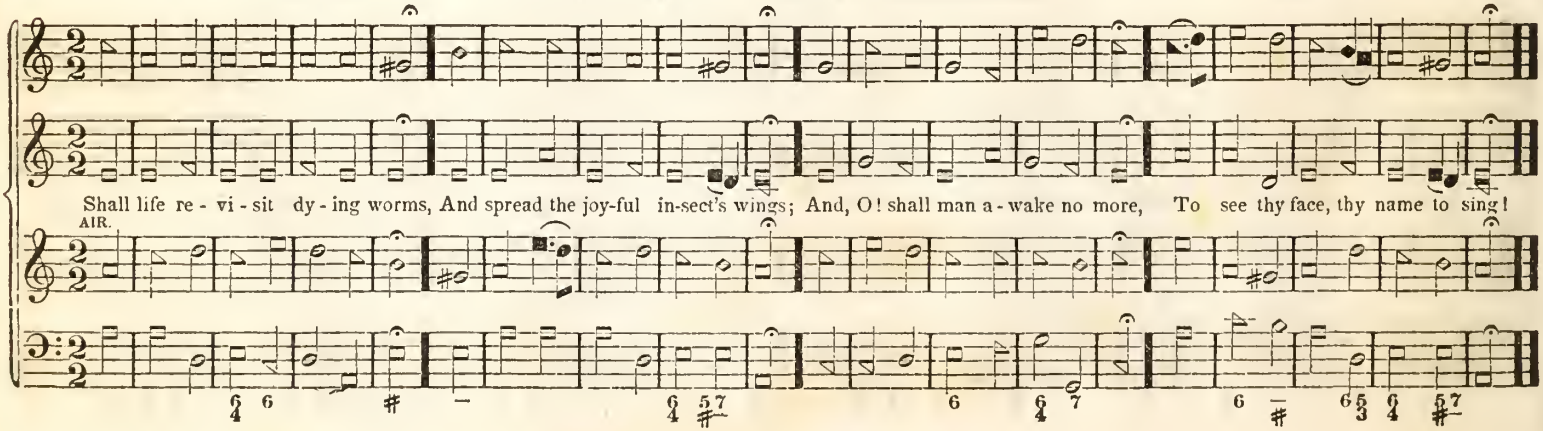
MUNICH. L. M.

German.



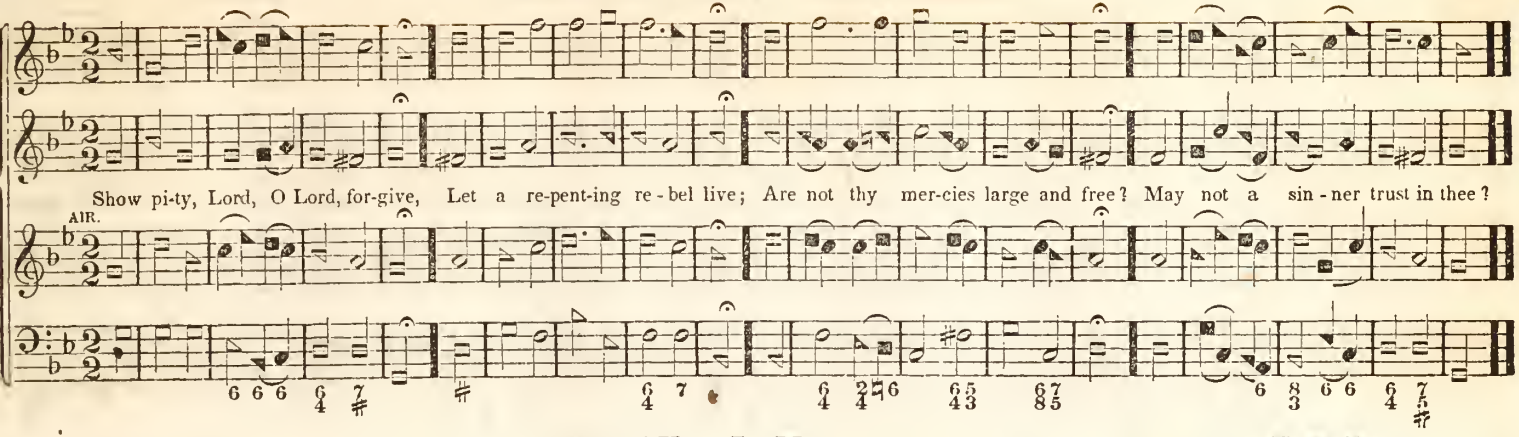
LOCKPORT. L. M.

Harmon.



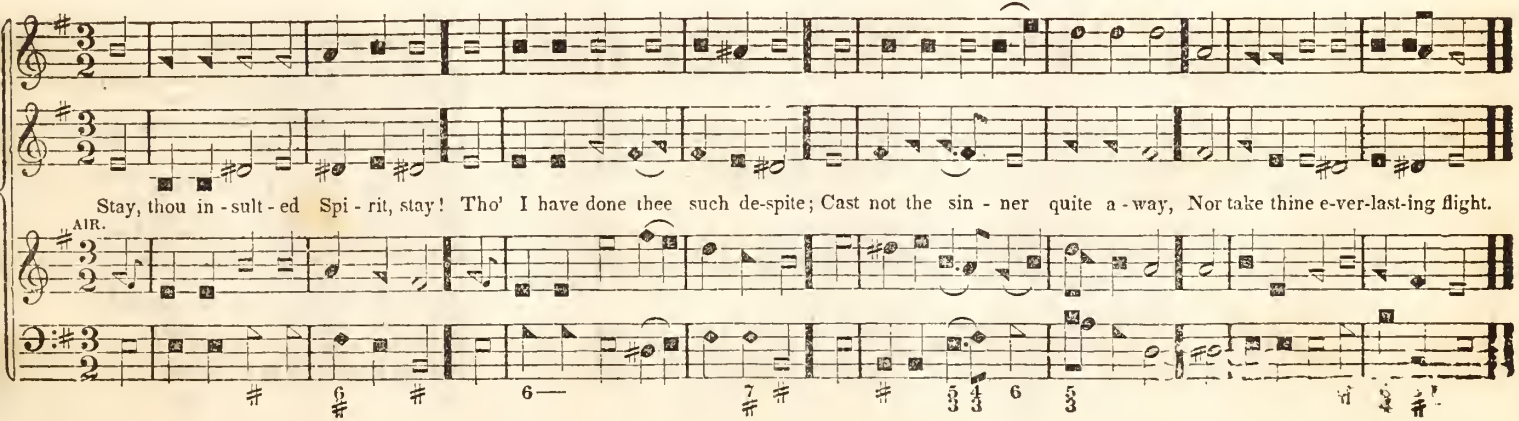
POLAND. L. M.

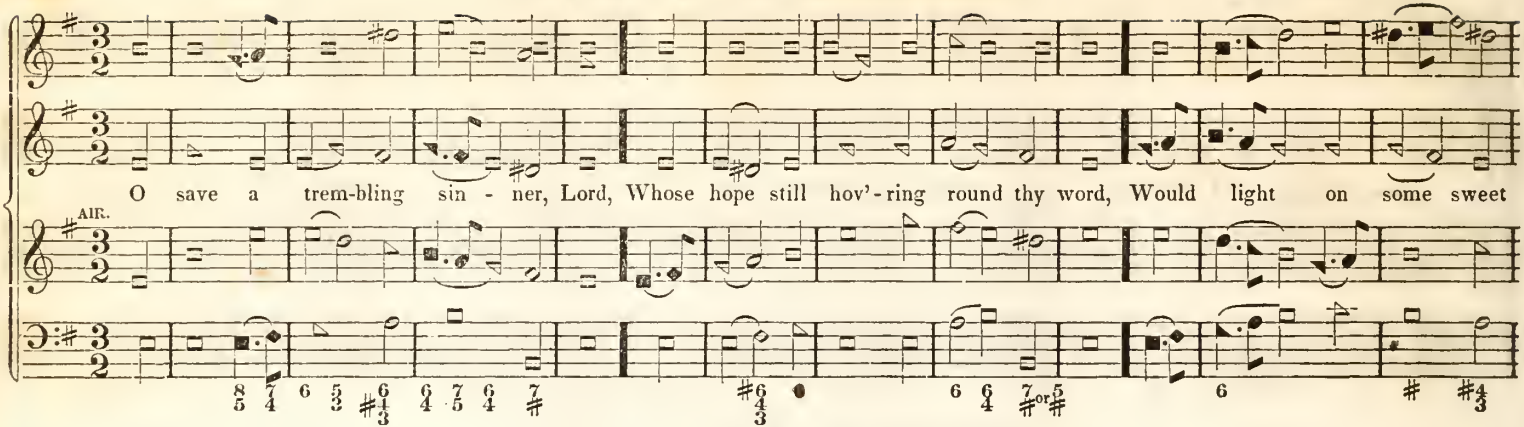
Stanley.

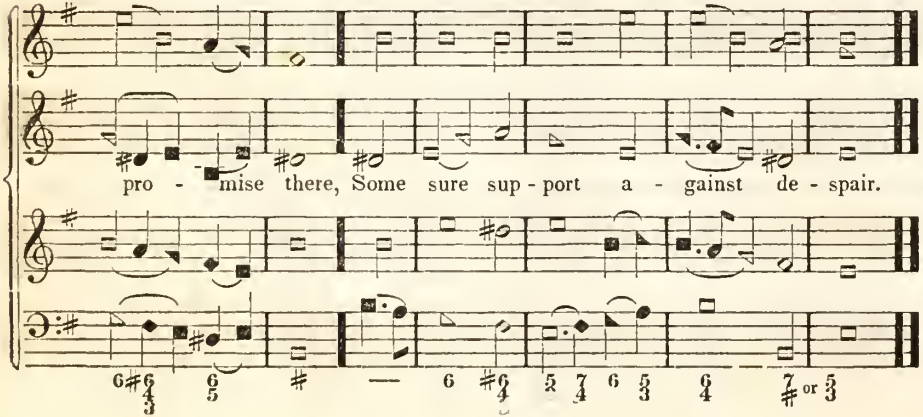


ACCOMACK. L. M.

Rev. E. R. Dare.





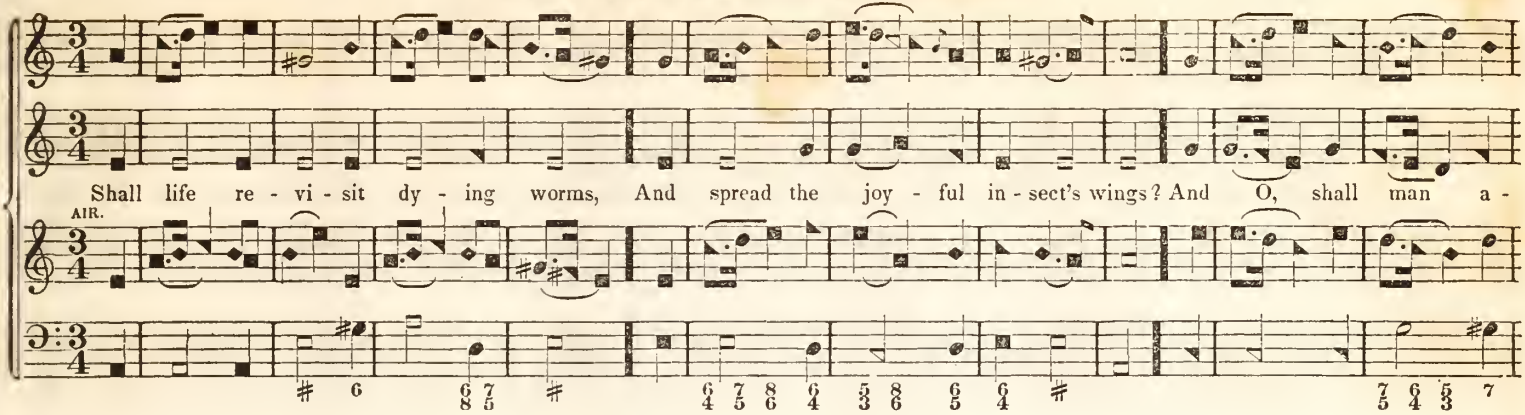


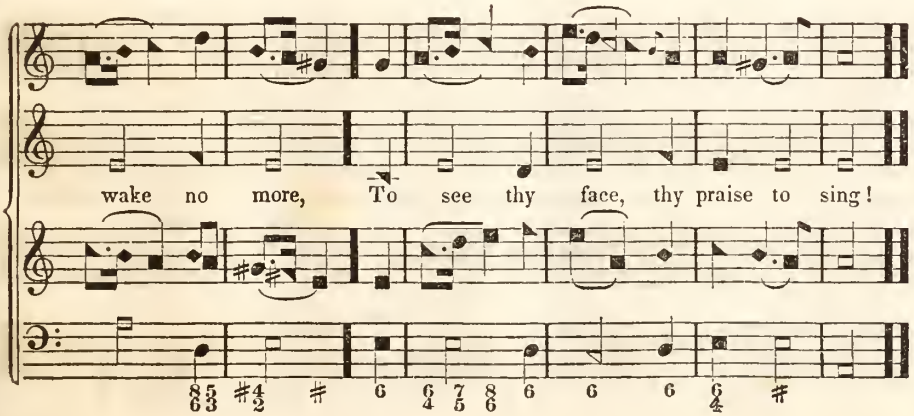
RETURNING TO CHRIST.

af 1. Ah! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart;
Thus fond of trifles, vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

2. Dear Lord, to thee I now return,
And at thy feet repenting mourn;
Here let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

3. Oh, let thy love with sweet controul,
Bind every passion of my soul;
Bid every vain desire depart,
And dwell forever in my heart.





COLDNESS AND INCONSTANCY LAMENTED.

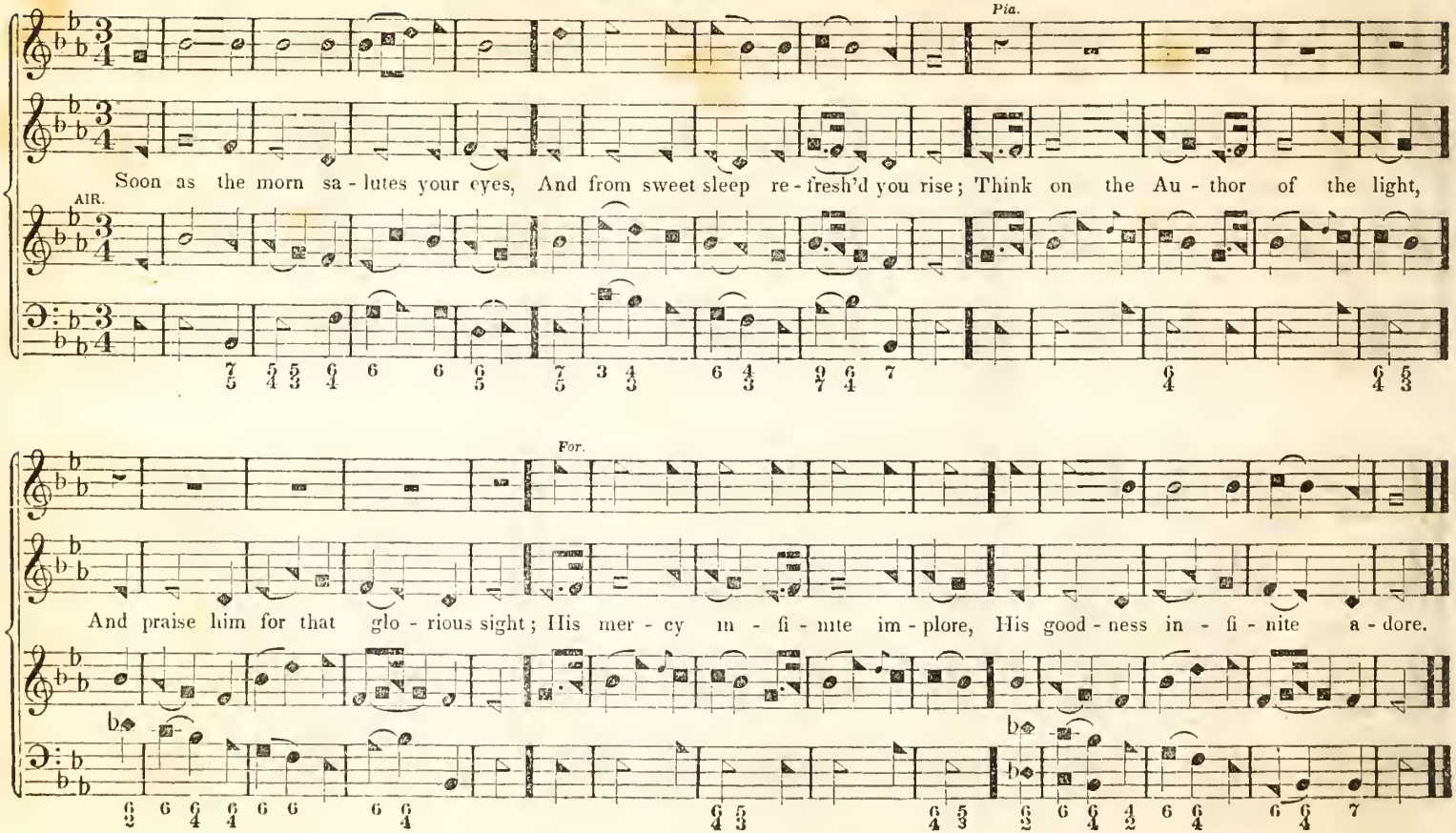
1. Dear Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace?

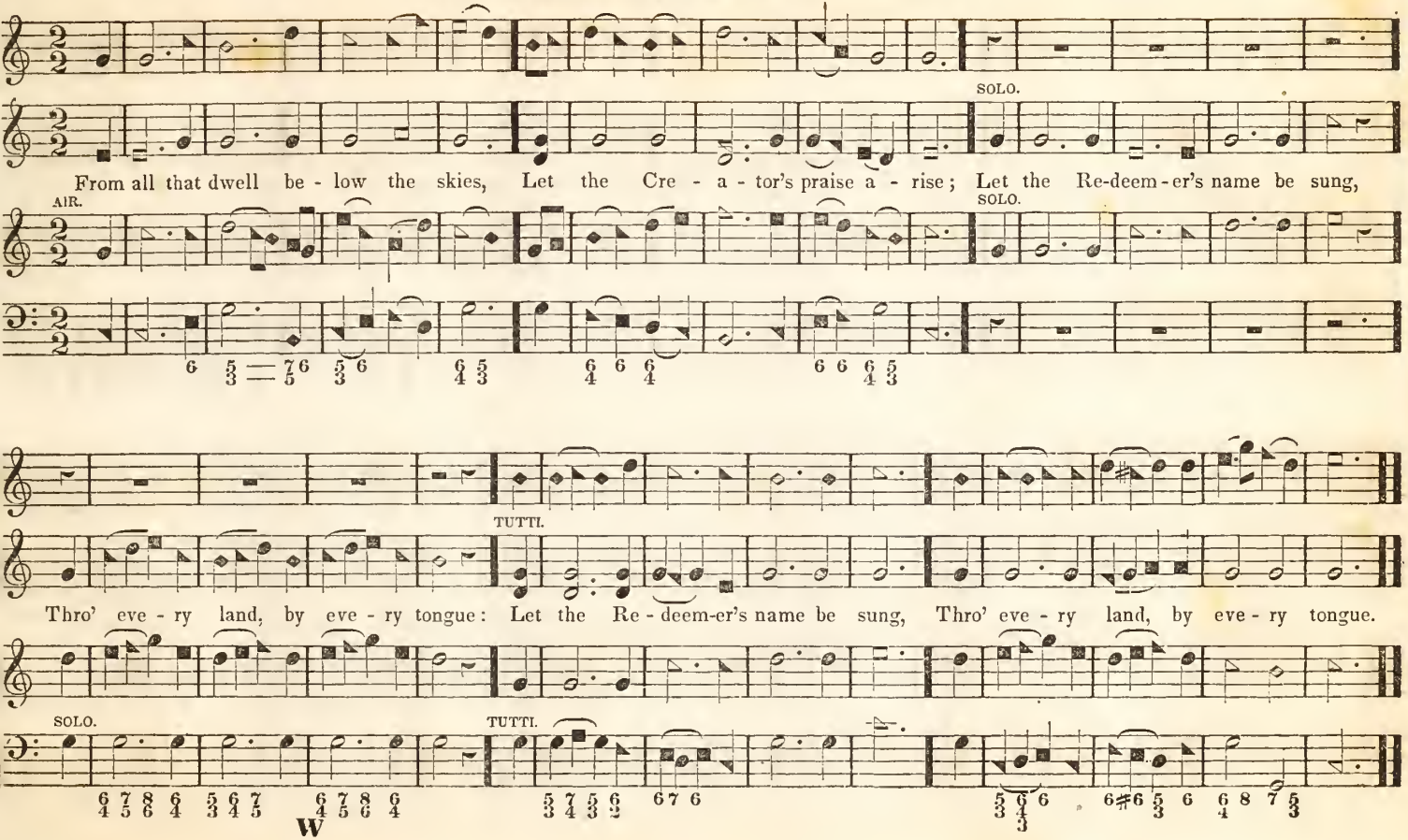
2. Here I repent, and sin again;
Sometimes revive, sometimes am slain;
Slain with the same malignant dart,
Which, oh! too often wounds thy heart.

3. When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee—
The fullness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love?

MORNING HYMN. L. M. Six Lines.

Costellow.




SOLO.
From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re-deem - er's name be sung,
AIR.
SOLO.
TUTTI.
Thro' eve - ry land, by eve - ry tongue: Let the Re - deem-er's name be sung, Thro' eve - ry land, by eve - ry tongue.
SOLO.
TUTTI.

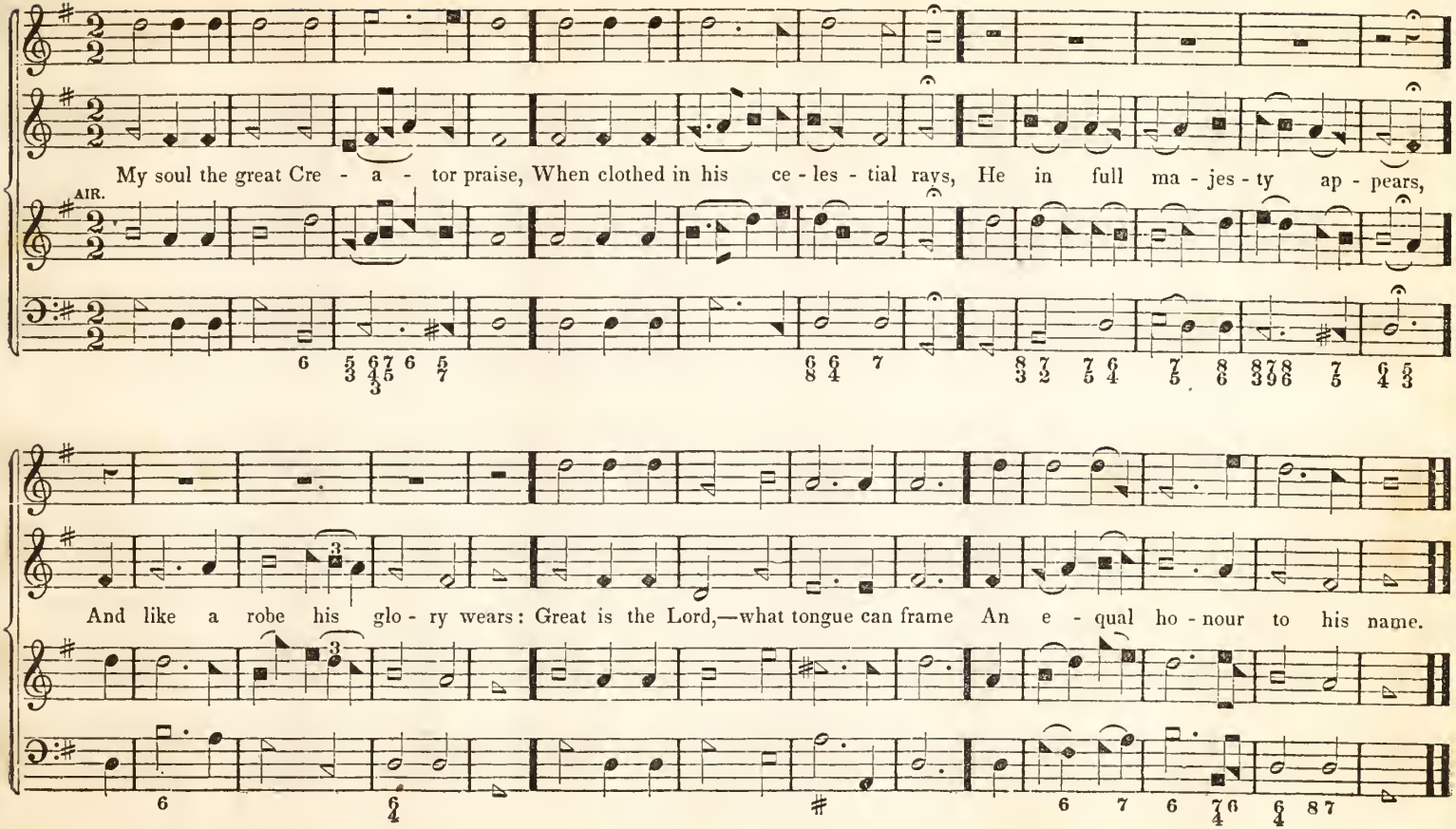
EUTAW. L. M. Six Lines.

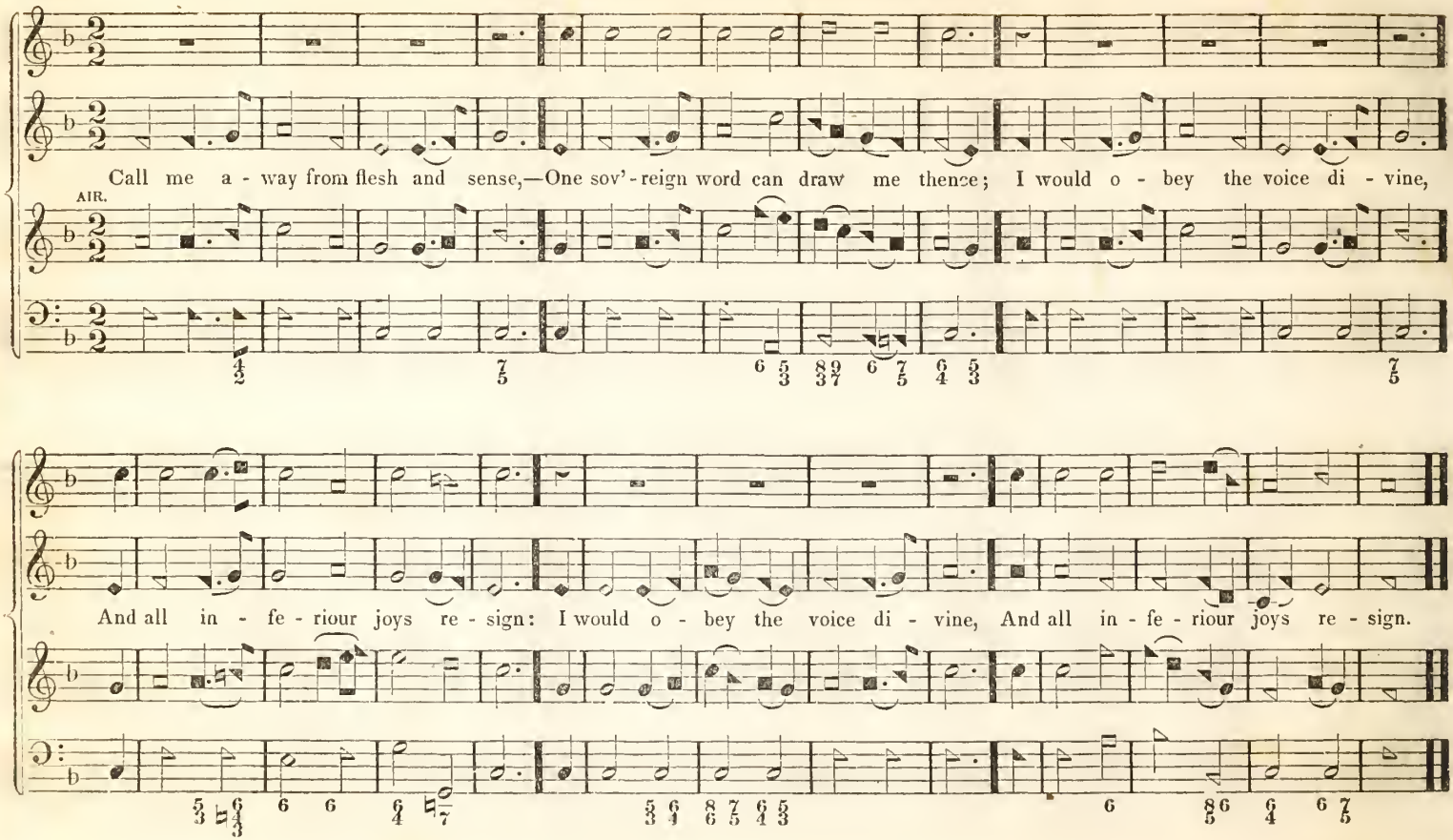
When gath'ring clouds around I view, And days are dark, and friends are few, On him I lean, who not in vain, Ex - pe - rienced eve - ry

AIR.

TENOUR—*ad lib.*

hu - man pain: He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears, And counts and trea - sures up my tears.


AIR.
My soul the great Cre - a - tor praise, When clothed in his ce - les - tial rays, He in full ma - jes - ty ap - pears,
And like a robe his glo - ry wears: Great is the Lord,—what tongue can frame An e - qual ho - nour to his name.

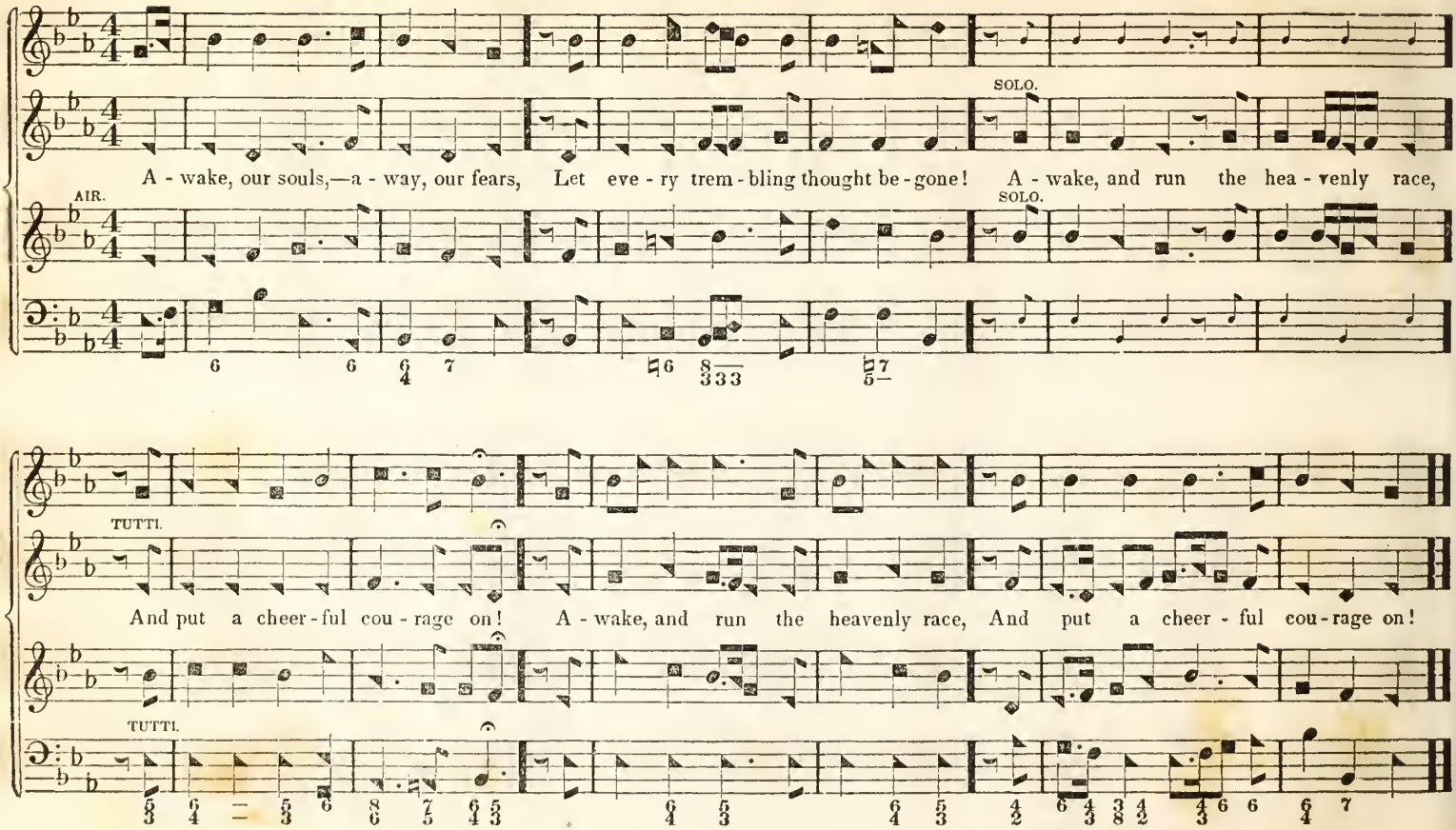

AIR.
Call me a - way from flesh and sense,—One sov'-reign word can draw me thence; I would o - bey the voice di - vine,
And all in - fe - riour joys re - sign: I would o - bey the voice di - vine, And all in - fe - riour joys re - sign.

How sweet thy dwell-ings, Lord, how fair, What peace, what bliss in - ha - bit there; With ar - dent hope, with strong de - sire,

AIR.

My heart, my flesh to thee as - pire; I burn to tread thy courts, and thee, My God, the li - ving God to see.

* Or SEVENS, *Six Lines*, by omitting the first note in each strain.


SOLO.
A - wake, our souls,—a - way, our fears, Let eve - ry trem - bling thought be - gone! A - wake, and run the hea - venly race,
AIR.
SOLO.
TUTTI.
And put a cheer - ful cou - rage on! A - wake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheer - ful cou - rage on!
TUTTI.

m 1. When streaming from the east - ern skies, The morn-ing light sa - lutes my eyes, *di* O Sun of Righteous - ness di - vine,

di 2. As eve - ry day thy mer - cy spares, Will bring its tri - als and its cares; O, Sa - viour, till my life shall end,

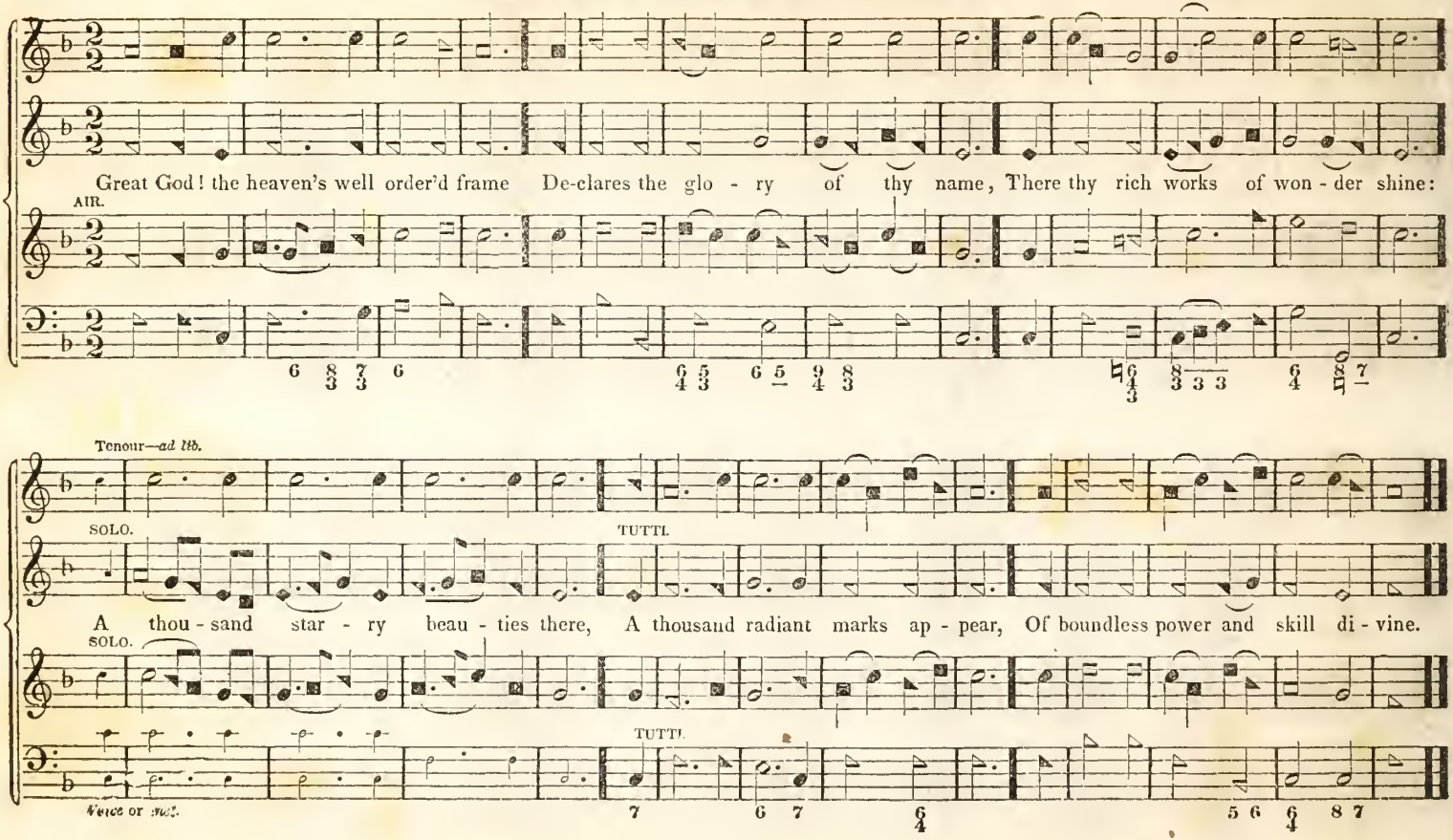
AIR.

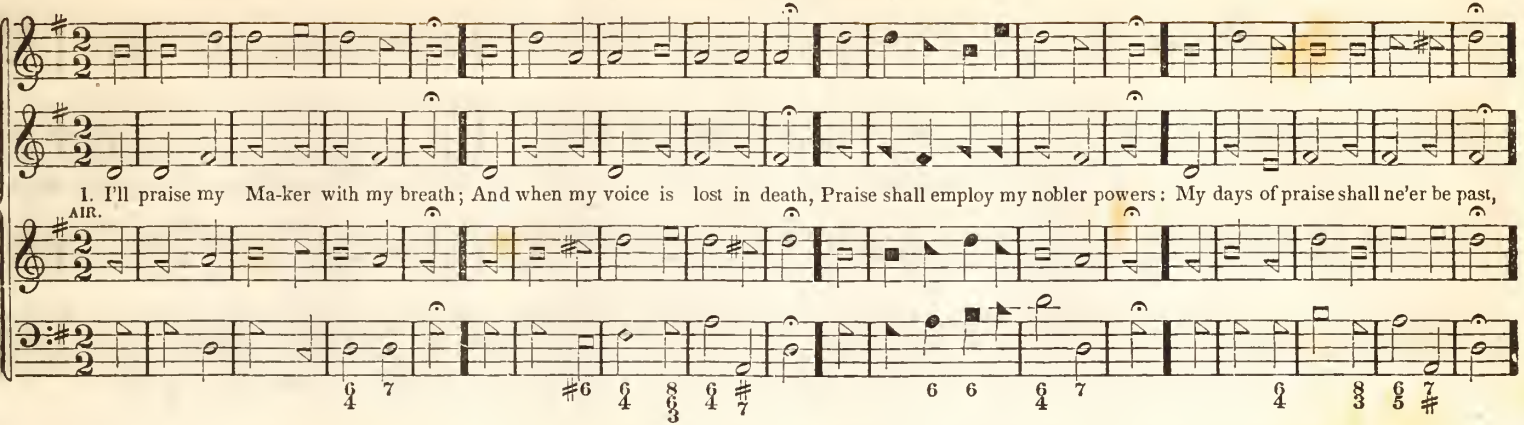
3. And, at my life's last set - ting sun, My conflicts o'er, my la - bours done, Je - sus, thy hea - venly ra - diance shed,

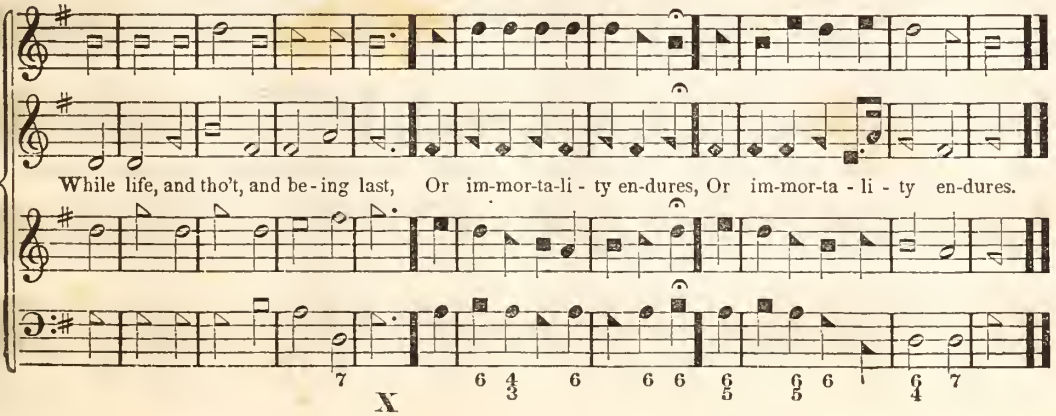
On me with beams of mer - cy shine; O chase the clouds of sin a - way, And turn my dark - ness in - to day.

Be thou my coun - sel - lor and friend; Teach me thy pre - cepts, all di - vine; And be thy pure ex - am - ple mine

To cheer and bless my dy - ing bed; And from the gloom my sp - rit raise, To see thy face, and sing thy praise.


Great God! the heaven's well order'd frame De-clares the glo - ry of thy name, There thy rich works of won - der shine:
AIR.
Tenour—ad lib.
SOLO.
TUTTI.
A thou - sand star - ry beau - ties there, A thousand radiant marks ap - pear, Of boundless power and skill di - vine.
SOLO.
TUTTI.
Voice or Vnl.





2. How blest the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th'oppress'd—he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3. I'll praise him, while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

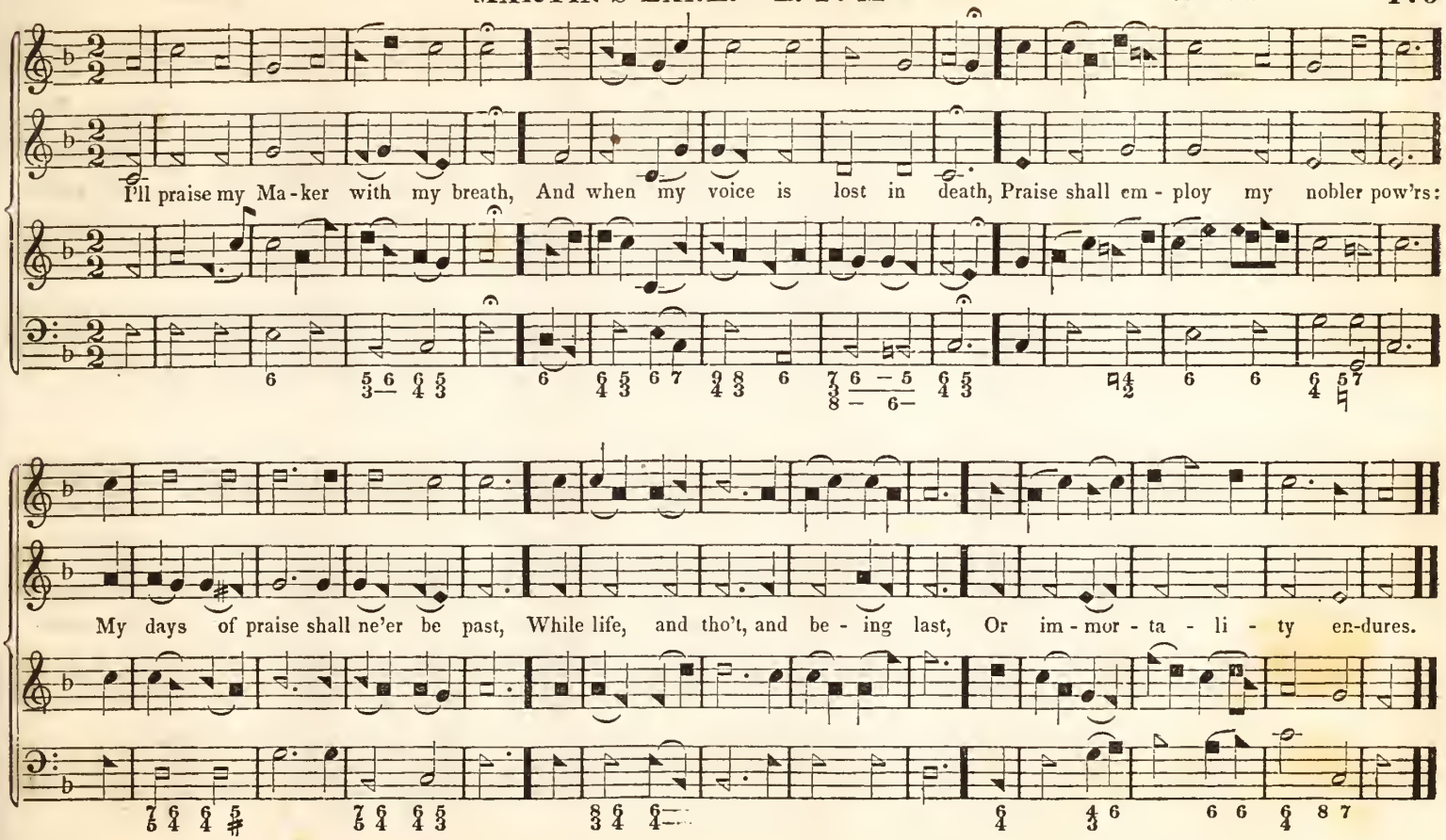
ST. PAUL'S. L. P. M.

Dr. Arnold.

Ye that de - light to serve the Lord, The honours of his name re-cord; His sa - cred name for - ev - er bless: Wher-

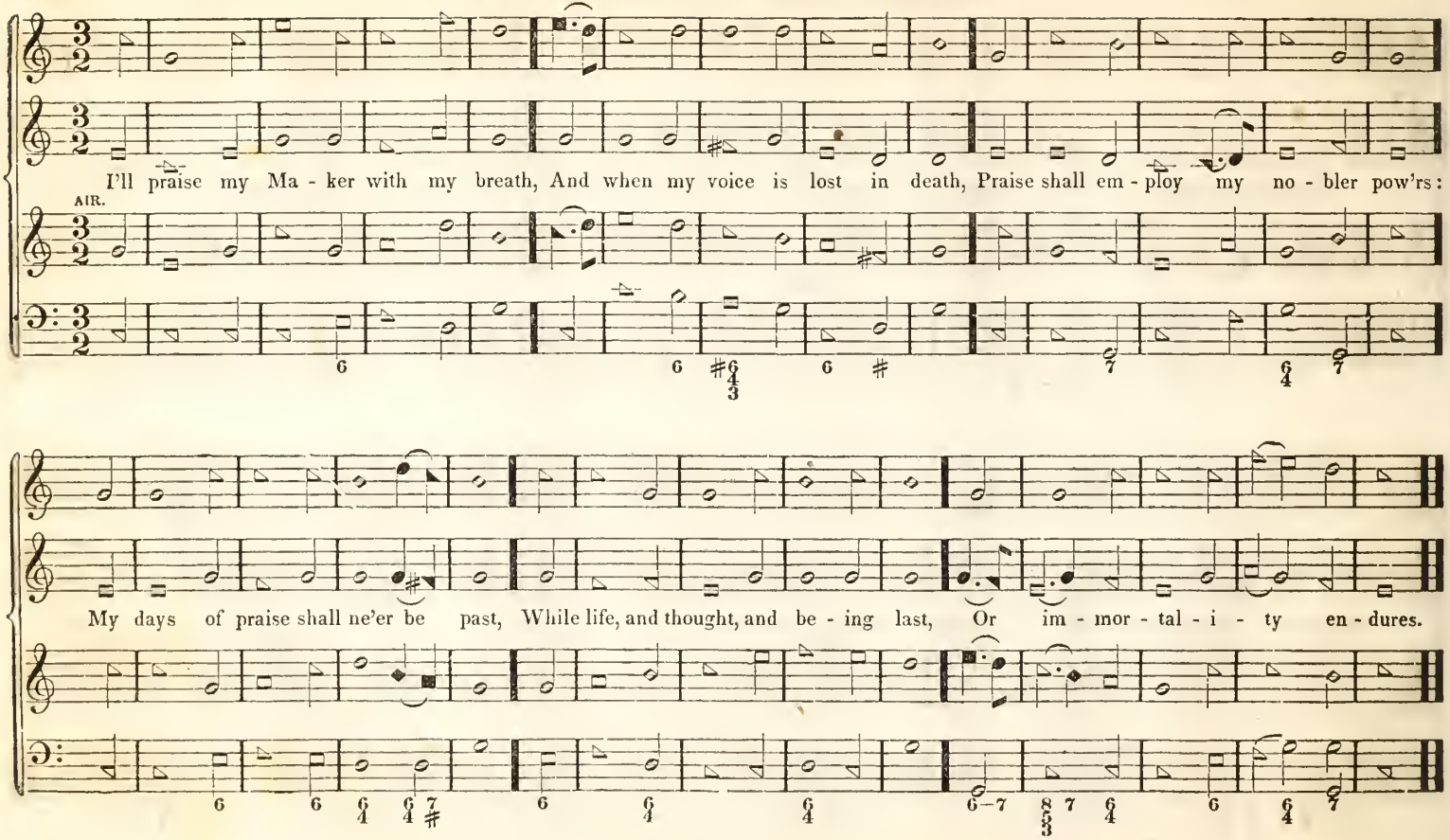
Pia. *Cres.* *For.*

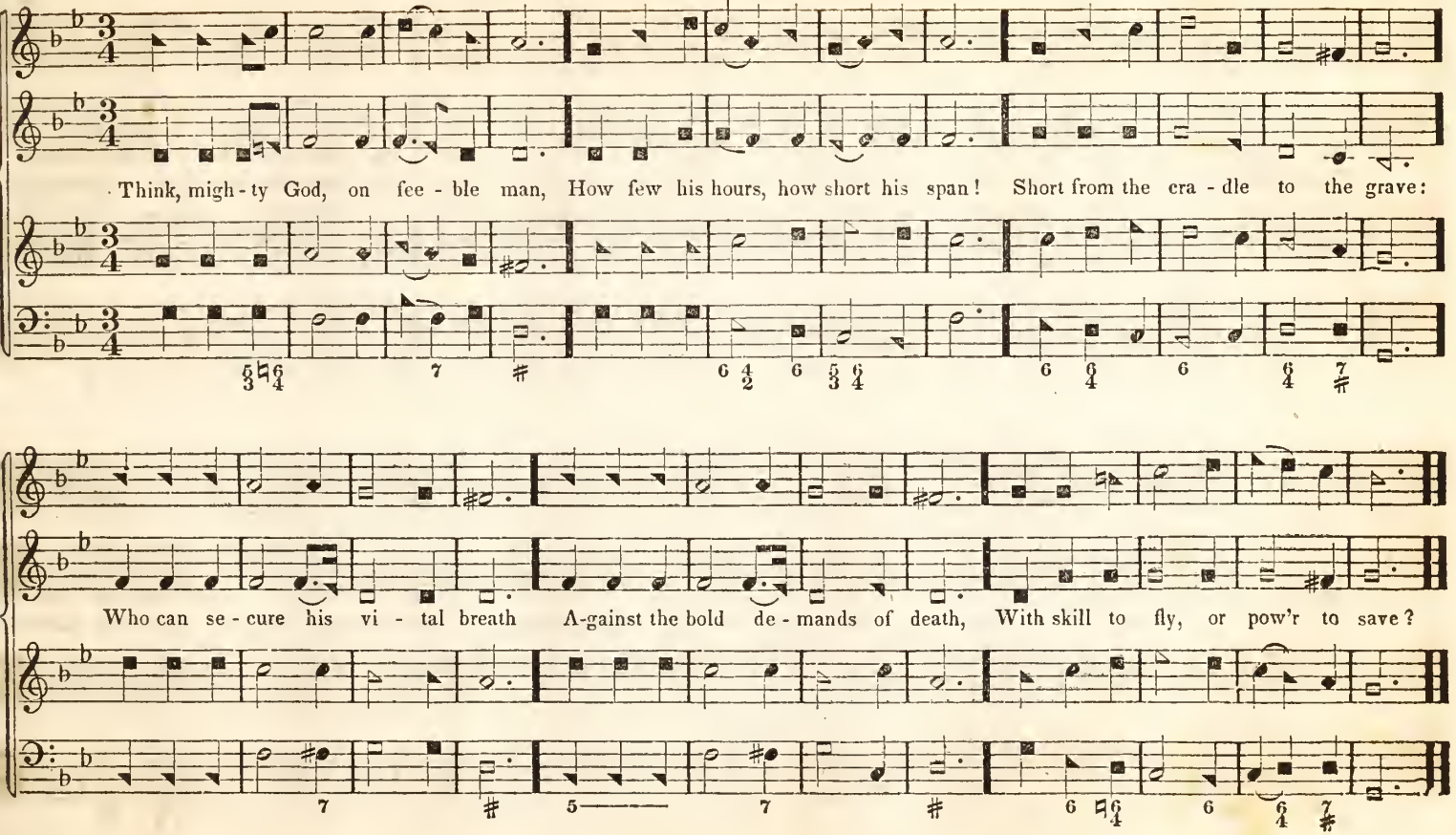
e'er the cir-cling sun dis - plays His ri - sing beams or set - ting rays, Let land and sea his pow'r confess, Let land and sea his pow'r con-fess.


I'll praise my Ma-ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em-ploy my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and tho't, and be-ing last, Or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures.

ST. HELEN'S. L. P. M

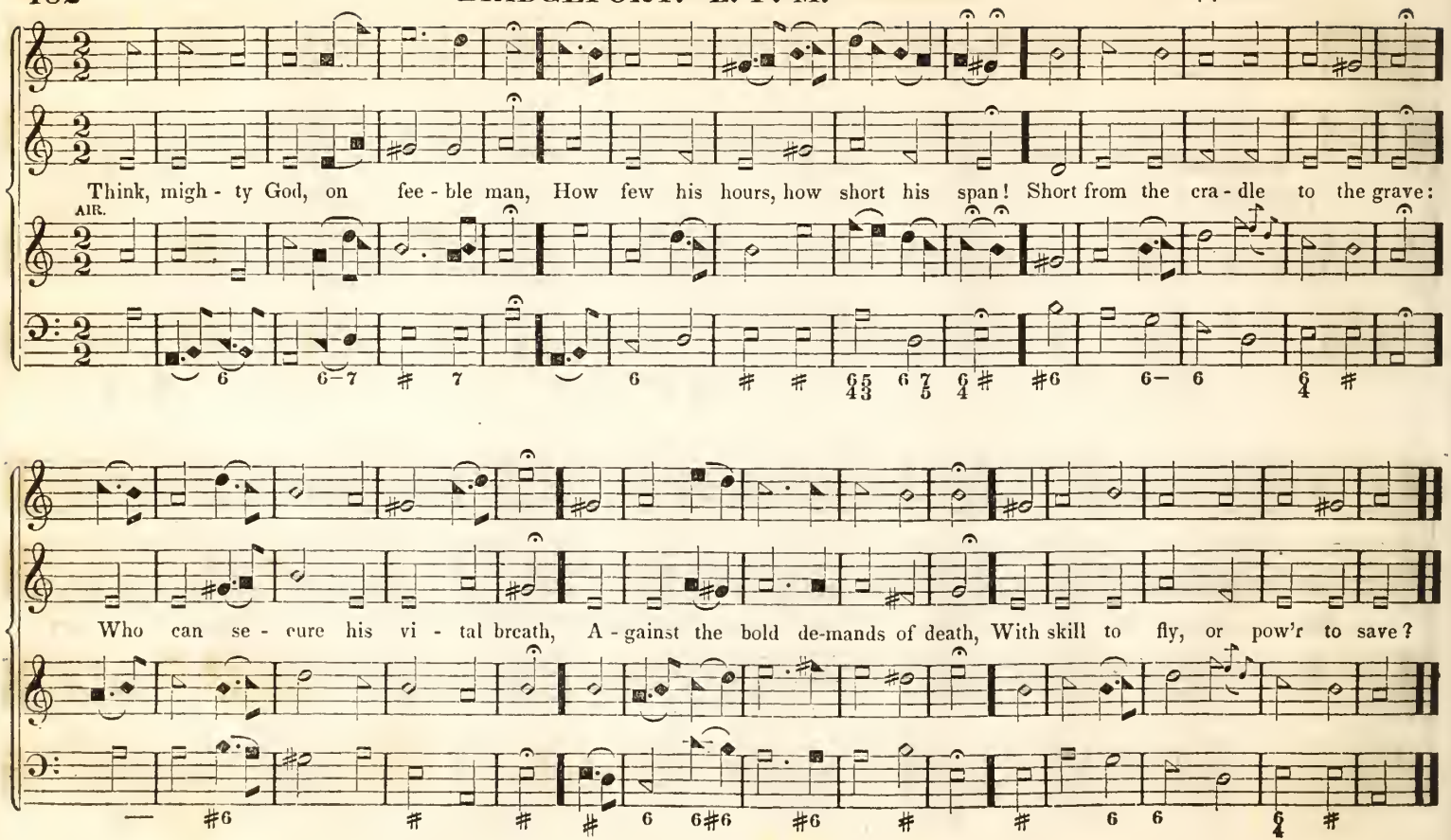
Jennings.

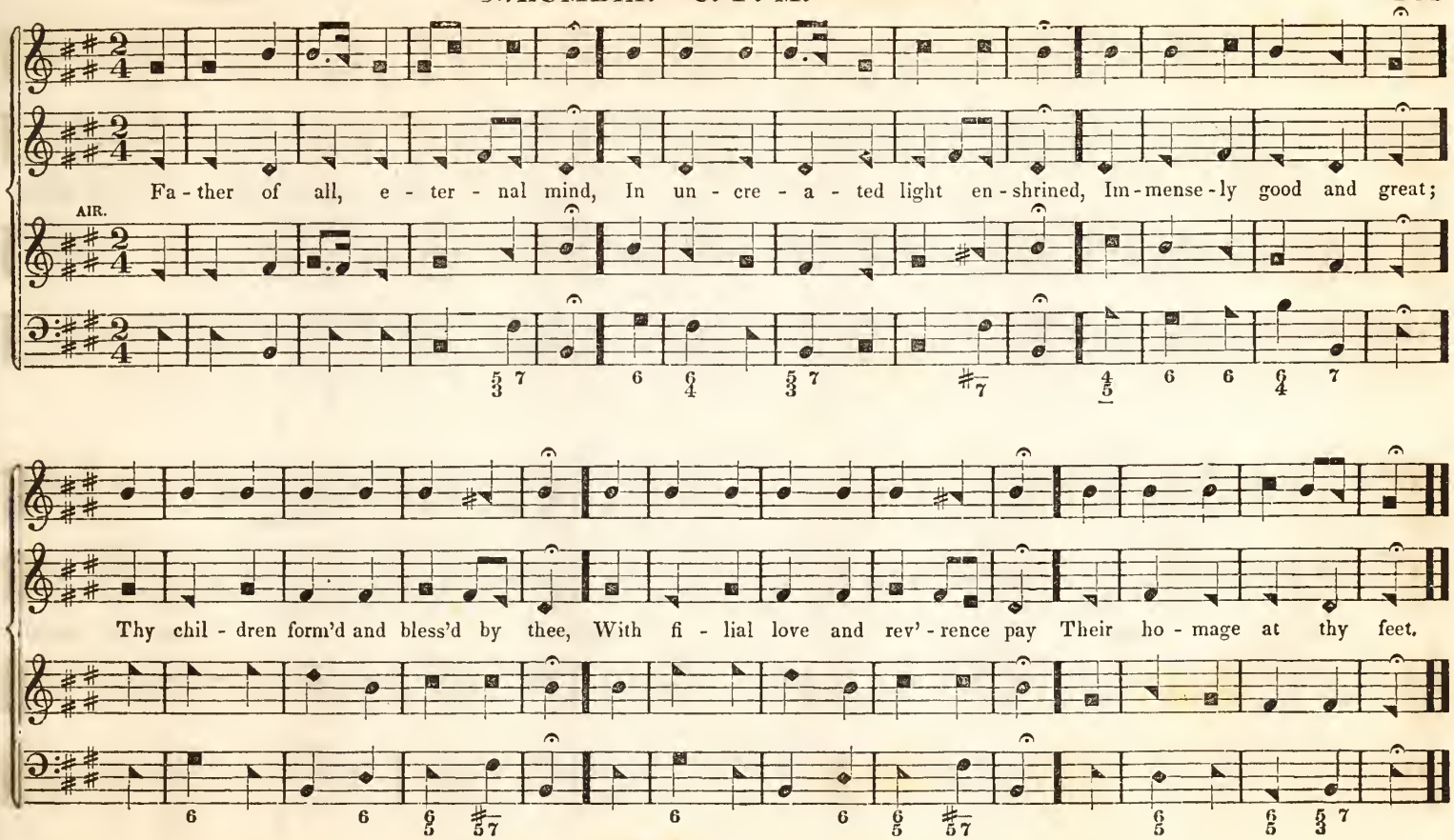



Think, migh - ty God, on fee - ble man, How few his hours, how short his span! Short from the cra - dle to the grave:
Who can se - cure his vi - tal breath A-gainst the bold de - mands of death, With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

BRIDGEPORT. L. P. M.

Marmon.




AIR.
Fa - ther of all, e - ter - nal mind, In un - cre - a - ted light en - shrined, Im - mense - ly good and great;
Thy chil - dren form'd and bless'd by thee, With fi - lial love and rev' - rence pay Their ho - mage at thy feet.

CHARING, or RAPTURE. C. P. M.

Harwood.

AIR.

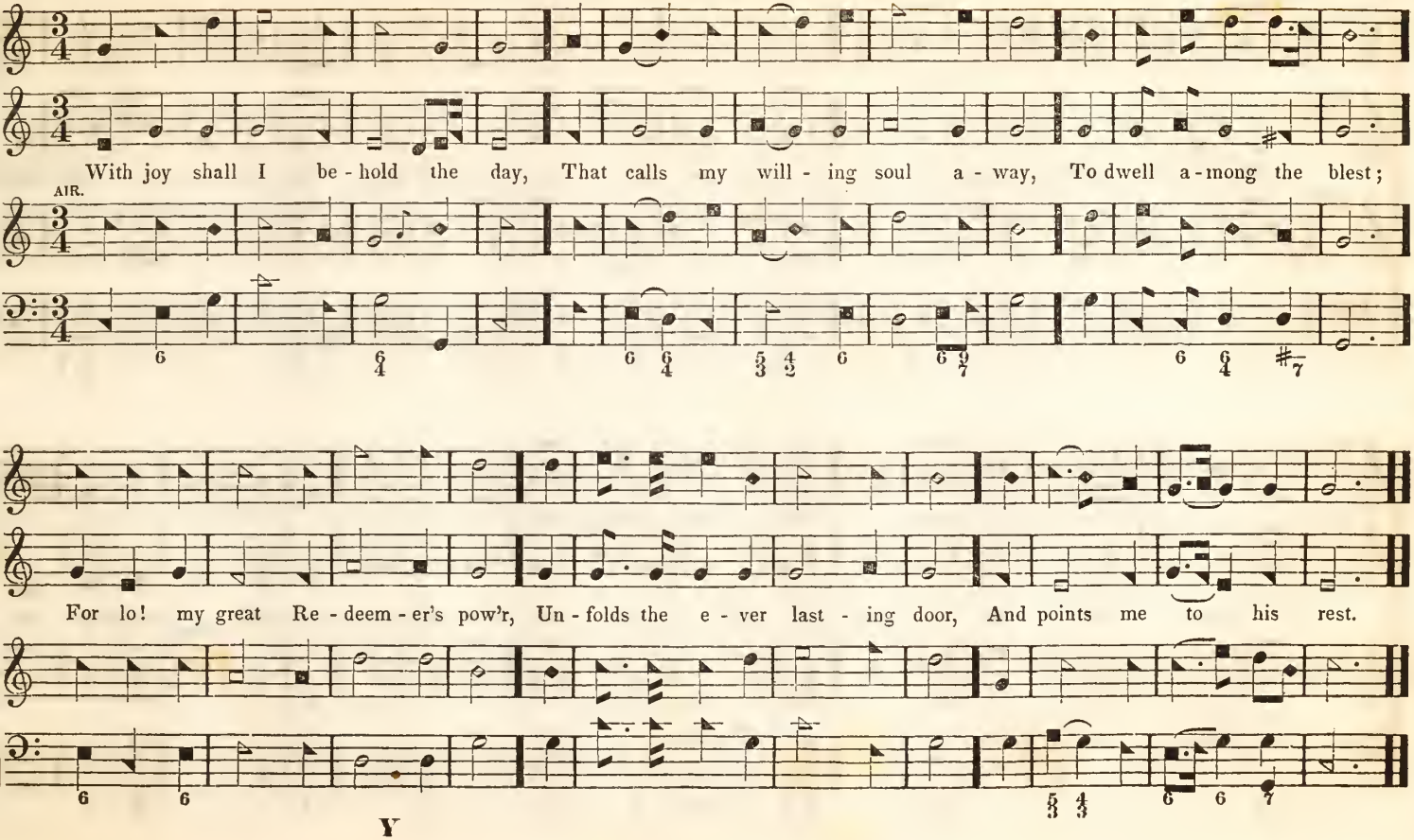
Be - gin, my soul, th'ex - alt - ed lay, Let each en - rap - tured thought o - bey, And praise th'Al-migh - ty's name.

SOLO. TUTTI.

Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies, In one me - lo - dious con - cert rise, To swell th'inspir - ing theme.

SOLO. TUTTI.

Inst.


With joy shall I be - hold the day, That calls my will - ing soul a - way, To dwell a - mong the blest;
AIR.
For lo! my great Re - deem - er's pow'r, Un - folds the e - ver last - ing door, And points me to his rest.

AITHLONE. C. P. M.

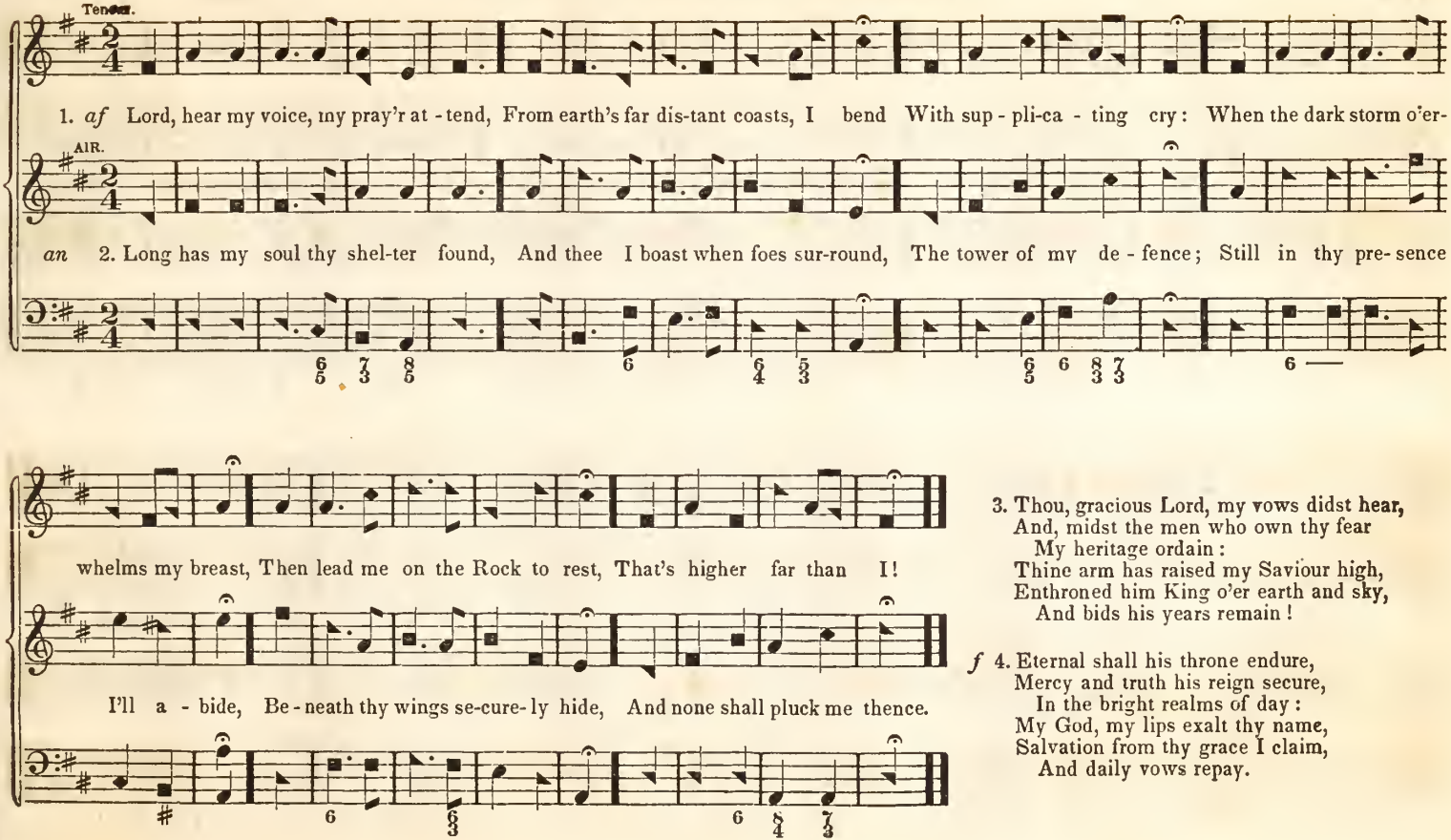
German.

Moderato.

AIR.

O Thou that hear'st the pray'r of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts it - self on thee?

I have no mer - it of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suf - fer'd once for me.



3. Thou, gracious Lord, my vows didst hear,
And, midst the men who own thy fear
My heritage ordain:
Thine arm has raised my Saviour high,
Enthroned him King o'er earth and sky,
And bids his years remain!

f 4. Eternal shall his throne endure,
Mercy and truth his reign secure,
In the bright realms of day:
My God, my lips exalt thy name,
Salvation from thy grace I claim,
And daily vows repay.

PATMOS. C. P. M.

From the Psalmist.

AIR.

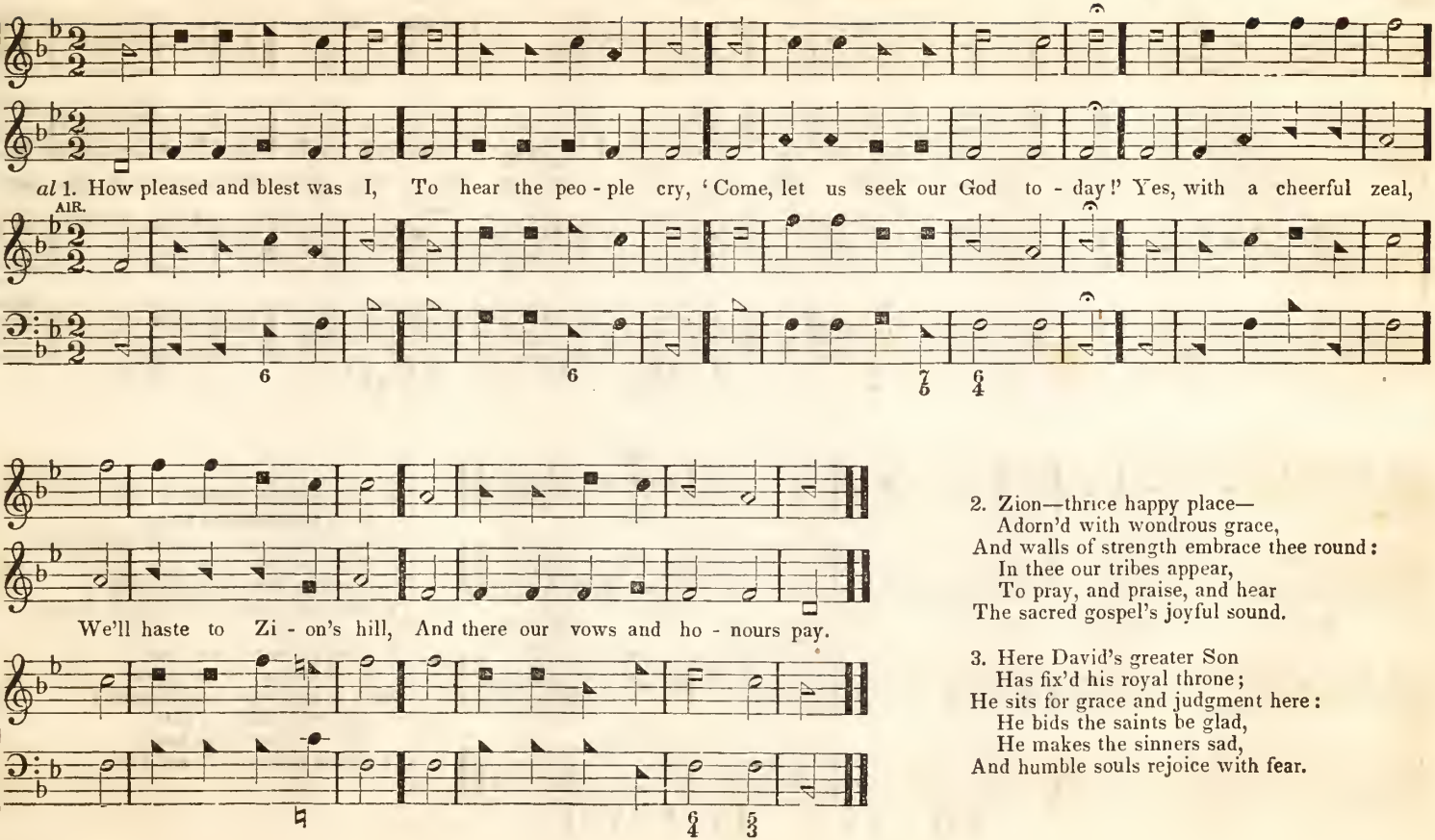
How happy is the pil - grim's lot, How free from anxious care and thought, From world - ly strife and fear? Confined to

nei - ther court nor cell, His soul dis-dains on earth to dwell, He on-ly so-journs here, He on - ly sojourns here.

He on - ly so - journs here,

He on - ly sojourns here,

He on - ly so-journs here.



2. Zion—thrice happy place—
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

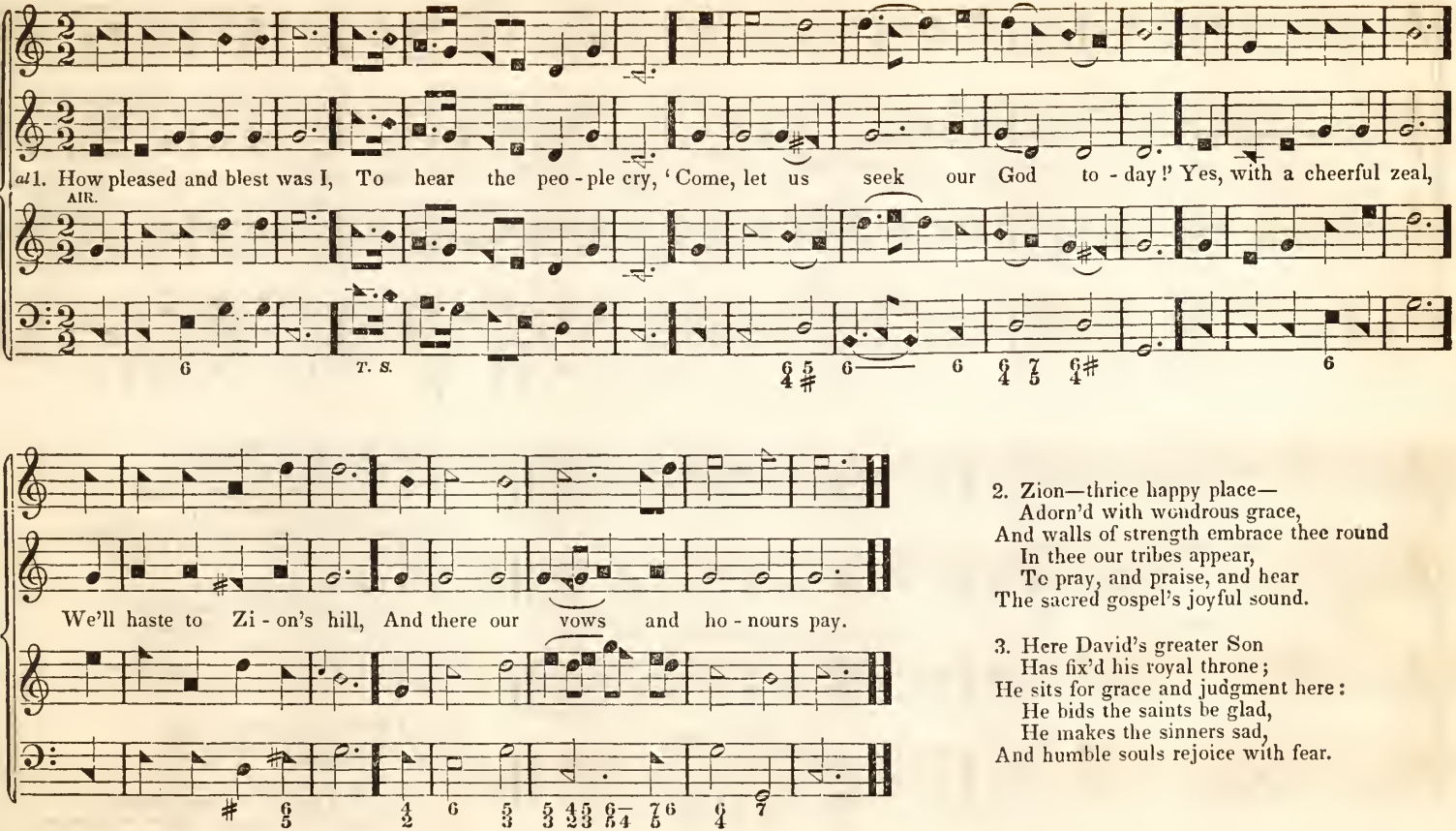
3. Here David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

dl 1. How pleasant 'tis to see, Kindred and friends a - gree, Each in his pro - per sta - tion move; And each ful - fil his part,

With sym-pa- thi - zing heart, In all the cares of life and love.

2. Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

3. How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move;
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!



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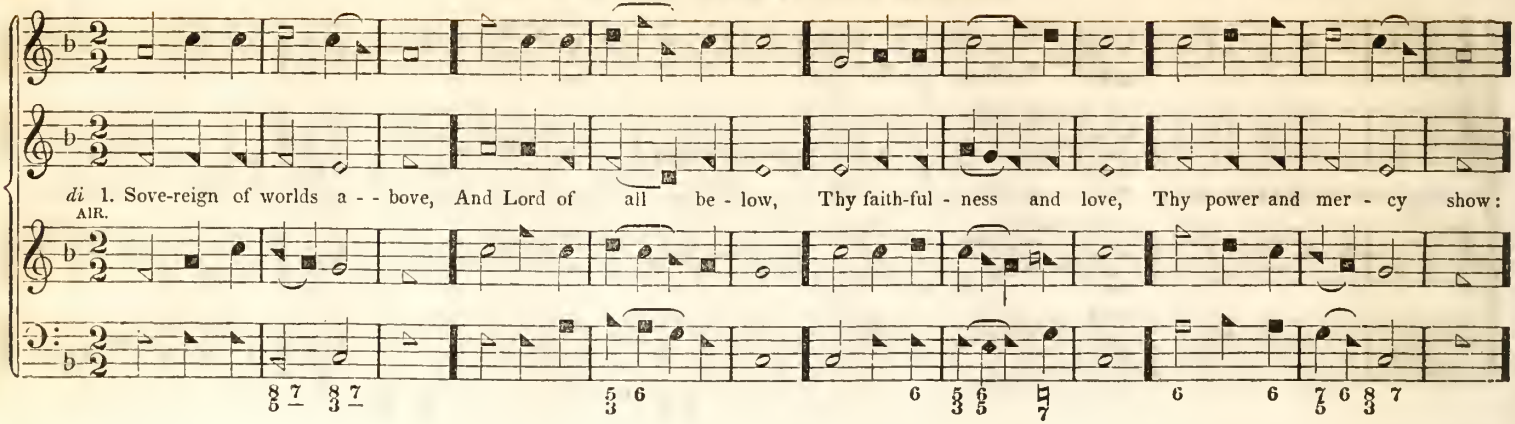
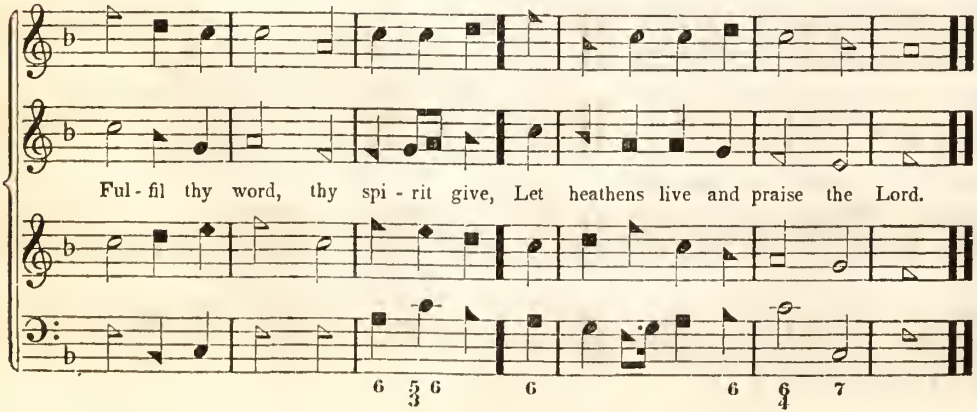
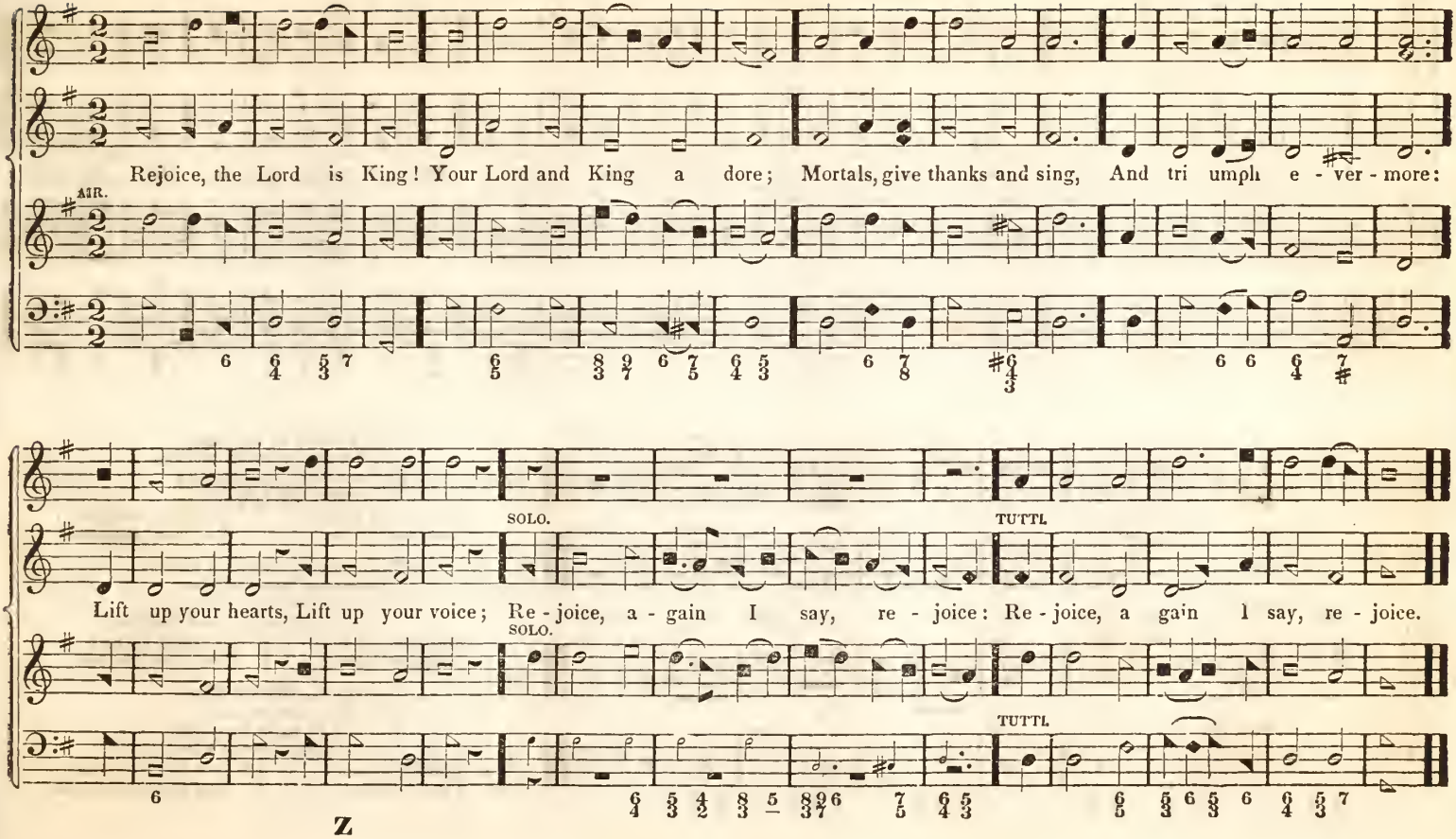


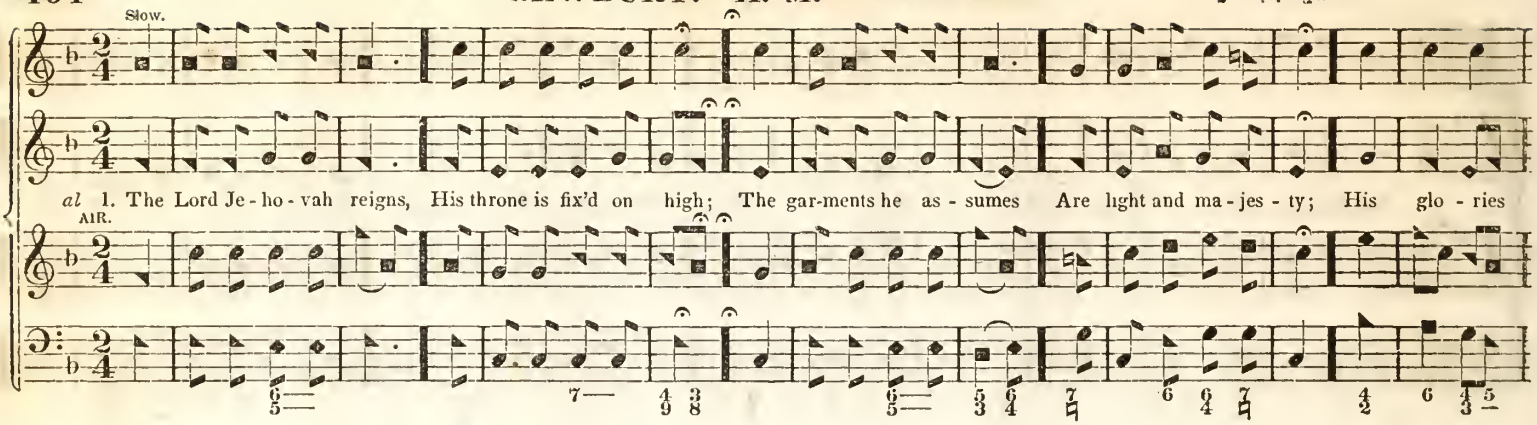


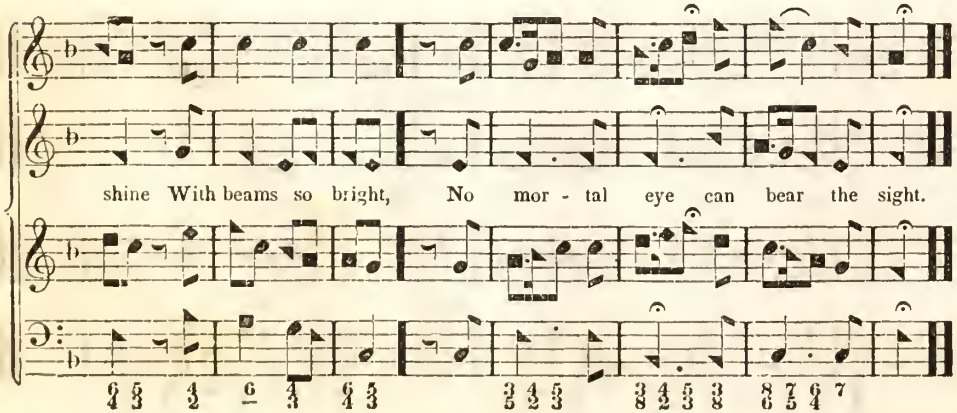
2. On lands that lie beneath
Foul superstition's sway,
Whose horrid shades of death
Admit no heavenly ray,
Blest Spirit, shine, their hearts illume;
Dispel the gloom with light divine.

3. Father, who to thy Son
Thy steadfast word hast given,
That through the earth shall run
The news of peace with heaven;
Extend his fame; thy grace diffuse,
And let the news the world reclaim.

4. Few be the years that roll,
Ere all shall worship thee;
The travail of his soul,
Soon let the Saviour see;
O God of grace! thy power employ,
Fill earth with joy, and heaven with praise.


Rejoice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a dore; Mortals, give thanks and sing, And tri umph e - ver - more:
AIR.
SOLO.
TUTTI.
Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice; Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice: Re - joice, a gain I say, re - joice.
SOLO.
TUTTI.

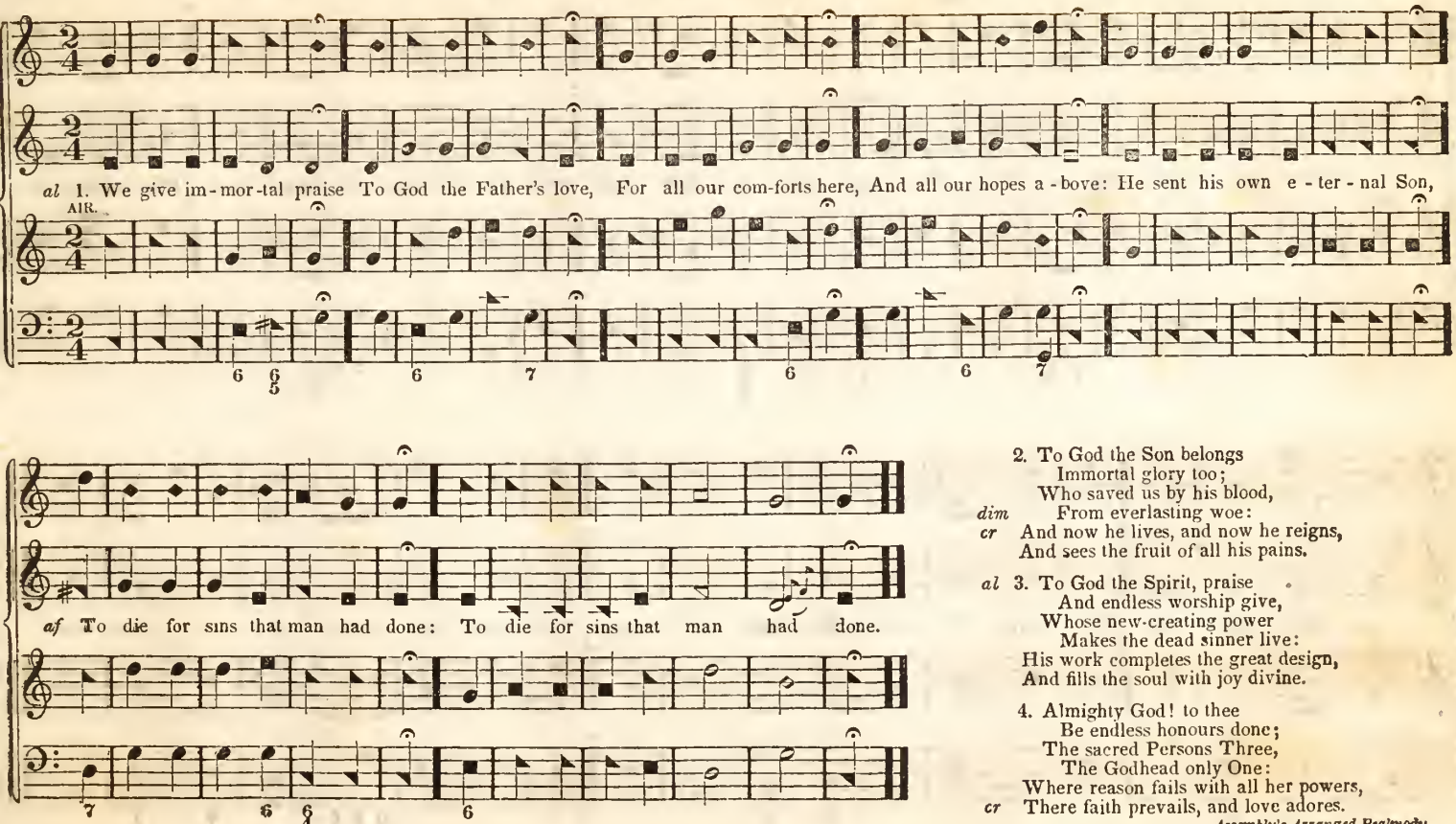




2. The thunders of his hand
Still keep the world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love | His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.

3. Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs;
f Strong is his arm, | His great decrees,
And shall fulfil | His sovereign will.

p 4. And can this mighty King
Of Glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
"My Father, and my Friend?"—
cr I love his name! | *f* Join all my powers,
I love his word! | And praise the Lord.



2. To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too;
Who saved us by his blood,
dim From everlasting woe:
cr And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

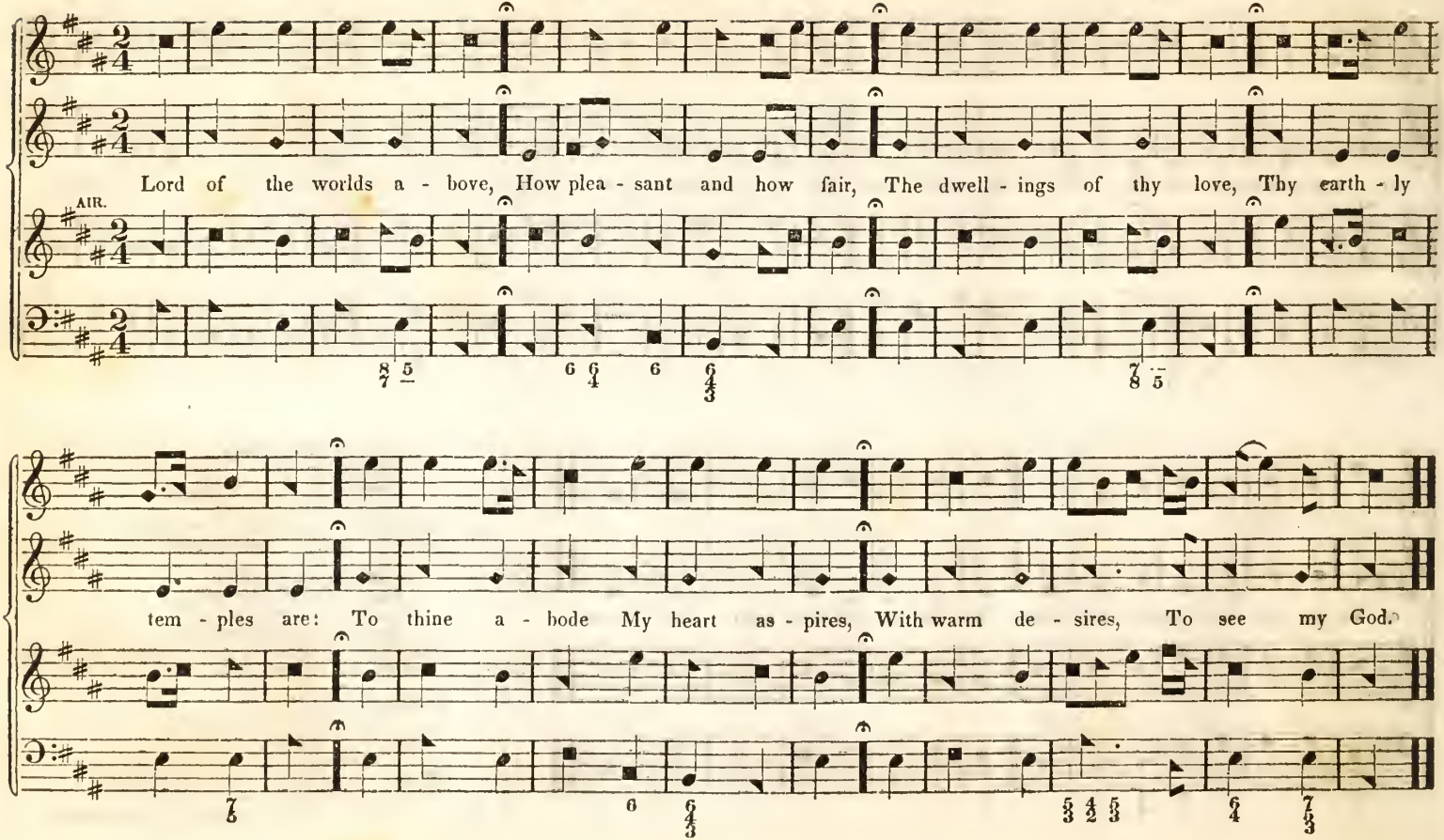
al 3. To God the Spirit, praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4. Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honours done;
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One:
Where reason fails with all her powers,
cr There faith prevails, and love adores.

Assembly's Arranged Psalmody.

BETHESDA. H. M.

Dr. Green.



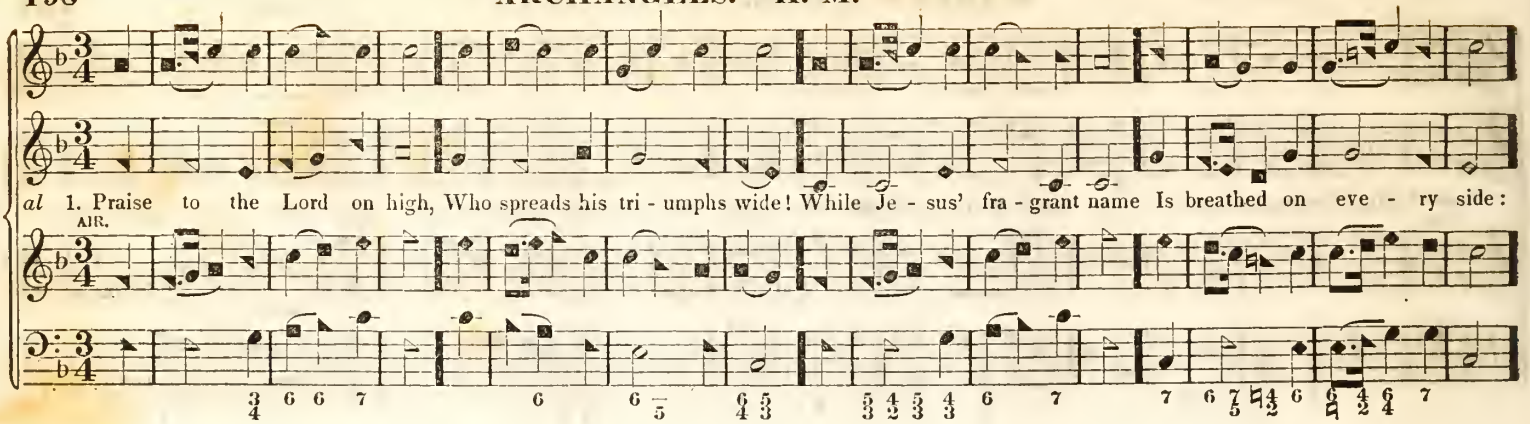
alp AIR. 1. Hark! hark!—the notes of joy, Roll o'er the hea-v'nly plains, And se-raphs find em-ploy, For their sub-li-mest strains:

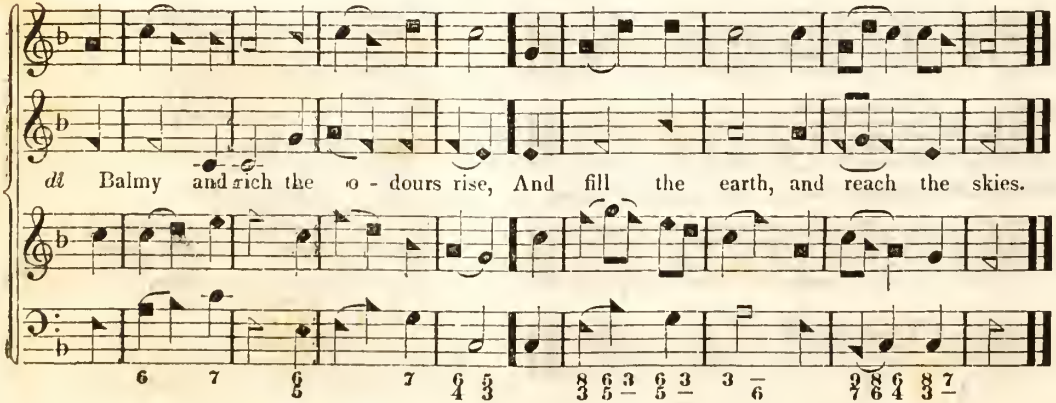
Some new de-light in heav'n is known; *f* Loud sing the harps a-round the throne.

p 2. Hark! hark!—the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
cr Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend:
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

f 3. Bear, bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show:
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

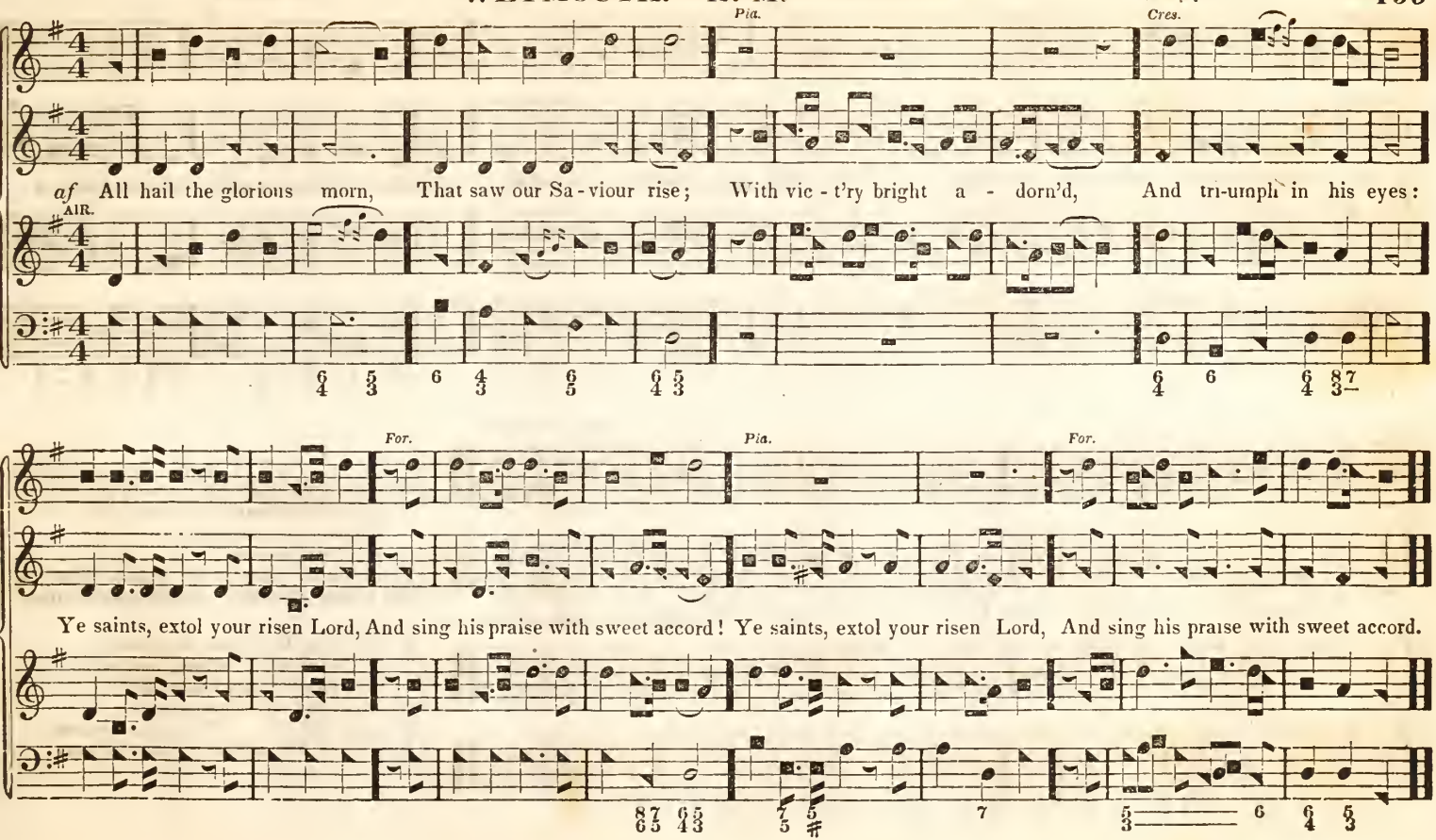
4. Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name:
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim:
ff Angels and men, wake every string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise, we sing.





cr 2. Ten thousand dying souls
Its influence feel—and live;
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive:
They breathe anew, and rise and sing
f Jesus, the Lord, the conqu'ring King.

ad 3. But sinners scorn the grace,
That brings salvation nigh;
They turn away their face,
dim And faint, and fall, and die:
cr So sad a doom, ye saints, deplore—
For oh! they fall to rise no more.


Pia.
Cres.
af AIR.
All hail the glorious morn, That saw our Sa - viour rise; With vic - t'ry bright a - dorn'd, And tri-umph in his eyes:
For.
Pia.
For.
Ye saints, extol your risen Lord, And sing his praise with sweet accord! Ye saints, extol your risen Lord, And sing his praise with sweet accord.

HADDAM. H. M.

L. Mason

dl 1. How pleasing is the voice Of God our heavenly King, Who bids the frosts re - tire, And wakes the love - ly spring! Bright suns a -

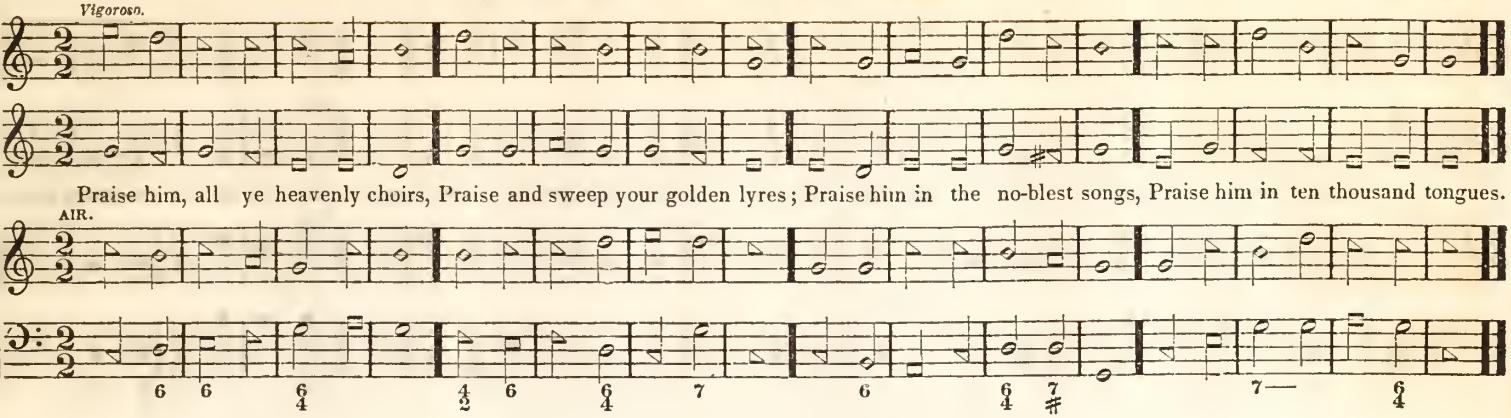
AIR.

rise, The mild wind blows, And beau - ty glows, Through earth and skies.

2. The morn, with glory crown'd,
His hand arrays in smiles:
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills:
The evening breeze, His breath perfumes,
His beauty blooms, In flowers and trees.

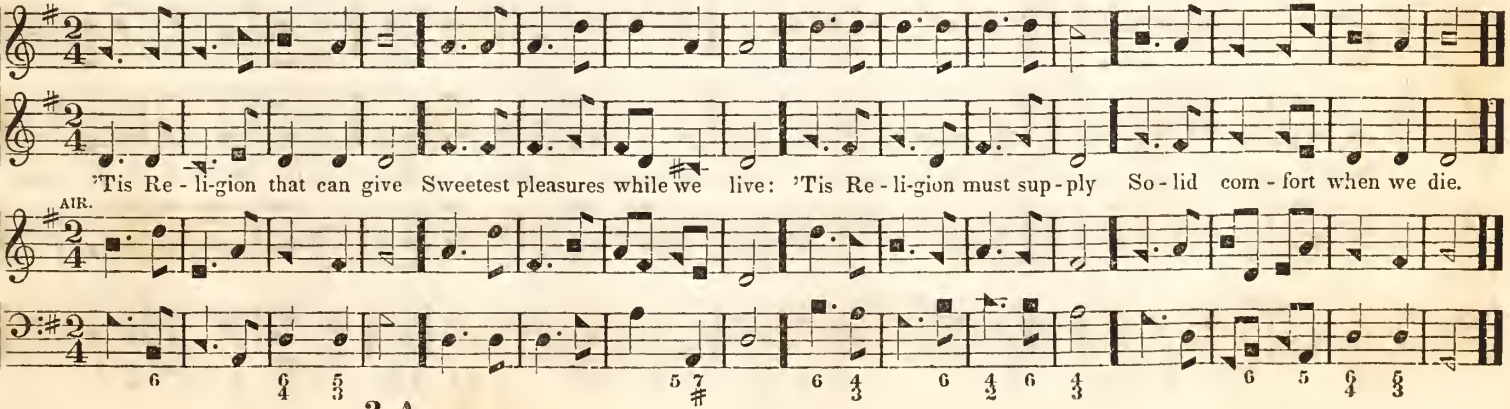
3. With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms:
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms:
His gifts divine Through all appear;
And round the year His glories shine.

BEECHER. 7s.



HOPKINS. 7s.

Wm. Hopkins.



PILGRIM. 7s

Children of the heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

AIR.

ALCESTER. 7s.

Now the shades of night are gone, Now the morning light is come; Lord, may I be thine to-day; Drive the shades of sin a-way.

AIR.

COOKHAM. 7s.

Hark! the herald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-cil'd.

AIR.

ALMA. 7s.

Abel.

Slow.

af 1. Peo-ple of the liv-ing God, I have sought the world a-round, Paths of sin and sor-row trod, Peace and com-fort no where found:

AIR.

2. Now to you my spi-rit turns, Turns a fu-gi-tive un-blest; Brethren, where your al-tar burns, O re-ceive me in-to rest!

HARTS. 7s. Four or Six Lines.*

al Now be-gin the heav'nly theme, Sing a-loud in Je - sus' name; Ye who his sal - va - tion prove, Triumph in Redeem-ing Love!

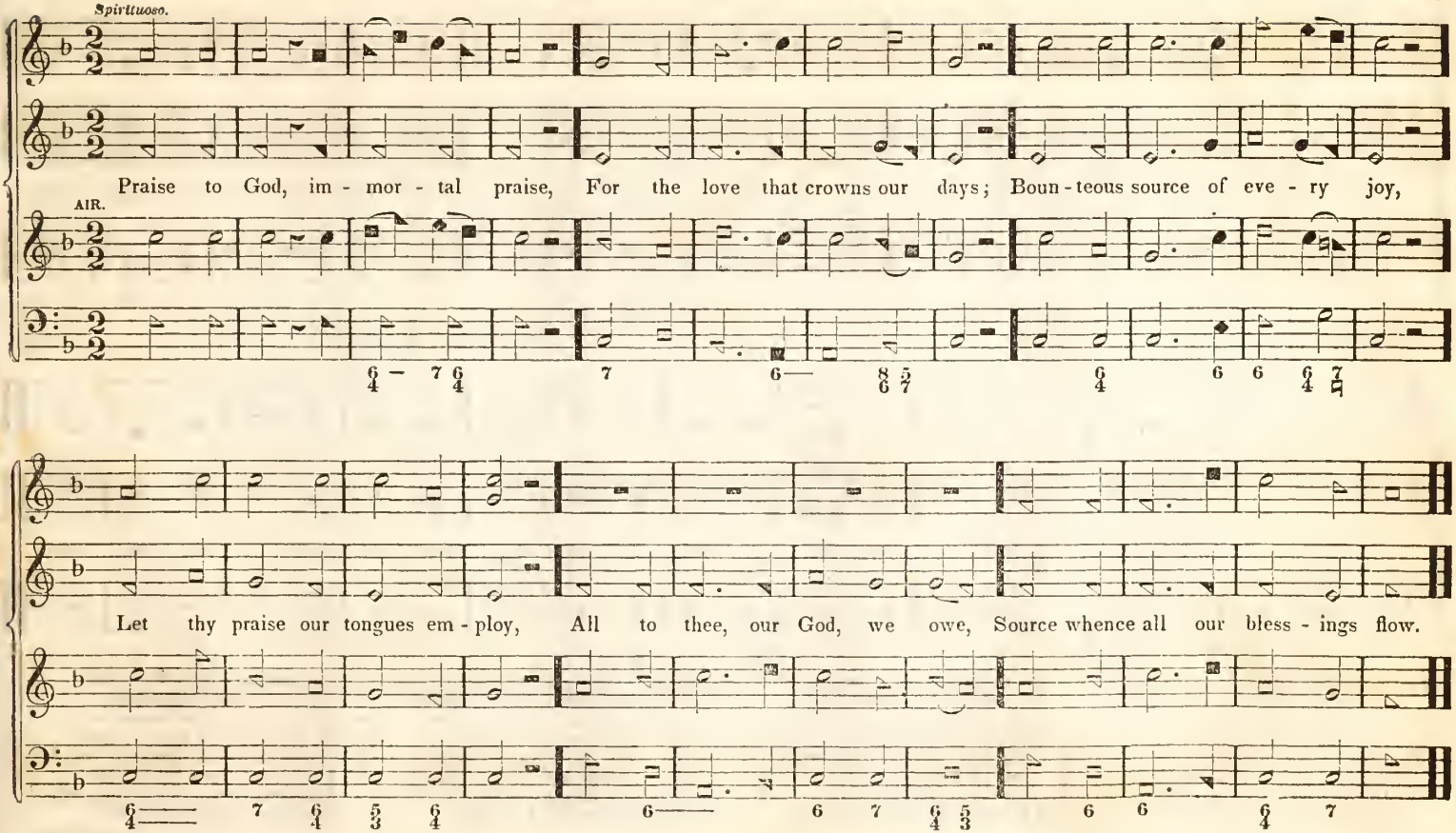
AIR.

NUREMBURG. 7s. Four or Six Lines.* German.

When this world has pass'd a-way, When draws near the judg-ment day, When the trump of God shall sound, Sin-ner, where wilt thou be found!

AIR.

* When sung to 4 lines, the repeat should be omitted.


Spirituoso.
AIR.
Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days; Boun - teous source of eve - ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy, All to thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow.

WELWOOD. 7s. Eight or Six Lines.

S. Webb.

Second Treble.

AIR.

p 1. See sal - va - tion's ban - ner wave! 'Tis a guil - ty world to save;
cr Loud, and loud - er, still is heard, Mer - cy's sweet - ly rally - ing word!
f He - ralds, go, to sin - ners tell,

By the cross the way from hell; Je - sus Christ was cru - ci - fied; 'Twas for man a - lone he died.

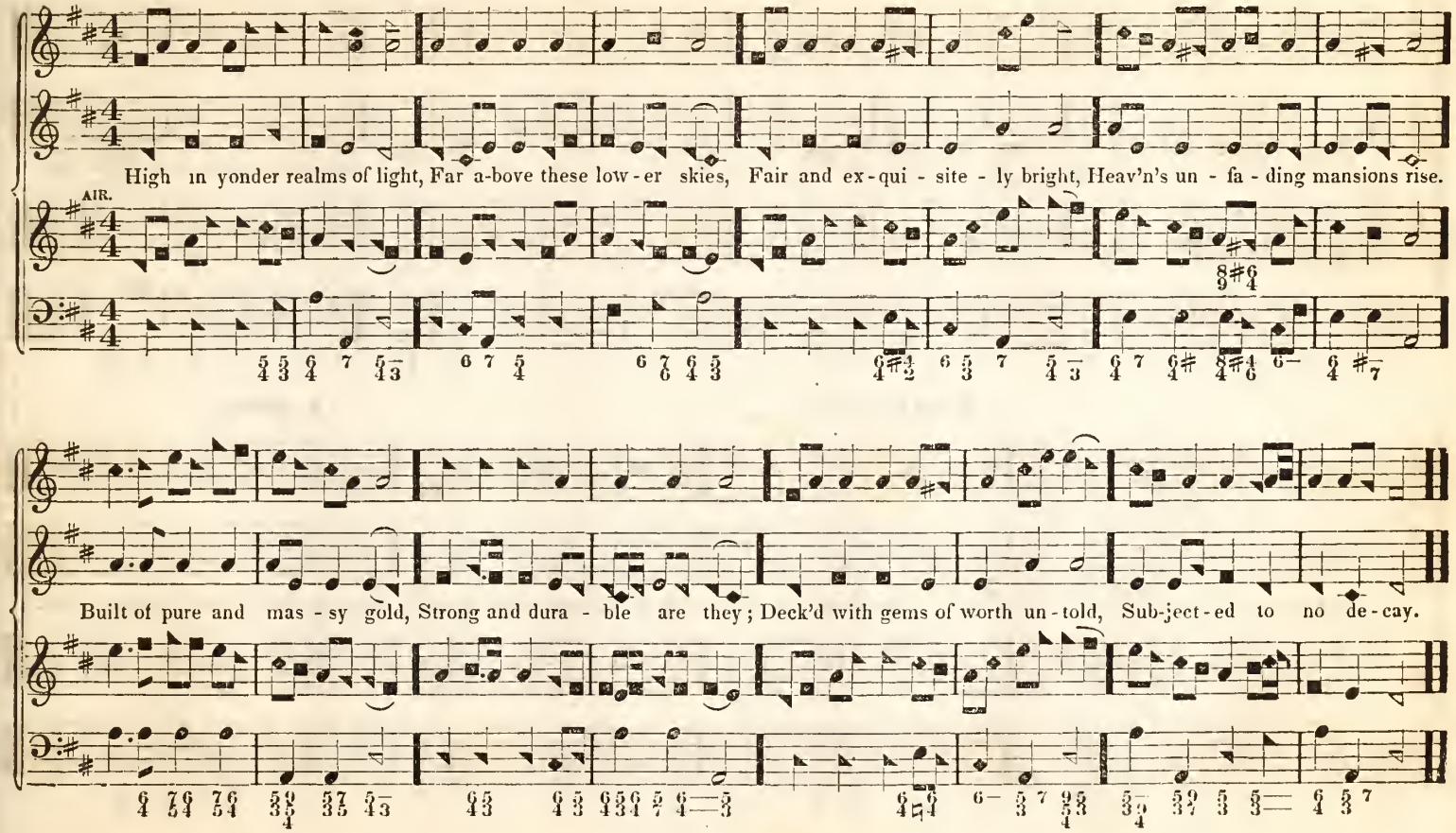
p 2. Hark!—the angel hosts rejoice,
'Thus to hear the herald's voice;
cr Loud they sing, while sinners fly
To salvation's banner nigh:
f O'er the earth ye heralds go,
Light and life to heathen show;
Jesus Christ for sinners bled;
Rising, Death he captive led.

an 3. See the day-spring from on high;
'Tis salvation's banner nigh:
Pagans, from perdition's night,
Rising, hail redemption's light:
Christians! send to all the world
This broad banner wide unfurl'd;
Jesus Christ was crucified;
'Twas for man the Saviour died.

al 4. Haste—O hasten to proclaim,
Freedom in the Saviour's name:
Gospel heralds! ye shall prove,
'Tis the banner of his love:
He to you will strength impart;
We will bear you on our heart:
Jesus died for man—He rose,
Rising, he repulsed his foes.

p 5. Lo! amid the shades of death,
By the Holy Spirit's breath,
cr Wide unfurl'd the banner waves,
While the foe in terrour raves:
al Matchless grace! almighty sword
Haste the victory of the Lord!
Christ was slain,—the tidings tell,
Jesus lives to save from hell!

J. Welwood Scott.


AIR.
High in yonder realms of light, Far a-bove these low-er skies, Fair and ex-qui-site-ly bright, Heav'n's un-fa-ding mansions rise.
Built of pure and mas-sy gold, Strong and dura-ble are they; Deck'd with gems of worth un-told, Sub-ject-ed to no de-cay.

FAIRFAX. 7s.

Lord, we come be-fore thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow; O do not our suit dis-dain, Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain!

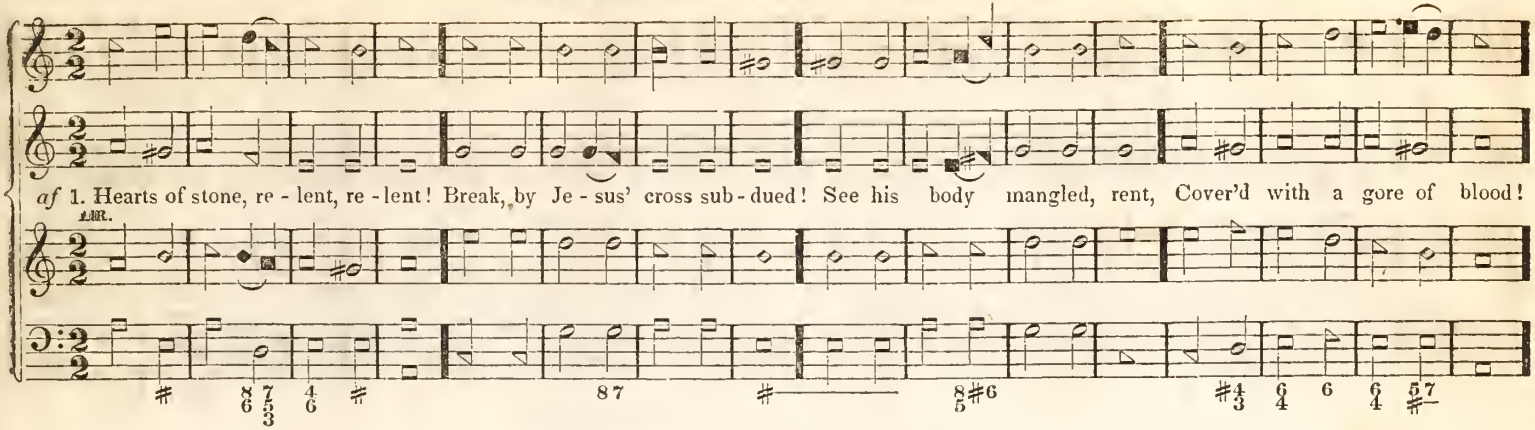
AIR.

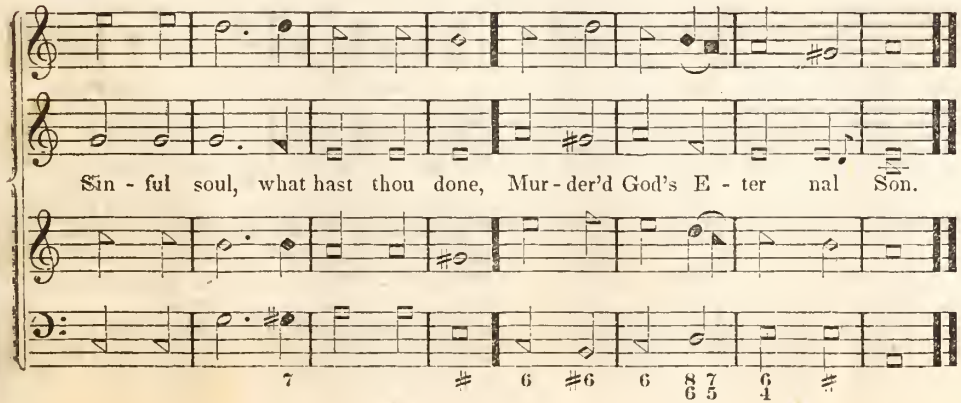
NORWICH. 7s.

L. Mason.

p Gen-tly glides the stream of life, Oft a-long the flow'ry vale; *f* Or im-petuous down the cliff, Rushing roars where storms as-sail.

AIR.





af 2. Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix'd him there;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a soldier's spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice:
For a sinful world he dies.

3. Will you let him die in vain.
Still to death pursue your Lord;
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No! with all my sins I'll part,
Saviour, take my broken heart.

al 1. Je - sus, hail! enthroned in glo - ry, There for - e - ver to a - bide; All the heavenly host a - dore thee, Seat - ed at thy Father's side.

AIR.

3. Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing, Thou art wor - thy to re - ceive; *f* Loudest praises, without ceas - ing, Meet it is for us to give.

Pia. *For*

2. There for sinners thou art pleading, There thou dost our place pre - pare; E - ver for us in - ter - ce - ding, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.

p 4. Help, ye bright an - gelick spirits! Bring your sweetest, noblest lays; Help to sing our Saviour's merits, Help to chant Im - manuel's praise.

M'KENDREE. 8s & 7s. Eight Lines.

Shields.

Second Treble. FINE. D. C.

Hail, thou once de - spi - sed Je-sus, Hail, thou ever - last - ing King;—2.

AIR. FINE. D. C.

2.—Thou didst suffer to re-deem us, Thou didst free salvation bring; Hail, thou ago - niz-ing Saviour, Bearer of our sin and shame;—3.

FINE. D. C.

6 5 9 8 6 5 4 8 7 4 8 7—6 7 7 7 6 5 4 8 6 5
4 3 7 3 5 6 2 6 5—4 5 3 2 3 4 3

3.—By thy merits we find favour, Life is given through thy name.

FLORENCE. 8s & 7s.

Italian Air.

Dolce.

1. Think, O ye, who fondly languish, O'er the grave of those ye love; While your bo - soms throb with anguish, They are warbling hymns a - bove.

2. While your silent steps are straying Lone-ly thro' night's deep'ning shade; Glo- ry's bright-est beams are playing Round the hap - py Christian's head.

3. Light and peace at once deriv - ing From the hand of God most high, In his glo-rious presence living, They shall ne - ver, ne - ver die.

4 6 6 9 8 6 5 4 6 6 6 7 6 5 6 5 6 5 7 6 5 4 6 6 7
3 4 3 3 4 4 3 4 3 4 3 6 4 3 3 4

4. Cease, then, mourner, cease to languish O'er the grave of those you love; Pain, and death, and night, and anguish En - ter not the world a - bove.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.

Mozart.

al Hail! my ev - er blessed Je - sus, On-ly thee I wish to sing; To my soul thy name is precious, Thou, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

AIR.

SAXONY. 8s & 7s.

Naumann.

Praise the Lord, the great Cre - a - tor; Bounteous source of eve - ry joy; Praise him, all ye works of nature, Let his praise your tongues employ.

AIR.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s, or 8s, 7s & 4.

Rousseau.

FINE. D. C.

FINE. D. C.

Gently, Lord, O! gently lead us, Thro' this low-ly vale of tears; And, O Lord, in mercy give us, Thy rich grace in all our fears!—2

AIR. FINE. D. C.

2—O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us with thy grace.

FINE. D. C.

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4.

Lockhart.

Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land;—2

AIR.

2—I am weak, but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy pow'rful hand; Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

KERSHAW. 8s, 7s, & 4.

di Saviour, vi - sit thy plan - ta - tion; Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain! } Lord, re - vive us, Lord, re - vive us; All our help must come from thee.
All will come to de - so - la - tion, Unless thou re - turn, a - gain! }

AIR.

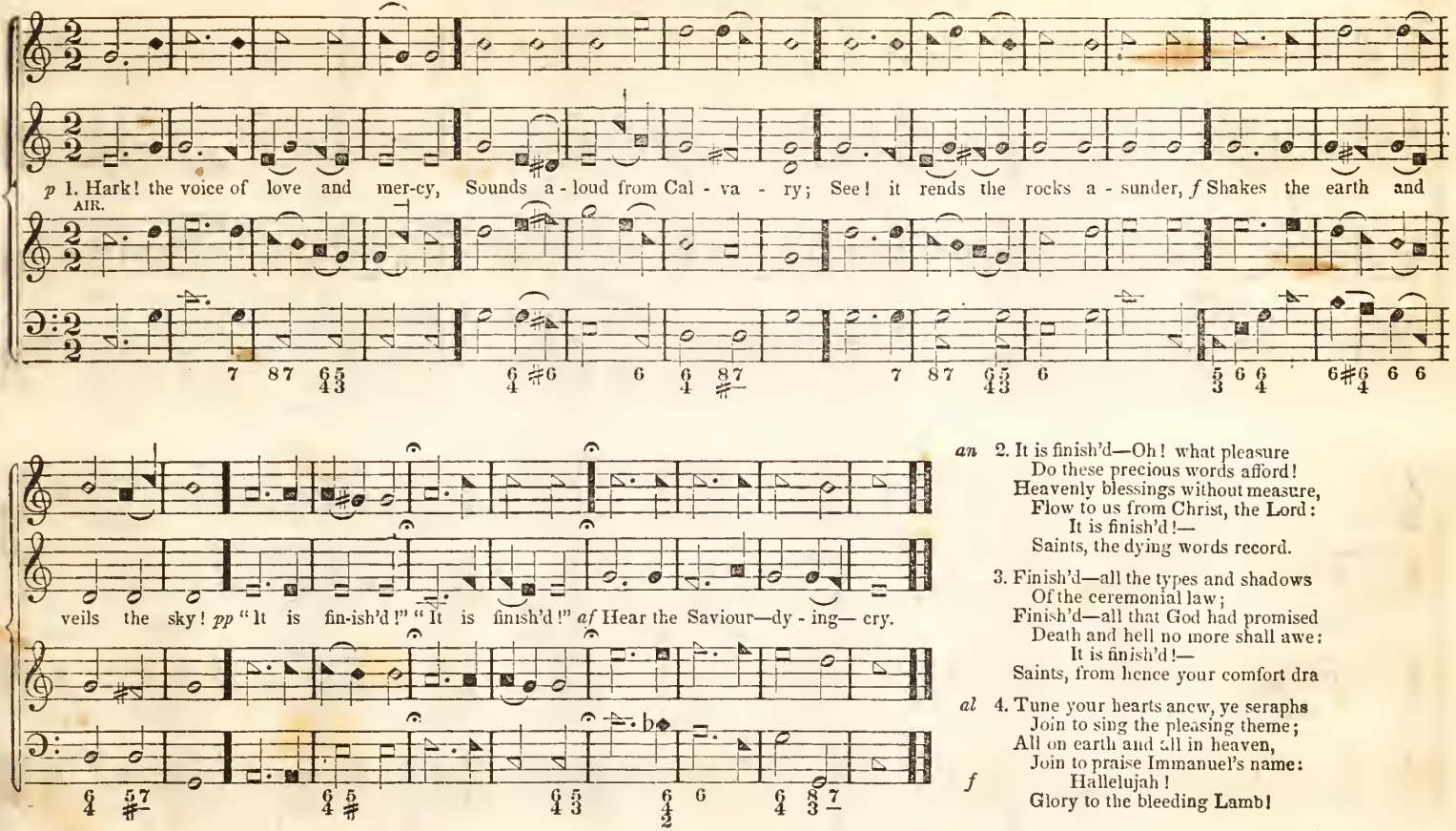
PILGRIM'S PRAYER. 8s, 7s & 4.

Second Treble. *Slow.*

di Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land;—2

AIR.

p 2—I am weak, *f* but thou art mighty; *m* Hold me with thy pow'rful hand: *di* Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.



an 2. It is finish'd—Oh! what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:
It is finish'd!—
Saints, the dying words record.

3. Finish'd—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish'd—all that God had promised
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finish'd!—
Saints, from hence your comfort dra

al 4. Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
f Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing! Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;—2

2—Fix in us thy hum - ble dwelling; All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown; Je - sus, thou art all compassion,

Pure, un - bound - ed love thou art, Vi - sit us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter eve - ry trembling heart.

PAESIELLO. 8s & 7s.

Dolce.—Sostenuto.

1. Tell me, wand'rer, wild - ly ro - ving From the path that leads to peace, Pleasure's false en - chant - ments lo - ving, When will thy de - lu - sions cease?

2. Once, like thee, by joys sur-round - ed, I, too, knelt at Pleasure's shrine; Once, too, all my hopes were found-ed In de - lights as false as thine.

3. Then, the moments flew un - heed - ed As the wave that rolls a - long; Soon as one bright hope suc - ceed - ed, Came a - no-ther smi - ling on.

4. But those cloudless hours that bless'd me, Vanish'd as a dream when o'er; And the world that once ca - ress'd me Charm'd me with its smiles no more.
5. Such is Pleasure's transient sto - ry! Last - ing hap - pi - ness is known On - ly in the path to glo - ry— In the Saviour's love a - lone.

GOSHEN. 8s.

My gracious Re-deem-er I love; His praises a-loud I'll pro-claim; And join with the ar-mies a - bove, To shout his a - do - ra-ble name.

AIR.

6 6 4 3 6 6 4 3 6 6 6 4 3 6 5 6 6 4 3 8 9 8 9 6 7 6 5 4 3 6 6 9 7 3 6 6 8 7 4

LYSTRA, or SPRING. 8s.

C. Clark.

di 1. In - spirer and hearer of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine, My all to thy covenant care, I sleeping or waking re - sign.

AIR.

2. If thou art my shield and my sun, The night is no dark-ness to me, And fast as my moments roll on, They bring me but nearer to thee.

WILTON. 8s.

En - compass'd with clouds of dis - tress, Just ready all hope to re - sign, I pant for the light of thy face, But fear it will ne - ver be mine.

AIR.

Tenour.

AIR.

al 1. Meet and right it is to sing, In eve - ry time and place,
Glo - ry to our heaven - ly King, The God of truth and grace:
Join we then with sweet ac - cord,

All in one thanks - giv - ing join! Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, E - ter - nal praise be thine!

2. Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease:
Angels and archangels, all
Praise the mystick Three in One;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelm'd before thy throne!

3. Vieing with that heavenly choir,
Who chant thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love:
Thee, *they* sing, with glory crown'd;
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb:
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4. Father—God—thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

1. From eve - ry earth-ly plea-sure, From eve - ry tran-sient joy, From eve - ry mor-tal treasure, That soon will fade and die; No longer these de - si - ring,

2. From eve - ry piercing sorrow, That heaves our breast to-day, Or threatens us to - mor-row, Hope turns our eyes a - way; On wings of faith as-cend-ing,

3. 'Tis true, we are but strangers, And so - journ-ers be- low; And countless snares and dangers Surround the path we go: Tho' pain-ful and dis-tress-ing,

TUTTI.

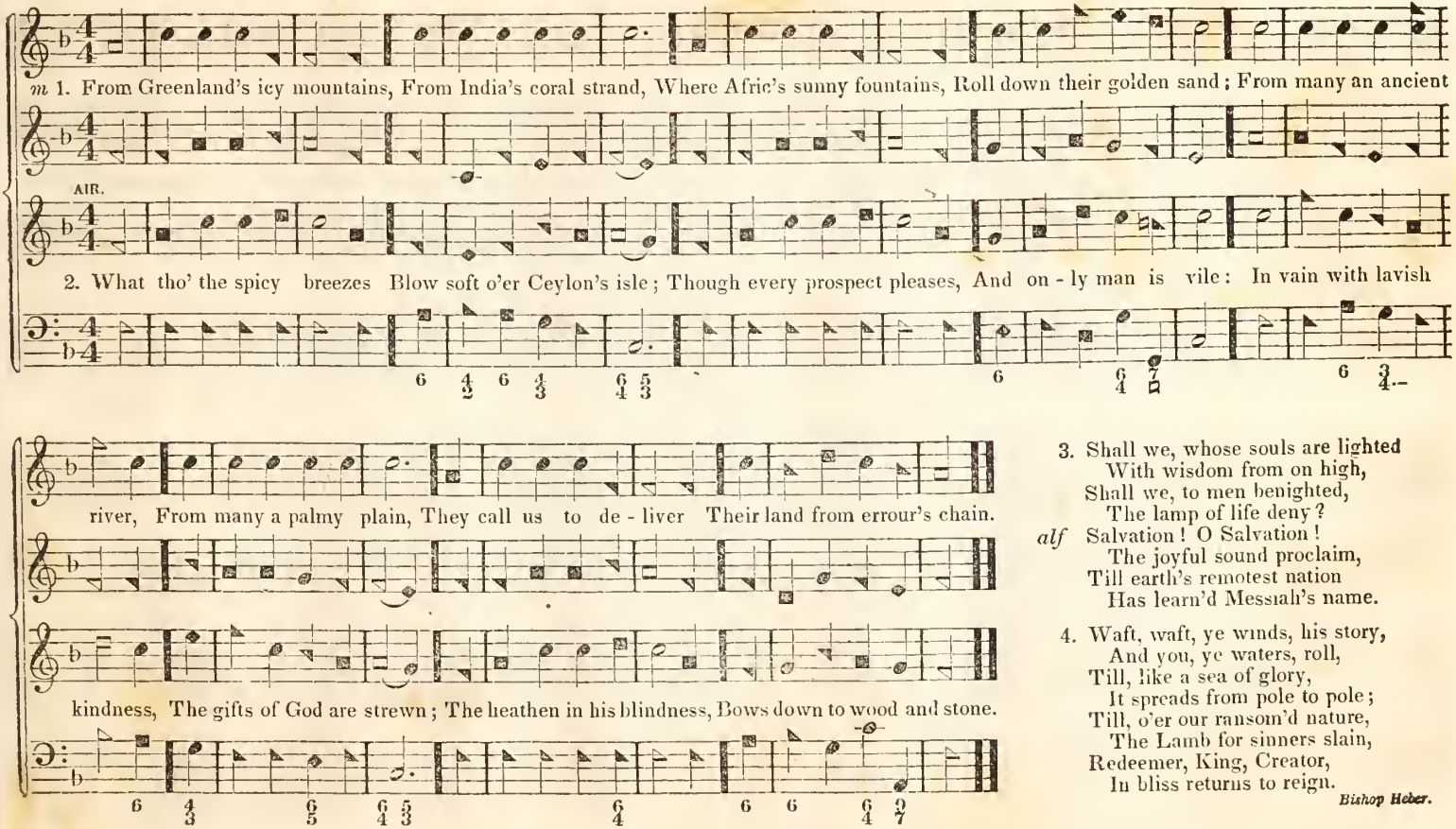
Upwards our wish-es tend, To nobler bliss as - pi - ring, And joys that ne-ver end: To nobler bliss as - pi-ring, And joys that ne - ver end.

We see the land of light, And feel our sorrows end-ing, SOLO. In in - fi-nite de - light: And feel our sorrows end-ing, In in - fi - nite de - light.

SOLO. TUTTI.

Yet there's a rest a - bove; And onward still we're pressing, To reach that land of love: And onward still we're pressing, To reach that land of love.

TUTTI.



3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
alf Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop Heber.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.*

Dr. Nares

1—2 3 FINE. D. C.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por-tion trace;—2
2—Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Tow'rds heav'n thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars de-cay, Time shall soon this earth remove:-3

FINE. D. C.

3—Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To (*omitted*) seats pre - pared a - bove.

FINE. D. C.

ENTREATY. 7s & 6s.

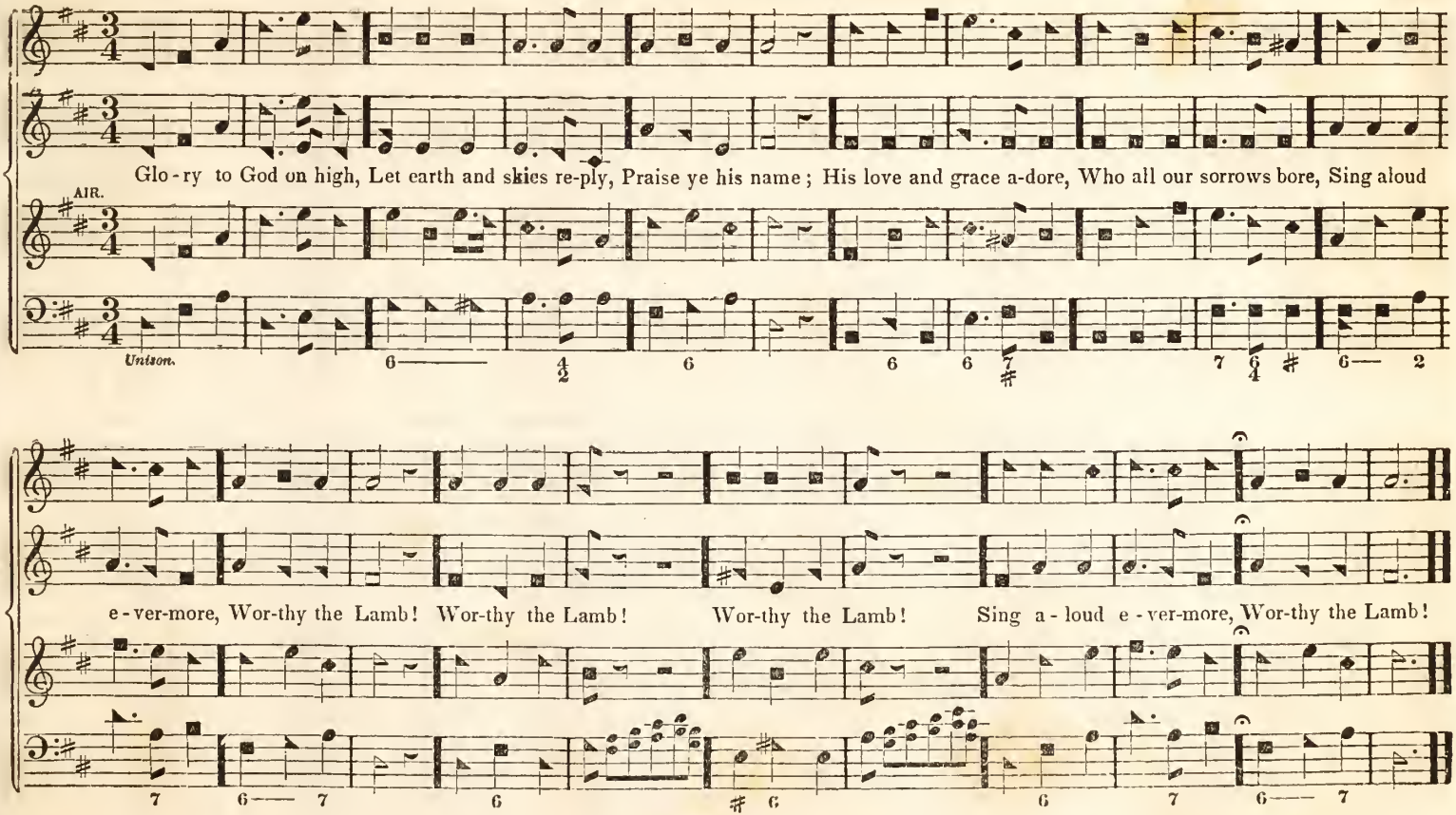
FINE. D. C.

Stop, poor sin - ner, stop and think, Be - fore you far-ther go,
AIR. Will you sport up - on the brink Of e - ver last - ing woe?
On the verge of ru - in stop, Now the friend - ly warn-ing take:—3

3—Stay your foot - steps ere they drop In - to the burn-ing lake.

D. C.

* The notes under the slur marked 1 and 2, are to be sung to the two first lines; and in singing the fourth line they are to be omitted, and those under the figure 3 taken.


AIR.
Unison.
Glo-ry to God on high, Let earth and skies re-ply, Praise ye his name; His love and grace a-dore, Who all our sorrows bore, Sing aloud
e-ver-more, Wor-thy the Lamb! Wor-thy the Lamb! Wor-thy the Lamb! Sing a-loud e-ver-more, Wor-thy the Lamb!

TRINITY. 6s & 4s.

Glardini.

Pia *Cres* *For.*

Come, thou Almigh-ty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all glo-rious, O'er all vic-to - rious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

AIR.

T. S.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s. National Hymn.

Words by S. F. Smith.

al 1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li-ber-ty--Of thee I sing: Land, where my fathers died; Land of the pilgrims' pride; From every mountain side, Let freedom ring.

2. My native country! thee—Land of the noble free—Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

AIR.

3. Let musick swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

di 4. Our father's God! to thee—Author of liberty! To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light—Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

Not too fast.

How wondrous and great Thy works, God of praise! How just, King of saints, And true, are thy ways! O who shall not fear thee, And

AIR.

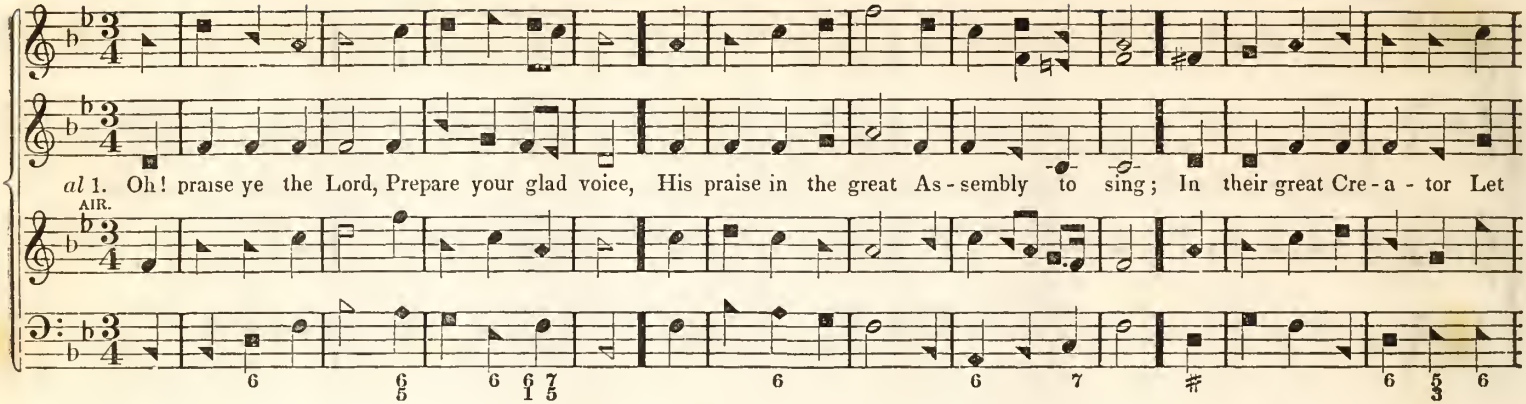
ho-nour thy name! Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme!

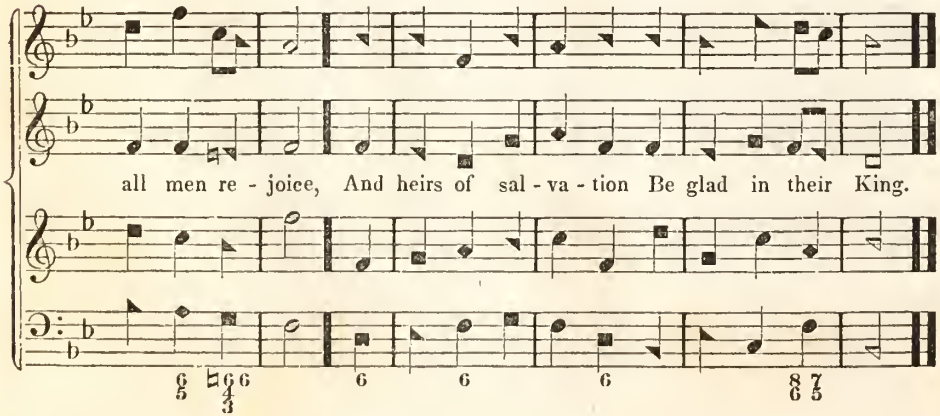
2 D

PRAISE TO GOD.

1. Oh! praise ye the Lord,
   Prepare a new song,
   And let all his saints
   In full concert join!
   With voices united
   The anthem prolong,
   And show forth his praises
   In musick divine.

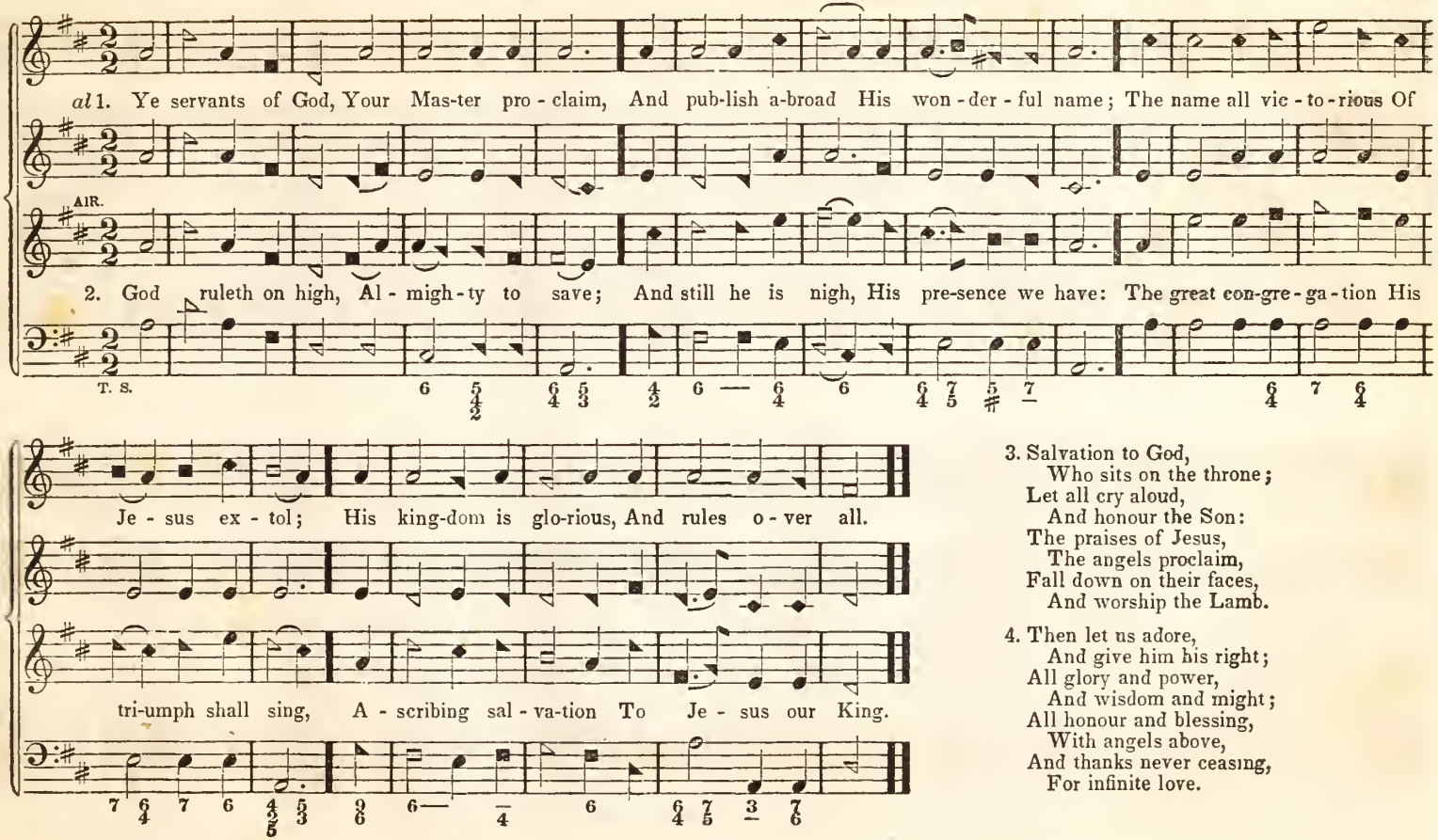
2. O worship the King,
   All-glorious above!
   O gratefully sing
   His infinite love,
   Our Shield and Defender,
   The Ancient of Days,—
   Pavilion'd in splendour,
   Surrounded with praise.





2. Let them his great name
Devoutly adore;
In loud swelling strains
His praises express,
Who graciously opens
His bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve,
And his children to bless.

3. With glory adorn'd,
His people shall sing
To God, who defence
And plenty supplies:
Their loud acclamations
To him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded,
And reach to the skies.



3. Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son:
The praises of Jesus,
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4. Then let us adore,
And give him his right;
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
For infinite love.

WALWORTH. 10s, or 10s & 11s.*

Dr. Wainwright.

Tenour.

AIR.

10s. The Lord, the sov'reign, sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and awakes the north; From east to west the sounding orders spread, Thro' distant

10s & 11s. The God of glo - ry sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and awakes the north; From east to west the sounding orders spread, Thro' distant

[1] [2] [1st close.] [3]

worlds and re - gions of the dead; No more shall atheists mock his long de - lay; His ven - geance sleeps; no more behold the day;

worlds and re - gions of the dead; The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices, Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voi - ces.

* To use this tune to 10s & 11s, or "Old 50th" measure, sing the small notes under 1, 2, 3, and omit the large ones under these references, and the first close.

AIR.

Not to our names, thou on-ly just and true, Not to our worthless names is glo-ry due; Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice claim,

Im-mor-tal honours to thy saving name: Shine thro' the earth from heav'n thy blest abode, Nor let the heathens say, 'Where is thy God!'

* 10s & 11s by omitting the slurs under the figures 1 and 2.

HAMILTON. 10s & 11s.

Tenour

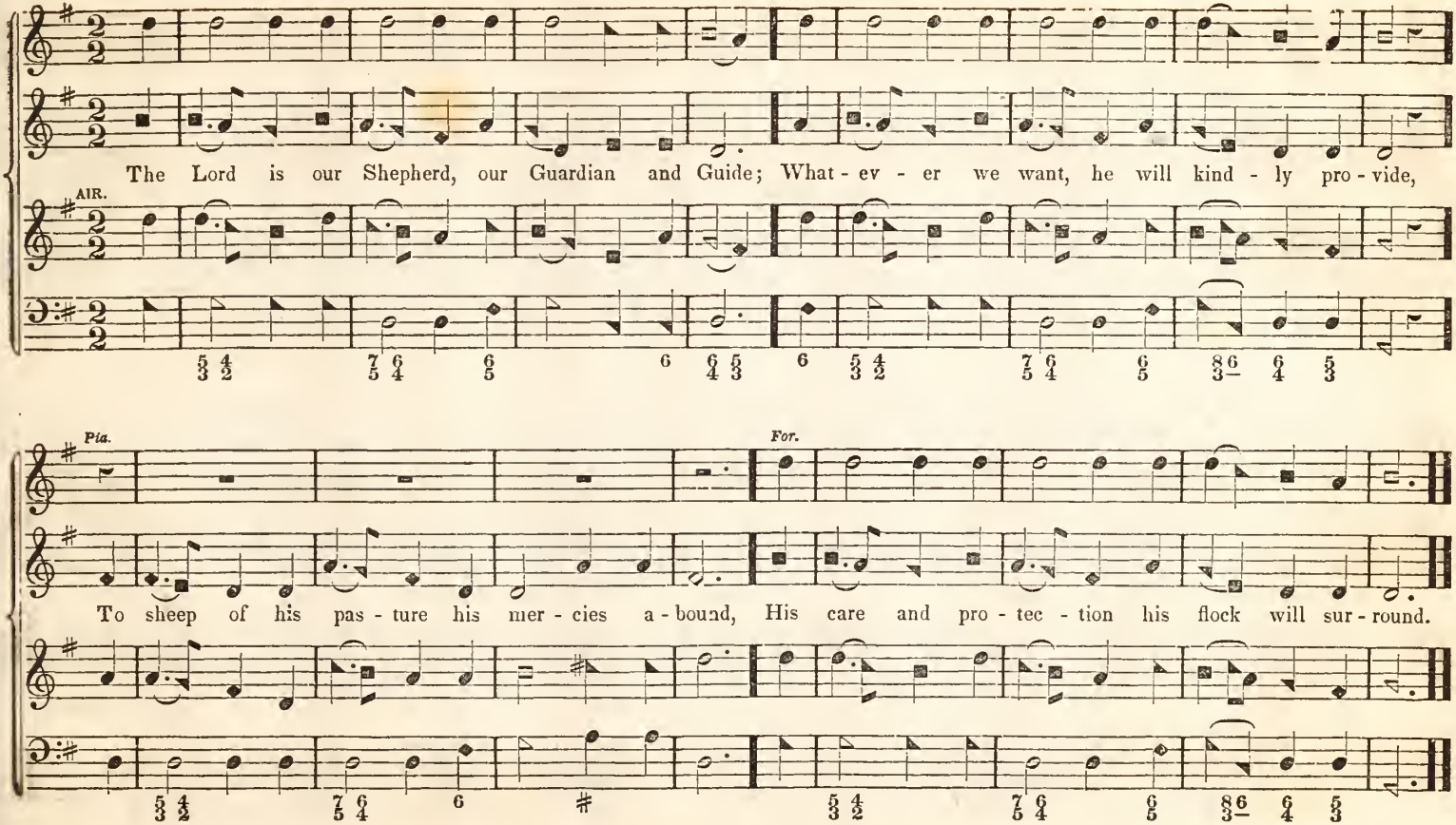
di 1. The day is far spent, the eve - ning is nigh, When we must lay down this bo - dy and die;

AIR.

2. The hours that re - main, oh, with us a - bide, And in the dark vale of death, be our guide;

Great God, we sur - ren - der our dust to thy care, But, oh! for the sum-mons our spi - rit pre - pare.

Through life's wea - ry jour - ney, thou still hast been near; And in our last moments, Lord, for us ap - pear.


AIR.
The Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and Guide; What - ev - er we want, he will kind - ly pro - vide,
Pia.
For.
To sheep of his pas - ture his mer - cies a - bound, His care and pro - tec - tion his flock will sur - round.

CORNELIA. 11s.

Miss Brackenridge.

Tenour.

al 1. Thy mer - ey, my God, is the theme of my song, The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;

AIR.

m 2. With - out thy sweet mer - cy, I could not live here, Sin soon would re - duee me to ut - ter de - spair;

Thy free grace a - lone, from the first to the last, Hath won my af - fec - tions, and bound my soul fast.

But through thy free good - ness, my spi - rits re - vive, And he that first made me still keeps me a - live.

cr 3. Thy merey in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
That open'd the ehannel of merey for me.

di 4. Great Father of mereies! thy goodness I own,
And the cov'nant love of thy crueified Son:
All praise to the Spirit, whose witness divine,
Seals merey, and pardon, and righteousness mine

al 1. Lift up your heads in joy-ful hope, Sa-lute the hap-py morn, Sa-lute the hap-py morn; Each heaven-ly power, Pro-

AIR.

TUTTI.

SOLO.

claim the glad hour, *pp* Lo! Je-sus the Sa-viour, is born, *cr* Lo! Je-sus the Sa-viour, is born.

SOLO.

TUTTI.

al 2. All glory be to God on high,
To him all praise is due;
The promise is seal'd—
The Saviour's reveal'd—
And proves that the record is true.

3. Let joy around like rivers flow,
Flow on and still increase;
Spread o'er the glad earth,
At Emmanuel's birth—
For heaven and earth are at peace.

4. Now the good will of God is shown
Towards Adam's helpless race;
Messiah is come—
To ransom his own—
To save them by infinite grace.

MENDON. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6.

Tenour.

AIR.

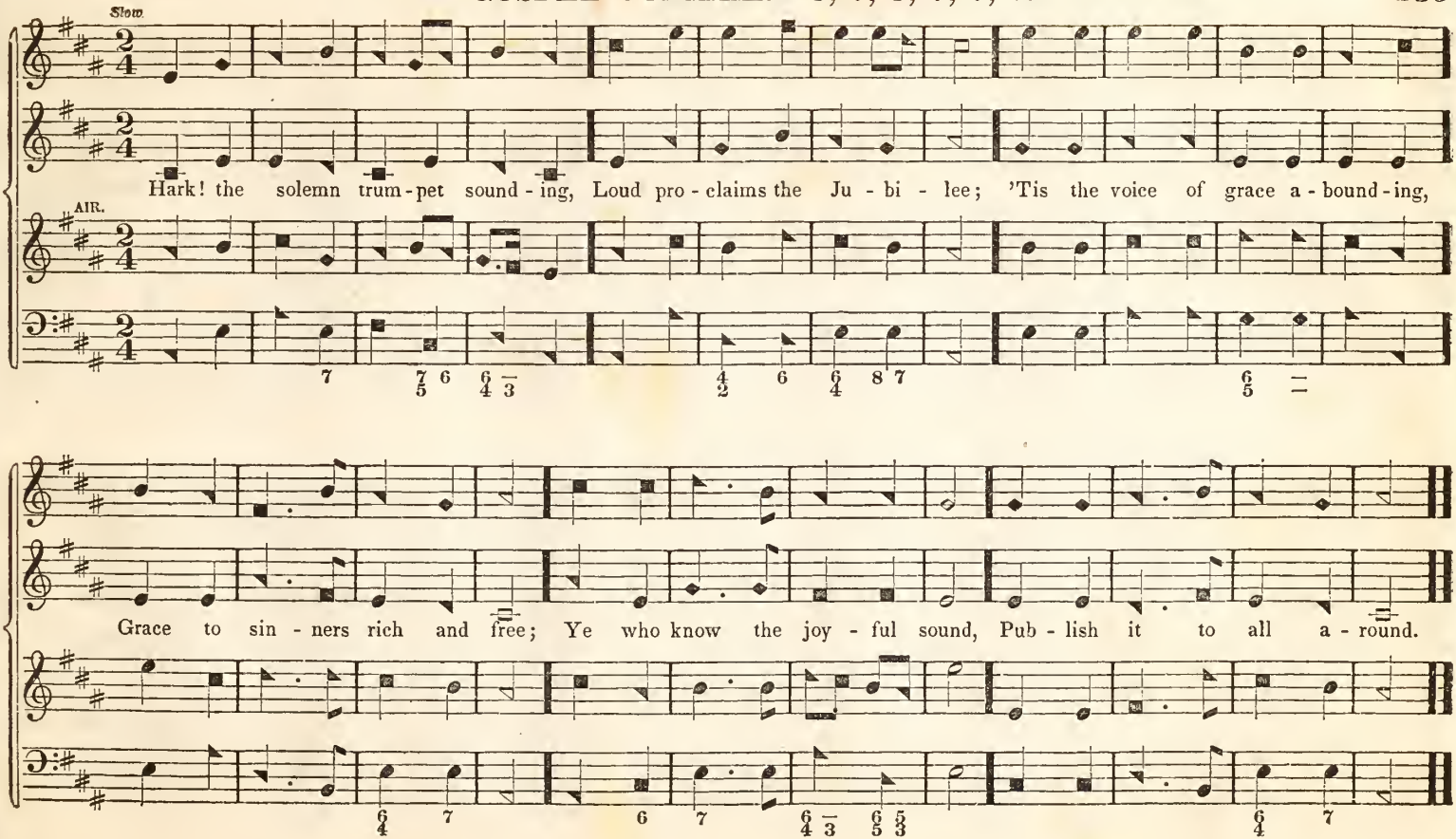
m 1. Vain, de - lu-sive world, a - dieu, With all of crea-ture good, On - ly Je - sus I'll pur - sue, Who bought me with his blood:

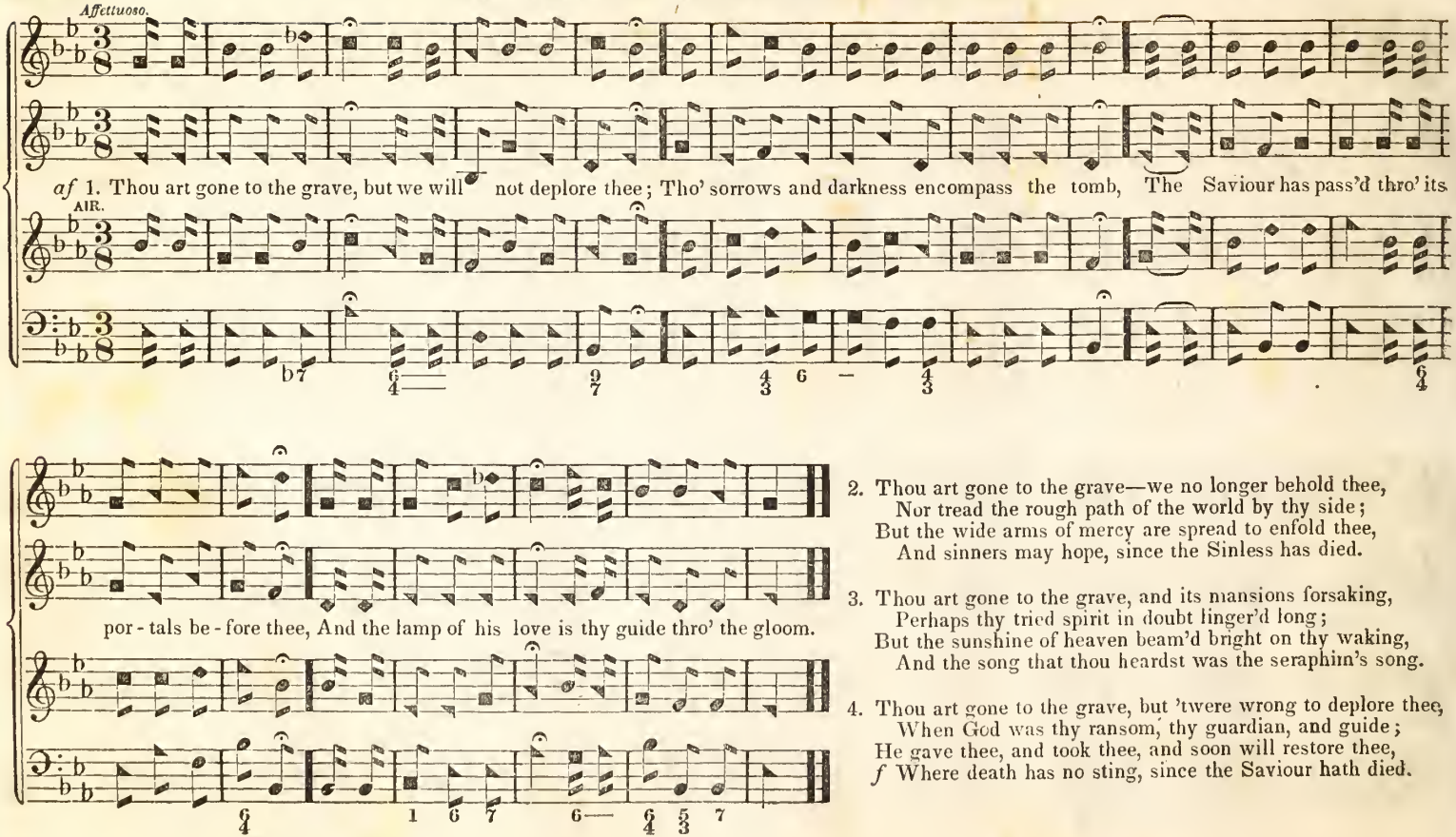
All thy plea-sure I'll fore - go, I'll tram-ple on thy wealth and pride; On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied!

2. Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless woe
The sin atoning victim died;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

3. Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his love abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

4. O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of Jesus' love;
Fain I would to sinners show,
This blood alone by faith applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!


Slow
AIR.
Hark! the solemn trum-pet sound-ing, Loud pro-claims the Ju-bi-lee; 'Tis the voice of grace a-bound-ing,
Grace to sin-ners rich and free; Ye who know the joy-ful sound, Pub-lish it to all a-round.



2. Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

3. Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the song that thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

4. Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
f Where death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

m 1. Hear what the voice from heav'n pro-claims, For all the pi - ous dead—For all the pi - ous dead! *dl* Sweet is the sa - vour

an 2. They die in Je - sus, and are bless'd; *dl* How kind their slumbers are! How kind their slum - bers are! From suff'rings and from

AIR.

an 3. Far from this world of toil and strife, They're pre - sent with the Lord; They're present with the Lord; The la - bours of their

6 6 5 6 4 #

of their names, And soft their sleep - ing bed— *p* And soft— And soft— And soft their sleep - ing bed.

sin re - leased, And freed from eve - ry snare: And freed— And freed— And freed from eve - ry snare.

SOLO.

mor - tal life *f* End in a large re - ward: End in— End in— End in a large re - ward.

6 3 2 8 9 3 7 8 7 6 5 6 5 4 3 6 6— 6 4 8 7 3

'There is an hour of peaceful rest.' [WOODLAND.]

Dolce. *From the National Church Harmony.*

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wand'rers given; There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for every wounded breast; 'Tis found a-lone in heaven.

2. There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sorrows driven; When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear but he av'n.

AIR.

3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye, The heart with anguish riven; It views the tempest passing by, Sees evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heaven.

4. There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom, And joys supreme are given; There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the dark and narrow tomb, Appears the dawn of he ven.

'Days of my youth.' [Solo or Duett.]

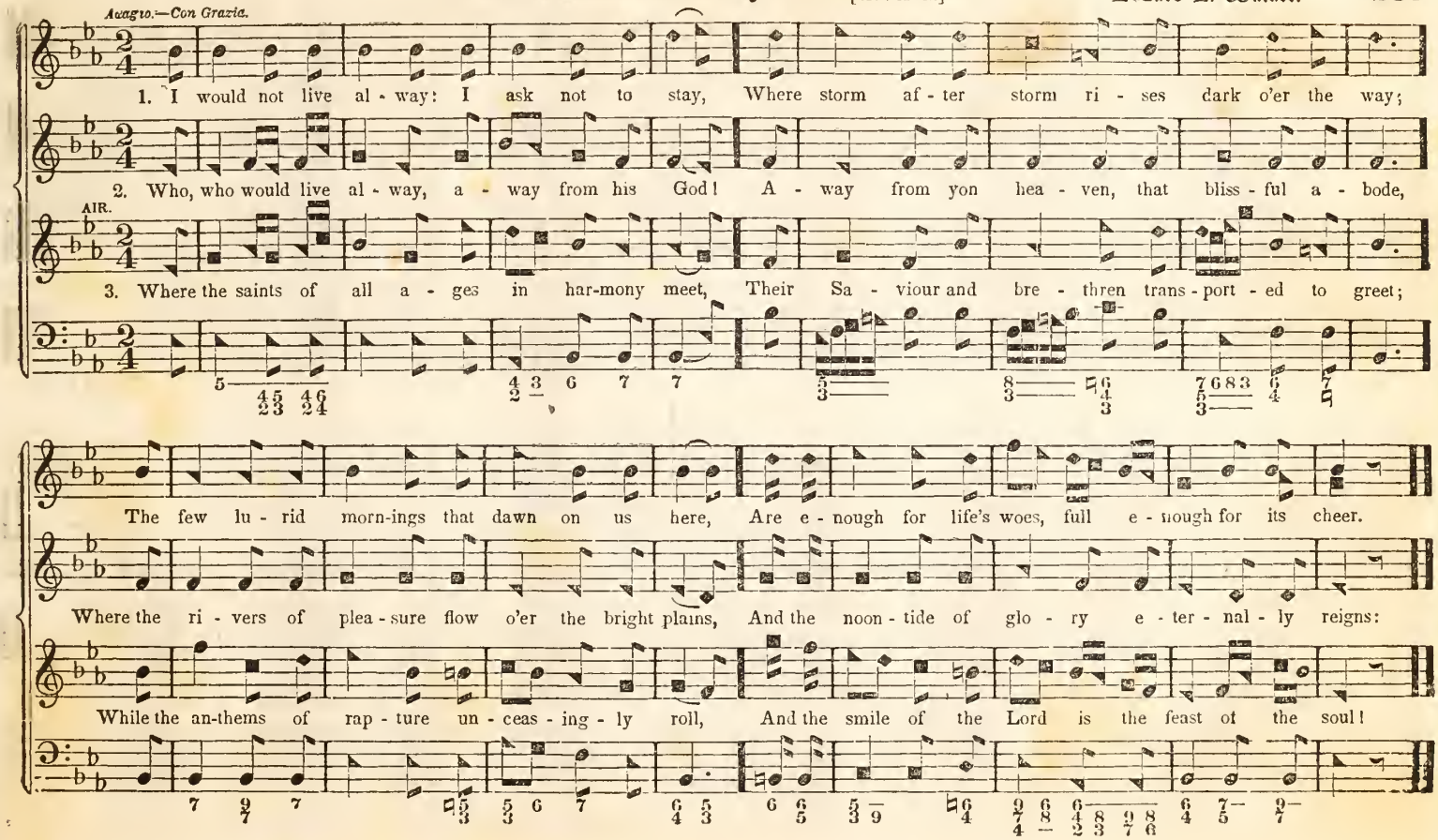
Affettuoso

1. Days of my youth, ye have glided away; Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more; Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrow'd all o'er; } Strength of my youth, all your vigour is gone; Tho'ts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Voice or Inst.

2. Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth, ye much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears ye have been;
Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay?

3. Days of my age, ye will shortly be pass'd;
Pains of my age, yet awhile can ye last;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age, be ye fix'd on your God.


Avagio.—Con Grazia.
1. I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay, Where storm af - ter storm ri - ses dark o'er the way;
2. Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God! A - way from yon hea - ven, that bliss - ful a - bode,
AIR.
3. Where the saints of all a - ges in har-mony meet, Their Sa - viour and bre - thren trans - port - ed to greet;
The few lu - rid morn-ings that dawn on us here, Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.
Where the ri - vers of plea - sure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noon - tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns:
While the an-thems of rap - ture un - ceas - ing - ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

SCOTLAND.* 12s.

'The voice of free grace.'

Dr. Clark.

Larghetto.

1. The voice of free grace cries 'E-scape to the moun-tain!' For A-dam's lost race Christ has o-pen'd a foun-tain, For sin and un-

2. Ye souls that are wounded, to the Sa-viour re-pair, Now he calls you in mer-cy — and can you for-bear? Tho' your sins are in-

1. *Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not de-plore thee; Though sorrows and darkness en-com-pass the tomb, The Sa-viour has*

clean-ness, and eve-ry trans-gres-sion: His blood flows so free-ly in streams of sal-va-tion— His blood flows so free-ly in

crea-sed as high as a mountain, His blood can re-move them—it flows from the foun-tain: His blood can re-move them— it

pass'd thro' its por-tals be-fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom: And the lamp of his love is thy

* The hymn, 'Thou art gone to the grave,' &c., may be sung to this tune by using the *small notes* where they occur, instead of the large ones, and terminating at the first double bar on page 241.

CHORUS—*for each stanza, of the 'Voice of Free Grace.'*

streams of sal - va - tion.

flows from the foun-tain. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has bought us a par - don, We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver

guide through the gloom.

Jor - dan, We'll praise him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

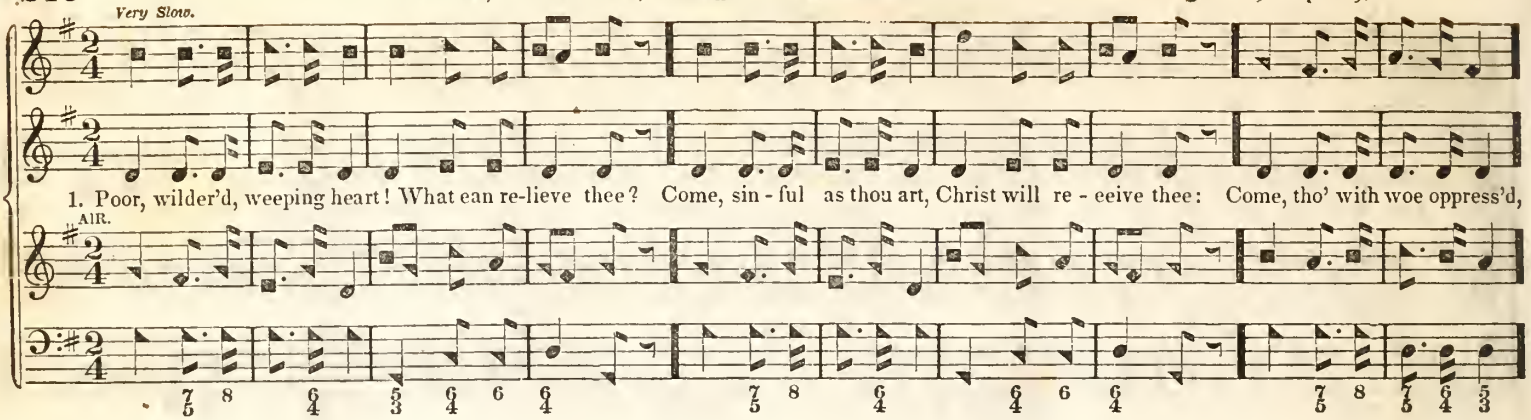
3. Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious;
With shouting proclaim it—oh, trust in his passion,
He saves us most freely—oh, precious salvation!

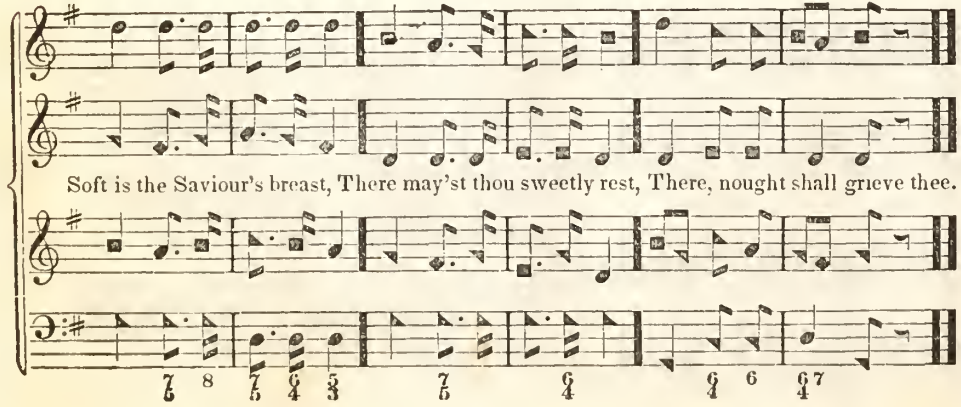
4. Our Jesus, his name now proclaims all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious:
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.

dl 5. With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever!

'Poor, wildered, weeping heart!'

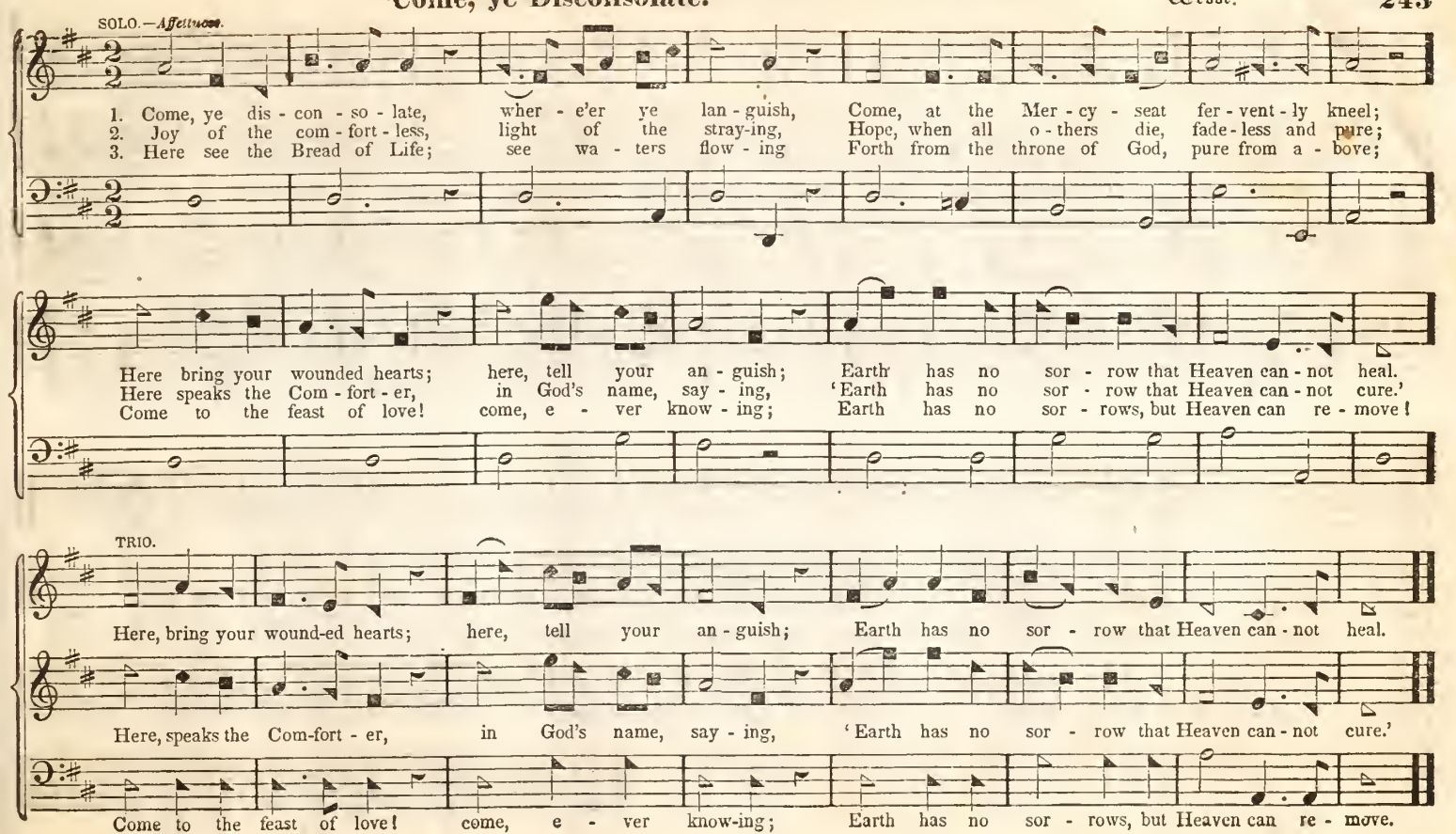
From the Spanish.

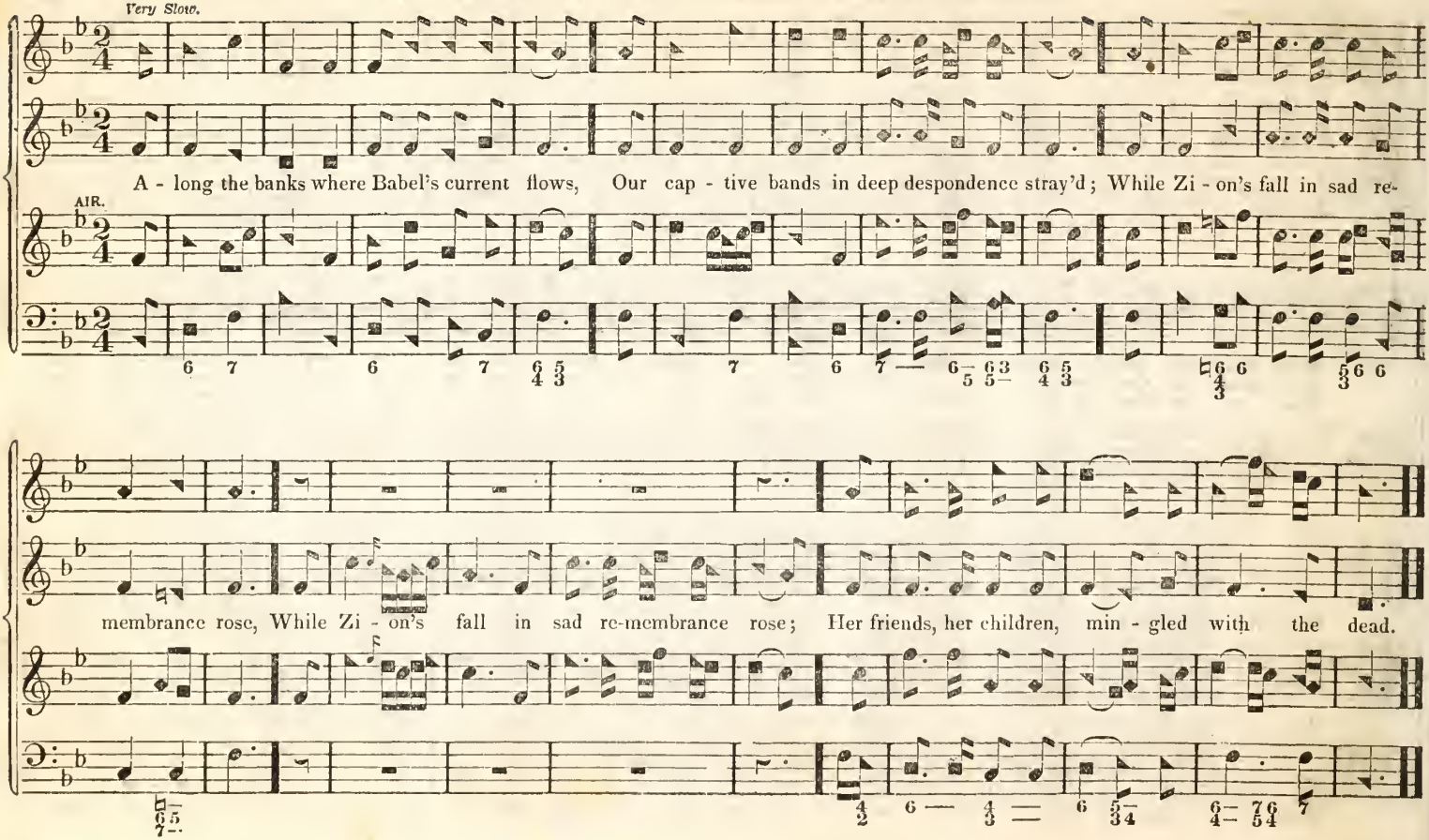




2. Come, trembling, timid soul,
Why this delaying?
Thunders, that o'er thee roll
Fall on thee straying:
Turn from destruction's ways,
Turn to the throne of grace,
There, seek thy Father's face,
Weeping and praying.

3. "Hence guilty fear and doubt,
Leave me for ever!
Lord, wilt thou cast me out?
Never—oh, never!
From unbelief of mind,
From thoughts to sin inclined,
From flesh and hell combined
Thou wilt deliver."


SOLO.—Affettuoso.
1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come, at the Mer - cy - seat fer - vent - ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray-ing, Hope, when all o - thers die, fade - less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove;
Here bring your wounded hearts; here, tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heaven can - not heal.
Here speaks the Com - fort - er, in God's name, say - ing, 'Earth has no sor - row that Heaven can - not cure.'
Come to the feast of love! come, e - ver know - ing; Earth has no sor - rows, but Heaven can re - move!
TRIO.
Here, bring your wound-ed hearts; here, tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heaven can - not heal.
Here, speaks the Com-fort - er, in God's name, say - ing, 'Earth has no sor - row that Heaven can - not cure.'
Come to the feast of love! come, e - ver know-ing; Earth has no sor - rows, but Heaven can re - move.


Very Slow.
A - long the banks where Babel's current flows, Our cap - tive bands in deep despondence stray'd; While Zi - on's fall in sad re-
AIR.
membrance rose, While Zi - on's fall in sad re-membrance rose; Her friends, her children, min - gled with the dead.

How heavy is the night.'

Words from the Assembly's Arranged Psalmody.

af 1. How hea - vy is the night, That hangs up - on our eyes; *al* Till Christ, with his re - vi - ving light, O - ver our souls a - rise!

af 2. Our guil - ty spi - rits dread To meet the wrath of Heav'n; *al* But, in his right-eous-ness array'd, We see our sins for - giv'n.

af 3. Un - ho - ly and im - pure Are all our thoughts and ways; *al* His hands in - feet - ed na - ture cure, With sanc - ti - fy - ing grace.

AIR.

af 4. The pow'rs of hell a - gree, To hold our souls in vain; *al* He sets the sons of bon-dage free, And breaks the curs - ed chain.

di 5. Lord, we a - dore thy ways, To bring us near to God; Thy sov'-reign pow'r, thy heal - ing grace, And thy a - ton - ing blood.

'Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness.'

Vivace. Staccato.

SOLO.

1. Daugh - ter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad - ness; A - wake, for thy foes shall op - press thee no more: Bright o'er thy

2. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that sub - dued them, And scat - ter'd their le - gions, was migh - ti - er far; They fled like the

AIR.

3. Daugh - ter of Zi - on, the pow'r that hath saved thee, Ex - toll'd with the harp and the tim - brel should be; Shout, for the

CHORUS.

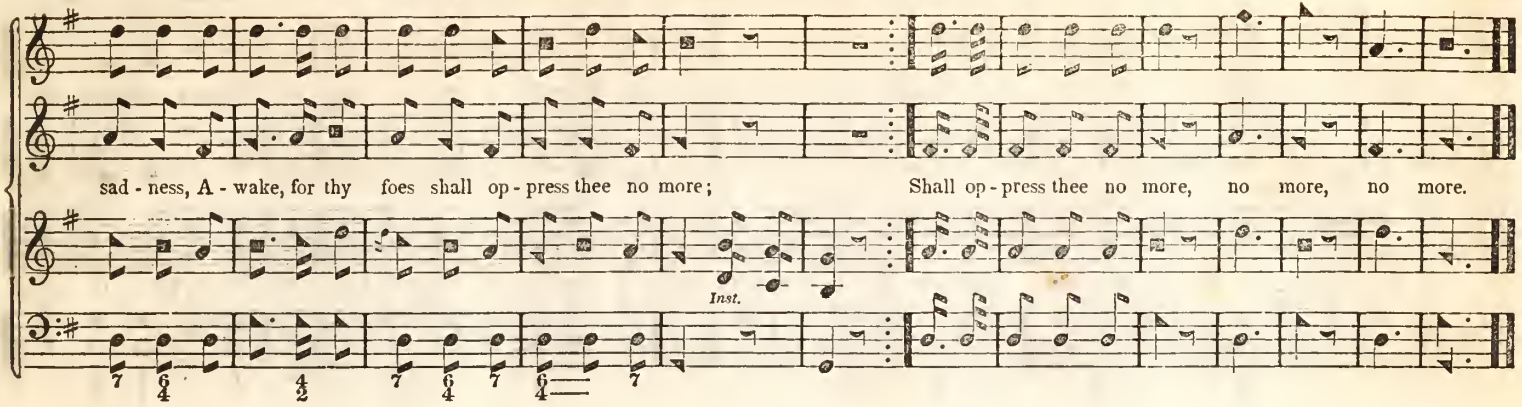
hills dawns the day - star of glad - ness; A - rise! for the night of thy sor - rows is o'er:

TUTTI.

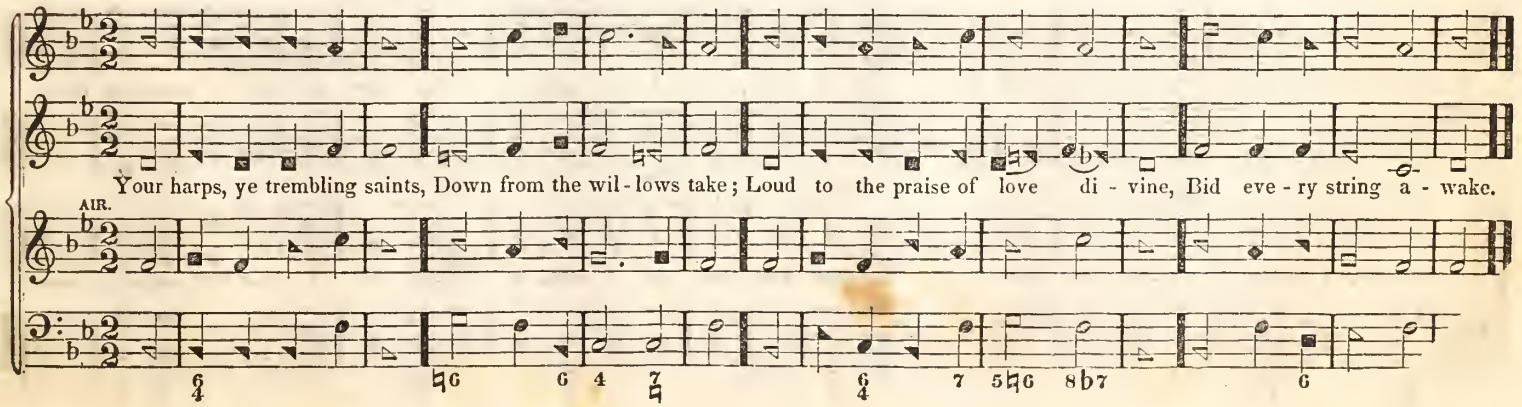
chaff from the scourge that pur - sued them; How vain were their steeds and their cha - riots of war: Daugh-ter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy

foe is de - stroy'd that en - slaved thee, Th'op-pres-sor is van-quish'd, and Zi - on is free:

TUTTI.



'Your harps, ye trembling saints.' [OLMUTZ.] Gregorian Chant.



From Jones' Evening Melodies.

al 1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid fare-well to eve - ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.

AIR.

f 3. Let cares like a wild de - luge come, And storms of sor - row fall; May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all:

2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en - gage, And hell - ish darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.

the my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest, And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

SOLO. TUTTI.

1. Happy is he that fears the Lord, And follows his com - mands, And follows his commands; Who lends the poor without re-ward,

AIR. SOLO. TUTTI.

TUTTI.

Who lends the poor without re - ward, Or gives with lib - 'ral hands.

SOLO. TUTTI.

2. As pity dwells within his breast,
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3. In times of danger and distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

4. His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

1. *fz* The Cha - riot! the Cha - riot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord co - meth down in the pomp of his ire;

2. The Glo - ry! the Glo - ry! a - round him are pour'd; Migh-ty hosts of the an - gels that wait on the Lo rd,

3. *ff* The Trum - pet! the Trum - pet! the dead have all heard; Lo! the depths of the stone - co - ver'd char - nel are stirr'd!

4. *fz* The Judg-ment! the Judg-ment! the thrones are all set, Where the Lamb and the white - vest - ed el - ders are met;

5. *di* O Mer - cy! O Mer - cy! look down from a - bove, Great Cre - a - tor, on us, thy sad chil - dren, with love!

Lo! self - mo - ving, it drives on the path - way of cloud, And the heavens with the bur - den of God - head are bow'd!

dl And the glo - ri - fied saints, and the mar - tyrs are there! And there all who the palm - leafs of vic - to - ry wear!

From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north, All the vast ge - ne - ra - tions of man are come forth!

af There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord, And the doom of e - ter - ni - ty hangs on his word!
When be - neath to their dark-ness the wick - ed are driven, May our *jus - ti - fied souls* find a *wel - come* in heaven!

Sostenuto.

di 1. Je-sus! lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the raging billows roll,—While the tempest still is high! Hide me, O my Saviour hide,

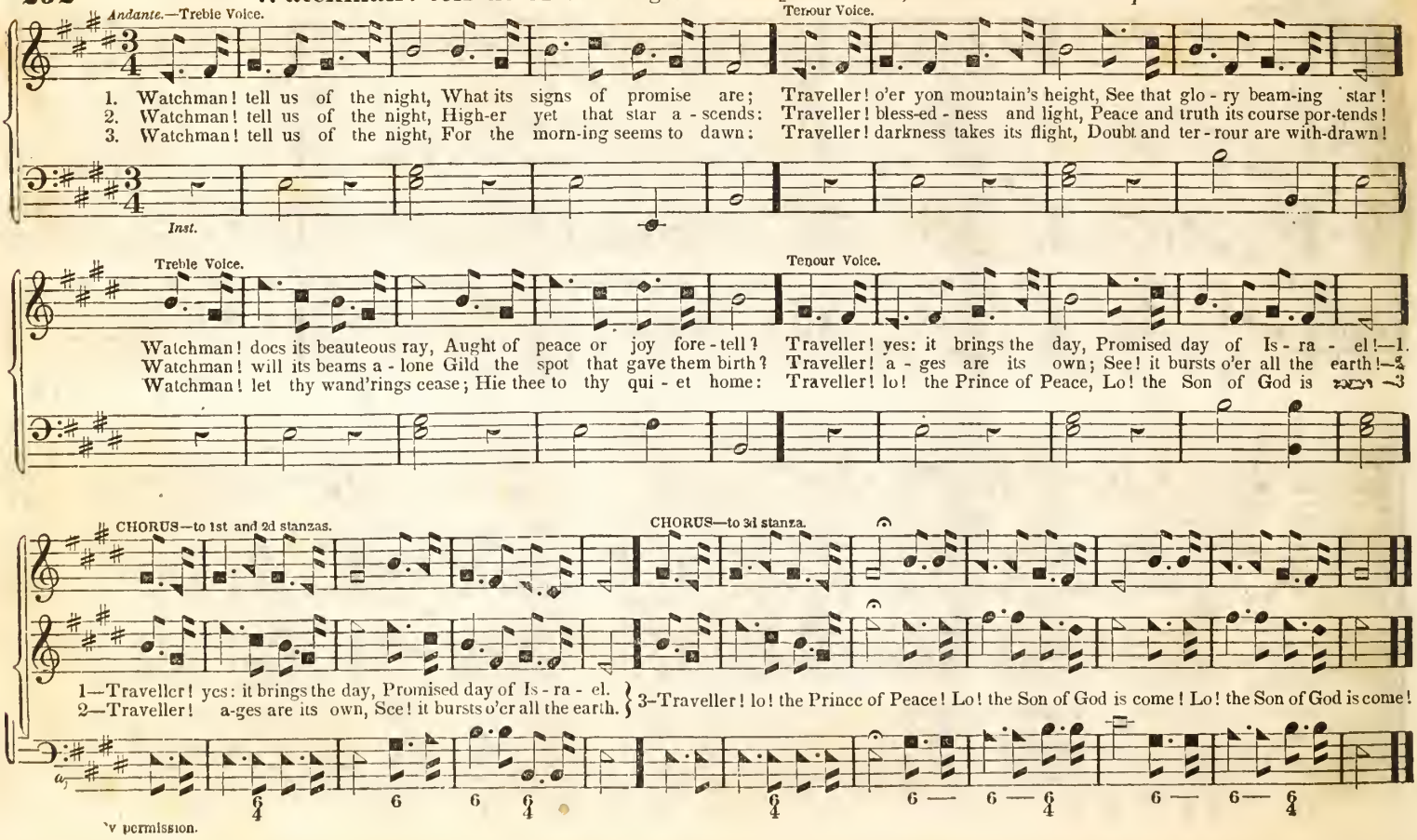
AIR.

2. Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, ah! leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me; All my trust on thee is staid,

Pia. *For.*

Till the storm of life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; O, re-ceive, O, re-ceive, O, re-ceive my soul at last.

All my help from thee I bring; Co-ver my de-fence-less head With the shadow, With the shadow, With the sha-dow



* By permission.

'Hail, the blest morn'

Second Treble.

FINE.

dl 1. Hail, the blest morn! see the great Me - di - a - tor Down from the re - gions of glo - ry de - scend! } Cold on his cra - dle the
Shepherds, go wor-ship the babe in the man - ger; Lo! for his guard the bright an - gels at - tend. }

AIR.

FINE.

An - gels a - dore him, in slumbers re - cli - ning; Wise men and shepherds be - fore him do fall.

FINE.

D. C.

dew-drops are shi - ning; Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;

D. C.

D. C.

2. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountains, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

3. Low, at his feet, we in humble prostration,
Loose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife;
There we receive his divine consolation,
Flowing afresh from the Fountain of Life!

CHORUS.

di Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.

1. All hail, the great Emmanuel's name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all:

AIR.

2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call; Praise him who shed for you his blood, And crown him Lord of all:

T. S.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

Praise him who shed for you his blood, And crown him Lord of all.

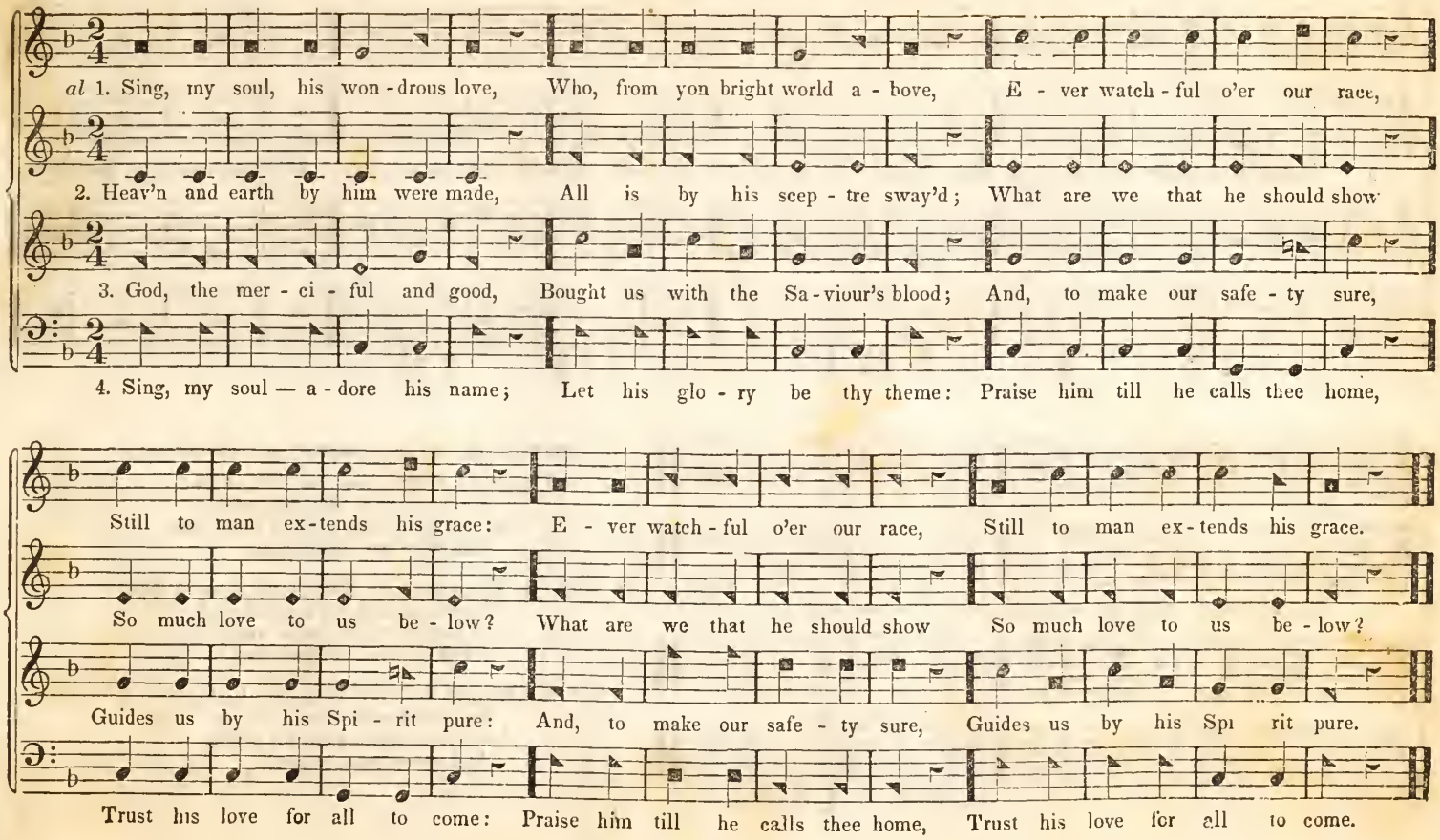
3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5. Let every kindred—every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6. Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,—
And join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

* This tune was a great favourite with the late Dr. Dwight. It was often sung by the College Choir; while he, "catching as it were the inspiration of the heavenly world, would join them, and lead them with the most ardent devotion.—*Incidents in the life of President Dwight*, p. 26.


al 1. Sing, my soul, his won - drous love, Who, from yon bright world a - bove, E - ver watch - ful o'er our race,
2. Heav'n and earth by him were made, All is by his scep - tre sway'd; What are we that he should show
3. God, the mer - ci - ful and good, Bought us with the Sa - viour's blood; And, to make our safe - ty sure,
4. Sing, my soul — a - dore his name; Let his glo - ry be thy theme: Praise him till he calls thee home,
Still to man ex - tends his grace: E - ver watch - ful o'er our race, Still to man ex - tends his grace.
So much love to us be - low? What are we that he should show So much love to us be - low?
Guides us by his Spi - rit pure: And, to make our safe - ty sure, Guides us by his Spi rit pure.
Trust his love for all to come: Praise him till he calls thee home, Trust his love for all to come.

Oh all ye lands, re-joice in God, Sing praises to his name; Let all the earth with one ac-cord, His wondrous acts pro-claim:

AIR. SOLO.

SOLO. TUTTI.

His won-drous acts pro - claim, His won-drous acts pro - claim.

TUTTI.

PRAYER FOR THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE CHURCH.

di 1. Shine, mighty God, on Zion shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through every land,
And show thy smiling face.

2. When shall thy name, from shore to shore
Sound through the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

f 3. Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

al 1. Sing to the Lord in joy - ful strains, Let earth his praise re - sound; Let all the cheer - ful na - tions join—

SOLO.

AIR.

3. Till, midst the strains of dis - tant lands, The is - lands sound his praise; And all, combined, with one ac - cord—

SOLO.

TUTTI.—*Pia.* *For.*

Let all the cheer - ful na - tions join To spread his glo - ry round— To spread his glo - ry round.

And all, com-bined, with one ac - cord, Je - ho - vah's glo - ries raise— Je - ho - vah's glo - ries raise.

TUTTI.—*Pia.* *For.*

Safely through another week.'*

[SABBATH MORNING.]

L. Mason

1. Safe-ly through a - no-ther week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in his courts to-day;

2. While we seek sup-plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name, Show thy re-con-cil-ing face, Take a-way our sin and shame:

3. Here we're come thy name to praise, Let us feel thy presence near; May thy glo-ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap-pear:

4. May the gos-pel's joy-ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace a-bound; Bring re-lief for all com-plaints:

TUTTI.

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest— Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest!

From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee: From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.

Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our e-ver-last-ing feast: Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our e-ver-last-ing feast.

SOLO.

Such let all our sab-baths prove, Till we join the church a-bove: Such let all our sab-baths prove, Till we join the church a-bove.

TUTTI.

* From the Handel and Haydn Society's Collection, by permission.

an 1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hasted through the former year, Many souls their race have run, Ne - ver more to meet us here:

al 2. As the wing-ed ar - row flies, Speedi - ly the mark to find; As the light-ning from the skies, Darts and leaves no trace be - hind;

di 3. Thanks for mer - cies past re - ceive, Par - don of our sins re - new, Teach us henceforth how to live, With e - ter - ni - ty in view:

Fix'd in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low; We a lit - tle longer wait, But how lit - tle none can know.

Swift - ly thus our fleet - ing days Bear us down life's rapid stream; *di ad* Upward, Lord, our spirits raise; All be - low is but a dream.

Bless thy word to young and old, Fill us with a Saviour's love; And when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with thee a - bove.

'When all thy mercies, O my God.' [ANNANDALE.

Pia *Cres.*

Tran-sport-ed with the view I'm lost,

Transport-ed with the view I'm lost,

1. When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ri-sing soul sur-veys; Transport-ed with the view I'm lost,— Tran-sport-ed

AIR.

Transport-ed with the view I'm lost,

For.

with the view I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.

2. Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3. When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

4. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5. Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Second Treble.

dl 1. Yes, my na - tive land, I love thee; All thy scenes, I love them well; Friends, con-nec-tions, hap-py country, *af* Can I bid you all Farewell?

AIR.

dl 2. Home, thy joys are passing love - ly, Joys no stranger's heart can tell; Hap - py home, 'tis sure I love thee, *af* Can I, can I say Fare-well?

Can I leave you, can I leave you, Can I leave you, far in heathen lands to dwell? Can I leave you, far in heathen lands to dwell?

Can I leave thee, can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, far in heathen lands to dwell? Can I leave thee, far in heathen lands to dwell?

p 3. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell;
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
af Can I say a last farewell!
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

al 4. Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well,
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

m 5. In the desert let me labour,
On the mountains let me tell
cr How he died, the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell!
al Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

al 6. Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds the canvass swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell,
Glad I leave thee,
Native land, farewell! farewell!

* This popular piece, together with the accompanying hymn, were found in the 'Evangelist,' a spirited religious newspaper, published in the city of New-York.

'They have gone to the land.' [PALESTINE.]

From the Musica Sacra.

1. They have gone to the land where the pa-tri-archs rest, Where the bones of the pro-phets are laid; Where the cho-sen of Is-rael the promise pos - sess'd,

dl 2. They have gone to the land where the Gospel's glad sound, Sweetly tuned by the an-gels a - bove, Was re-echoed on earth through the regions a - round,

al 3. They have gone—the glad heralds of mercy have gone, To the land where the martyrs once bled; Where the 'Beast and False Prophet' have since trodden down

And Je - ho - vah his won-ders dis-play'd: *p* To the land where the Saviour of sin-ners once trod, *dim* Where he labour'd, and languish'd, and bled:

In the ac - cents of hea - ven - ly love: Where the Spi - rit de-scend-ed in to - kens of flame, The rich gifts of his grace to re - veal:

The fair fa - brick that Zi - on had laid: Where the churches, once plant-ed, and water'd, and blest With the dews which the Spi - rit dis - till'd,

'They have gone to the land.' [CONCLUDED.]

f Where he triumph'd o'er death, and ascend - ed to God, As he captive cap - ti - vi - ty led.

Where a-pos-tles wrought signs in Em-man-u - el's name, The truth of their mission to seal.

Have been smit-ten, de-spoil'd, and by hea-then pos - sess'd; And the places that knew them de-filed.

Inst.

1. They have gone—O, thou Shepherd of Israel, have gone
The glad mission in love to restore;
Thou wilt not forsake them, nor leave them alone;
Thy blessing we humbly implore.
Thy blessing go with them—O, be thou their shield
From the shafts of the Fowler that fly;
O, Saviour of sinners, thine arm be reveal'd
In mercy, in might, from on high.

'All hail! the great Emmanuel's name.' [HARBOROUGH.]

Shrubsole.

Cres. *For.*

All hail, the great Emmanuel's name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And Crown him, Crown him, Crown him, Crown him Lord of all.

AIR. *Pia.*

Second Treble.—*Dolce.*

1. Soft be the gent - ly breath-ing notes, That sing my Sa - viour's dy - ing love; Soft as the eve - ning

AIR.

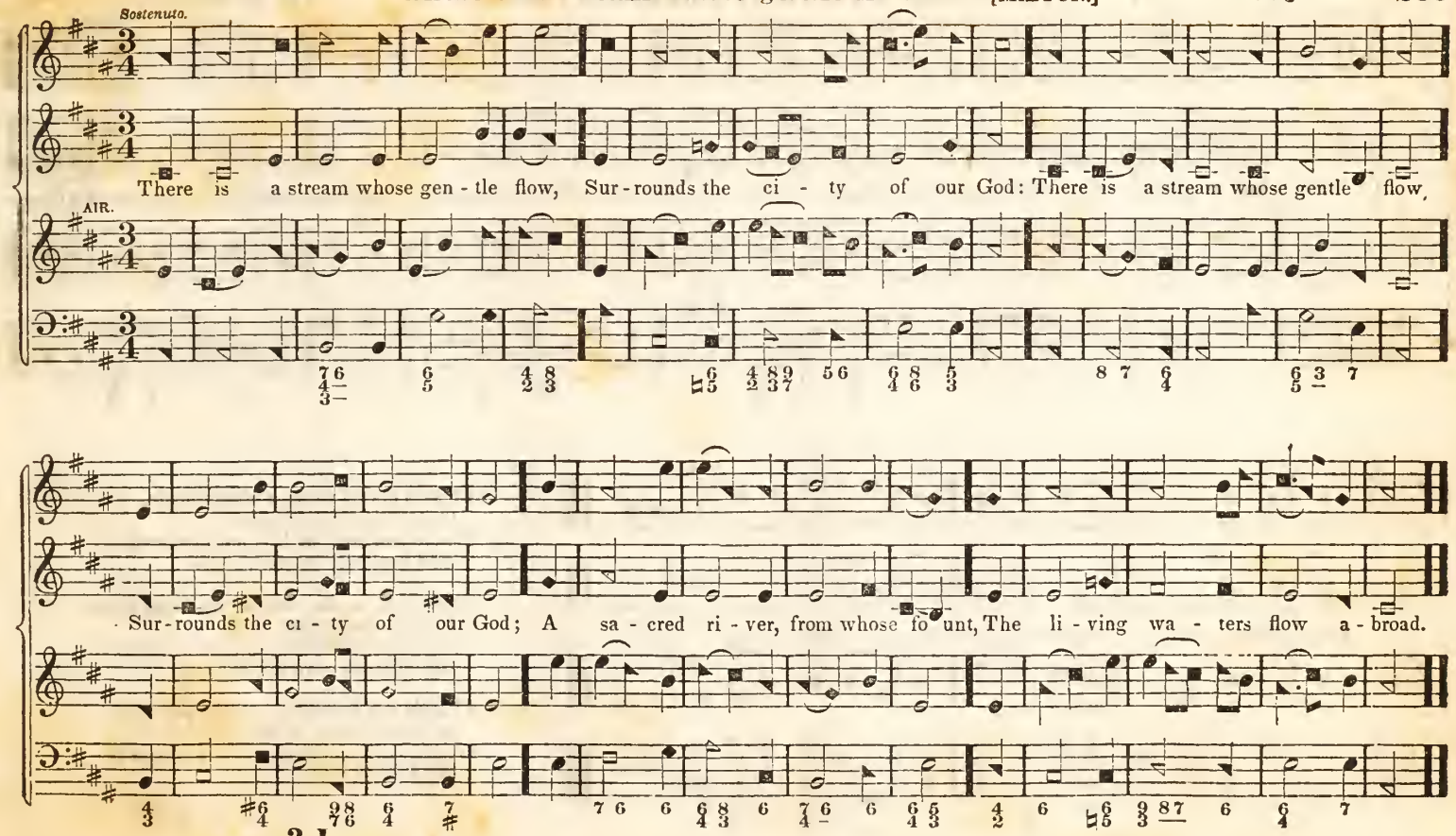
2. Soft as the morn - ing dews de-scend, While the sweet lark ex - ult - ing sings; So soft, to your Al-

ze - phyr floats, Soft as the tune - ful choirs a - bove.

migh - ty Friend, Be eve - ry - sigh your bo - som pours.

3. Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid ear of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker GOD.

4. True as the magnet to the pole,
So true let your contrition be,—
So true let all your sorrows roll,
To Him who bled upon the tree.


Sostenuto.
There is a stream whose gen - tle flow, Sur - rounds the ci - ty of our God: There is a stream whose gentle flow,
AIR.
Sur - rounds the ci - ty of our God; A sa - cred ri - ver, from whose fo unt, The li - ving wa - ters flow a - broad.

'There's not a tint that paints the rose.'

W. M. Brigham.

From the Family Minstrel.

Andantino.

1. There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the li - ly fair, Or streaks the humblest flow'r that glows, But Heav'n has placed it there

AIR.

Or streaks the humblest flow'r that glows, But Heav'n has placed it there.

2. There's not of grass, a single blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not display'd,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

3. There's not a star, whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But Heaven gave it birth.

4. There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,—
For God is every where.

1. We come with joy and glad-ness To breathe our songs of praise; Nor let one note of sad-ness Be mingled in our lays;

2. The sound is wax-ing stronger, And thrones and na-tions hear,— Proud man shall rule no long-er, For God, the Lord, is near:

AIR.

3. And then shall sink the mountains, Where pride and power are crown'd, *p* And peace, like gen-tle foun-tains, Shall shed its pure-ness round.

6 7 6 6/5 7 6/5 7/6

For 'tis a hallow'd sto-ry, This theme of freedom's birth; Our fa-ther's deeds of glo-ry Are echoed round the earth.

And he will crush op-pres-sion, And raise the hum-ble mind, And give the earth's pos-ses-sion Among the good and kind.

di O God! we would a-dore thee, And in thy sha-dow rest; Our fa-thers bow'd be-fore thee, And trust-ed, and were bless'd.

8/3 4/2 6/4 6 7 6 6/4 5/3 7 6 7 8/4 6 6/4 7

'Who is this that comes from Edom?' [BEDELL.]

By the late Benj. Carr.

Second Treble.

AIR.

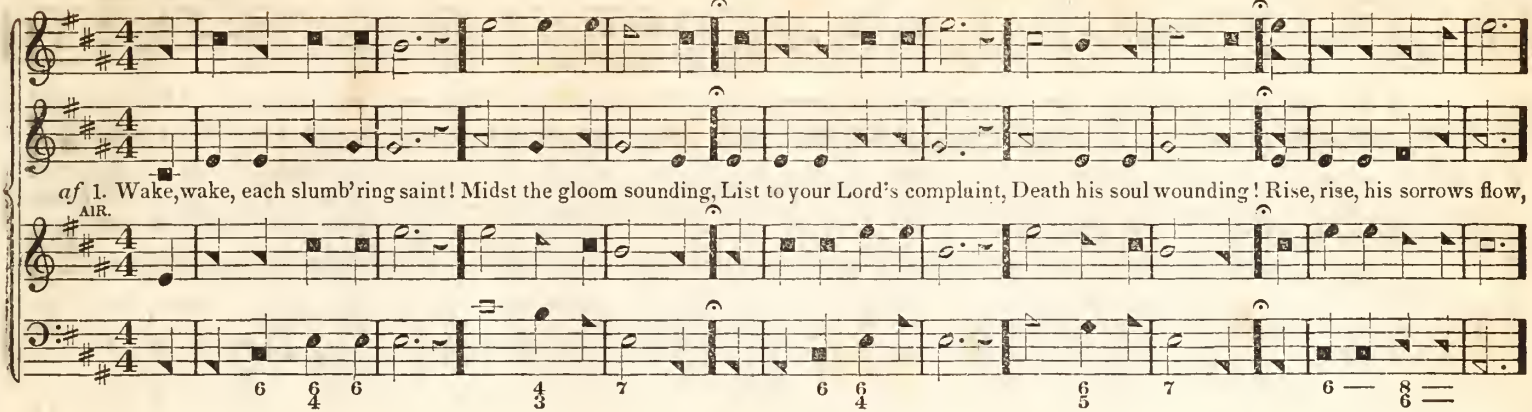
m 1. Who is this that comes from E - dom? All his rai-ment stain'd with blood; To the cap - tive speak - ing free - dom,

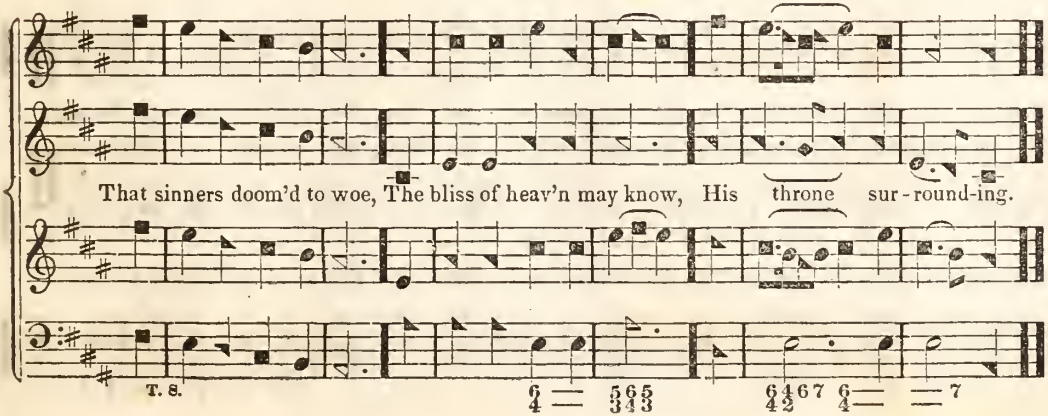
Bring - ing and bestowing good; *cr* Glorious in the garb he wears, Glorious in the spoil he bears— Glo-rious in the spoil he bears?

f 2. 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Trav'lling onward in his might;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To his people, is the sight!
Satan conquer'd, and the grave;
Jesus now is strong to save.

m 3. Why that blood his raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of his foes there's none remaining,
Now the contest to maintain;
Fall'n are they, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

an f 4. Mighty Victor, reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won!
Never shall thy people, never,
Cease to sing what thou hast done!
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou hast heal'd thy people's woes!





al 2. Hail—hail our gracious Lord—
God's Son, our Saviour:
Send o'er the earth his Word,
Of grace the savour:
Far—far make known his love,
Whilst sinners come and prove
Its sweetness, far above
The world's frail favour.

f 3. Loud—loud, O let us sing,
With bosoms glowing;
And off'rings freely bring,
Before him bowing:
Bright—bright his glories shine,
All beauteous and benign,
Whilst yet his grace divine
O'er earth is flowing. *Welwood.*

'Now be the Gospel Banner.'

Tenour.—*Allegro.* *From the Musica Sacra.*

1. Now be the gos - pel ban - ner In eve - ry land un - furl'd, And be the shout Ho - san - na, Re - e - cho'd thro' the world;
2. What tho' th'embat-tled le - gious Of earth and hell com - bine? His arm throughout their re - gions Shall soon in ter - rour shine:

AIR.

3. Yes, thou shalt reign for - e - ver, O Je - sus, King of kings; Thy light, thy love, thy fa - vour, Each ransom'd cap - tive sings:

Till eve - ry isle and na - tion, Till eve - ry tribe and tongue, Re-ceive the great sal - va - tion, And join the hap - py throng:
Gird on thy sword vic - to - rious, Em-ma-nuel, Prince of Peace, Thy tri - umph shall be glo - rious, Ere yet the bat - tle cease:

RESPONSE.

The isles for thee are wait - ing, The de-serts learn thy praise; The hills and val - leys greet - ing, The song re - sponsive raise:

'Now be the Gospel Banner. [Concluded.]

CHORUS—*for each stanza.*

Now be the gos - pel banner In eve - ry land un - furl'd, And be the shout Ho - san - na Re - e - cho'd thro' the world.

'Hosanna to the Prince of Light.' [DELACOURT.]

J. Stebens.

And tore the bars a - way.

Ho - sanna to the Prince of Light, That clothed himself in clay; Enter'd the i - ron gates of death, And tore - - - - the bars a - way.

AIR.

And tore the bars a - way.

'Morn of Zion's Glory.' [BRIGHAM.*]

J. C. Andrews.

Con Animato.

1. Morn of Zi-on's glo-ry, Bright-ly thou art break-ing, Ho-ly joys thy light is waking; Morn of Zi-on's glo-ry,— An-cient

2. Morn of Zi-on's glo-ry, Eve-ry hu-man dwell-ing, With thy notes of joy is swelling; Morn of Zi-on's glo-ry,— Dis-tant

SOLO.

AIR.

SOLO.

3. Morn of Zi-on's glo-ry, Now the night is ri-ven, New the star is high in heaven; Morn of Zi-on's glo-ry,— Joy-ful

T. S.

TUTTI.

saints fore-told thee, Se-raph-an-gels glad be-hold thee; See them glide, Far and wide, Streams of rich sal-va-tion, Flow to eve-ry na-tion.

hills are ring-ing, E-choed voi-ces sweet are sing-ing; Haste thee on, Like the sun, Paths of splendour tra-cing, Heathen midnight cha-sing.

TUTTI.

hearts are bound-ing, Hal-le-lu-jahs now are sounding; Peace with men, Dwells a-gain, Je-sus reigns for-e-ver! Je-sus reigns for-e-ver!

TUTTI.

* Published by permission of C. Dingley, the Proprietor

SOLO.

SOLO.

1. Long as I live I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love; My work and joy shall be the same, My work and joy shall be the same

AIR. SOLO. SOLO.

TUTTI.

My work and joy shall be the same, In the bright world above.

TUTTI.

2. Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3. Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4. Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5. Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With publick splendour shown.

al 1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeem - er's praise; He just - ly claims a song from thee, His loving - kindness,

2. He saw me ru - in'd in the fall, Yet loved me not - withstand-ing all; He saved me from my lost e - state, His loving - kindness,

AIR.

3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose, He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His loving - kindness,

CHORUS.—*Pia.* *For.*

O how free! His lo-ving - kind-ness— His loving - kindness, O how free!

O how great! His loving - kindness— His loving - kindness, O how great!

O how strong! His loving - kindness— His loving - kindness, O how strong!

Pia.

4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!

m 5. Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
al But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

m 6. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;—
di O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

al 7. Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day;
f And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

al 1. Sing Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord! Sing with a cheer - ful voice; Ex - alt our God with one ac - cord, And in his name re - joice:

AIR.

2. There we to all e - ter - ni - ty Shall join th'an-ge - lick lays; And sing in per - fect har - mo - ny To God our Sa-viour's praise.

T. S.

Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost! Un - til in realms of end-less light, Your praises shall u - nite.

"He hath re-deem'd us by his blood, And made us kings and priests to God:" For us, for us, the Lamb was slain, Praise ye the Lord, A - men.

'While life prolongs its precious light.'

Mr. E. Stephens.

SYMPHONY.

tr tr tr

Affettuoso.

While life pro-longs its pre - cious light,

AIR.

6 #6 4 3 6 5 7 8 — 6 8 7 6 # 8 5 4

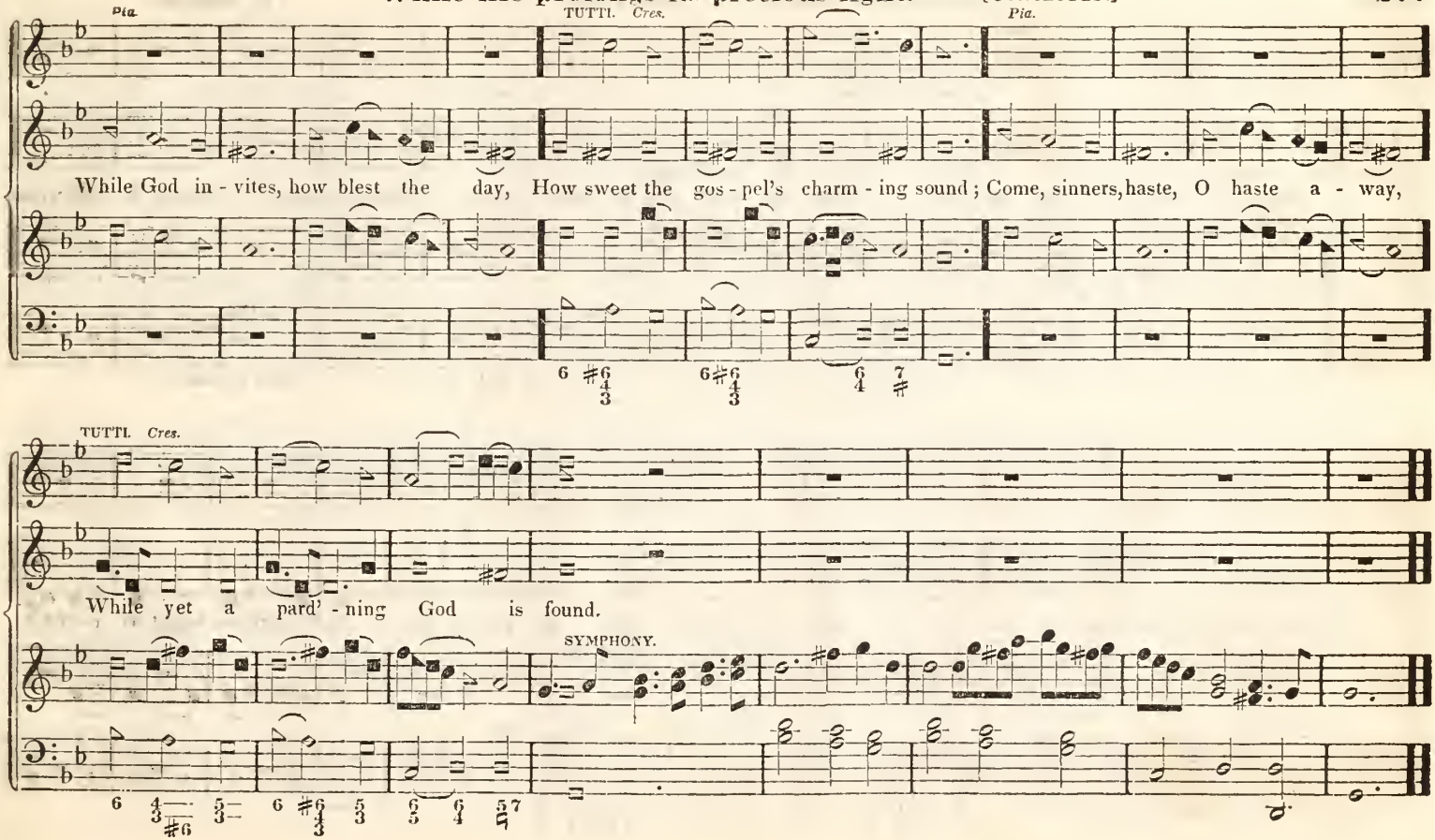
P. P. Pia. Cres. TUTTI. Expressivo.

Mer-cy is found, and peace is given; SOLO. But soon, ah soon, ap - proach - ing night; Shall blot out eve-ry hope—eve-ry hope of heav'n.

SOLO.

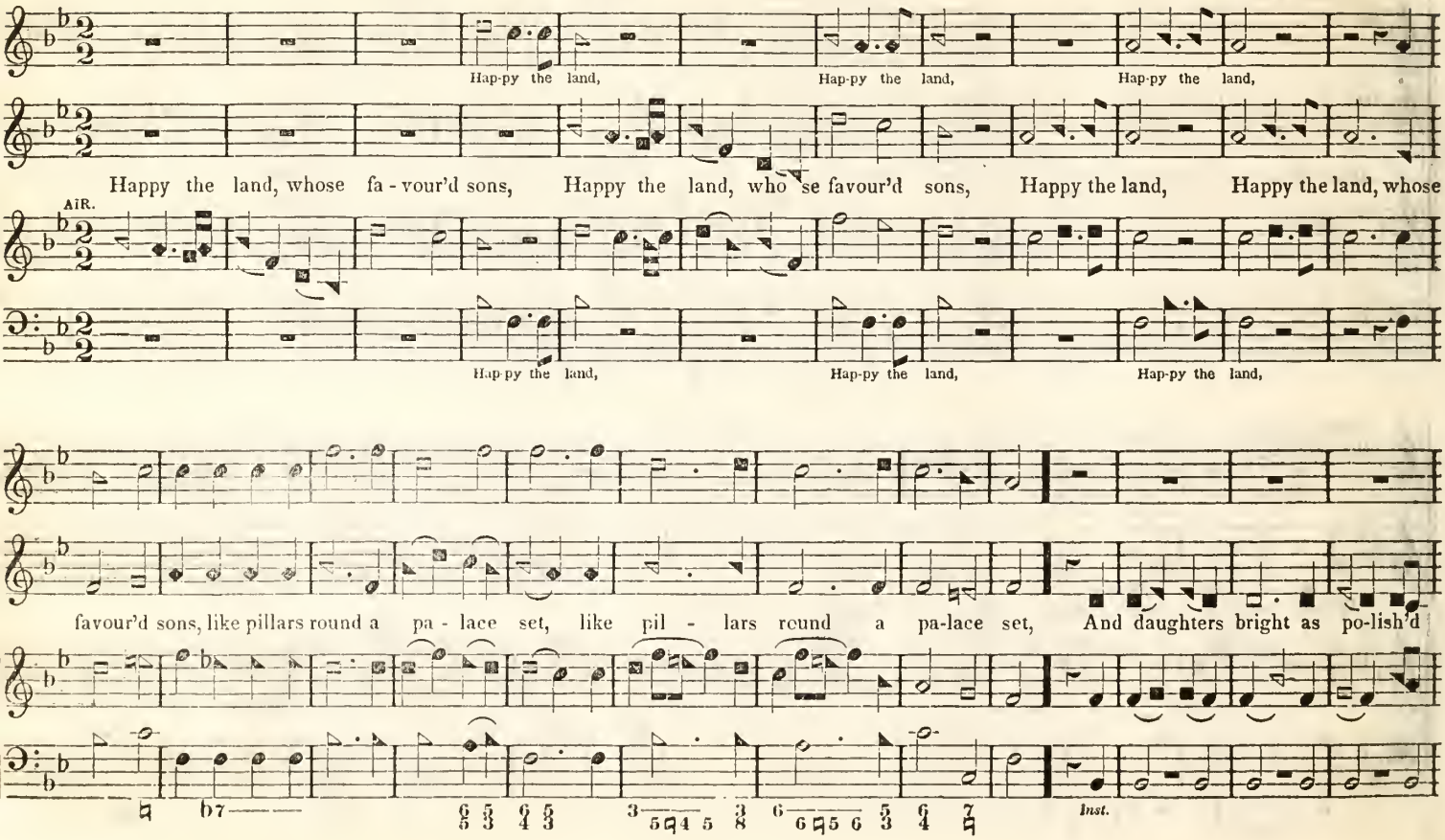
TUTTI.

6 4 4 3 6—7 5 8 6 3 6 4 5 6—5 6 6 6 4


Pia.
TUTTI. Cres.
Pia.
While God in - vites, how blest the day, How sweet the gos - pel's charm - ing sound; Come, sinners, haste, O haste a - way,
TUTTI. Cres.
While yet a pard' - ning God is found.
SYMPHONY.

'Happy the land.' [PASTORAL GLEE.]

T. Hastings.



stones, And daughters bright as po - lish'd stones, Give strength and beauty, Give strength and beauty, Give strength and beau - ty to the state.

Voice.

'Now the shades of night are gone.'

Von Weber.

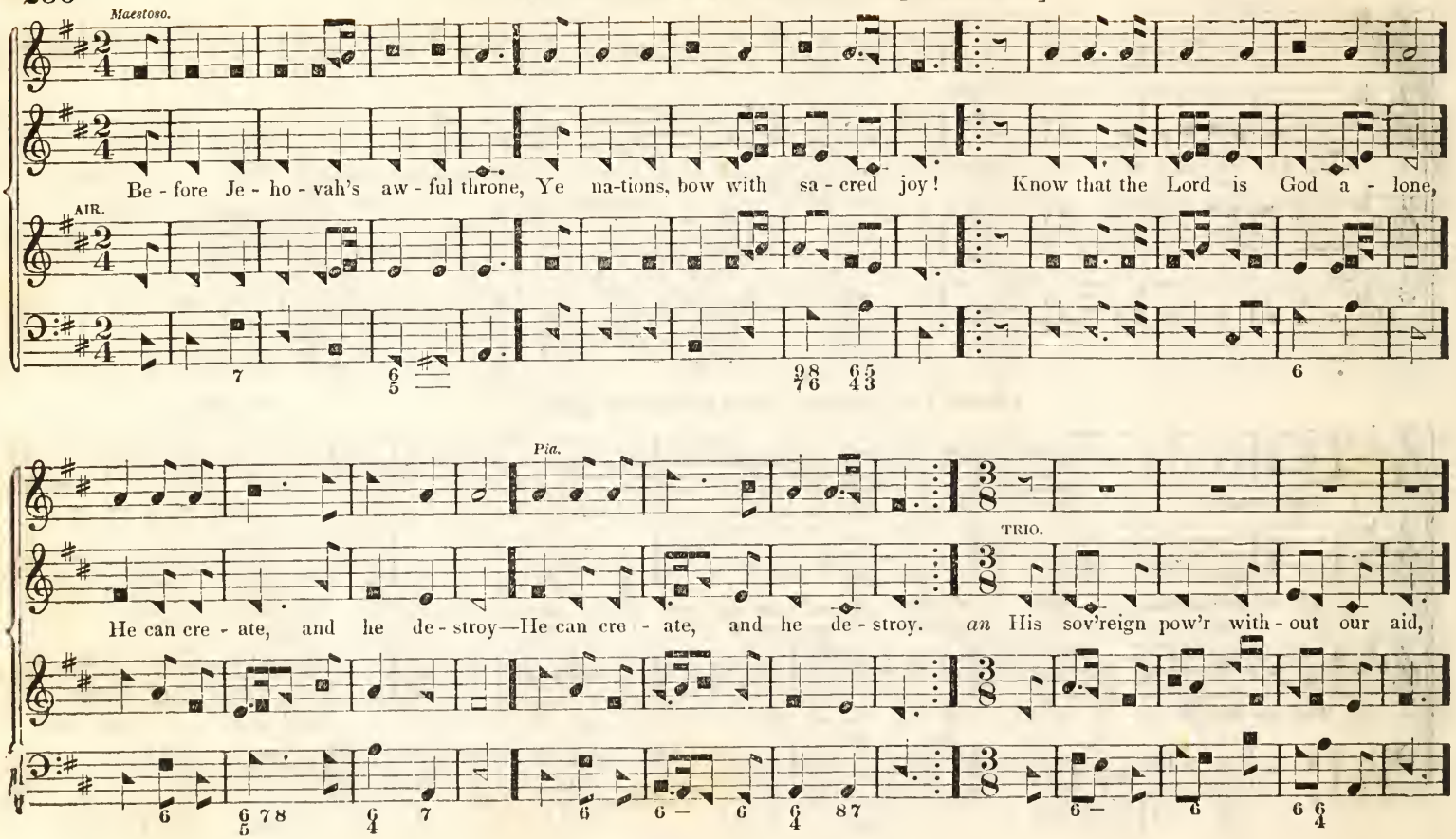
From the Family Minstrel.

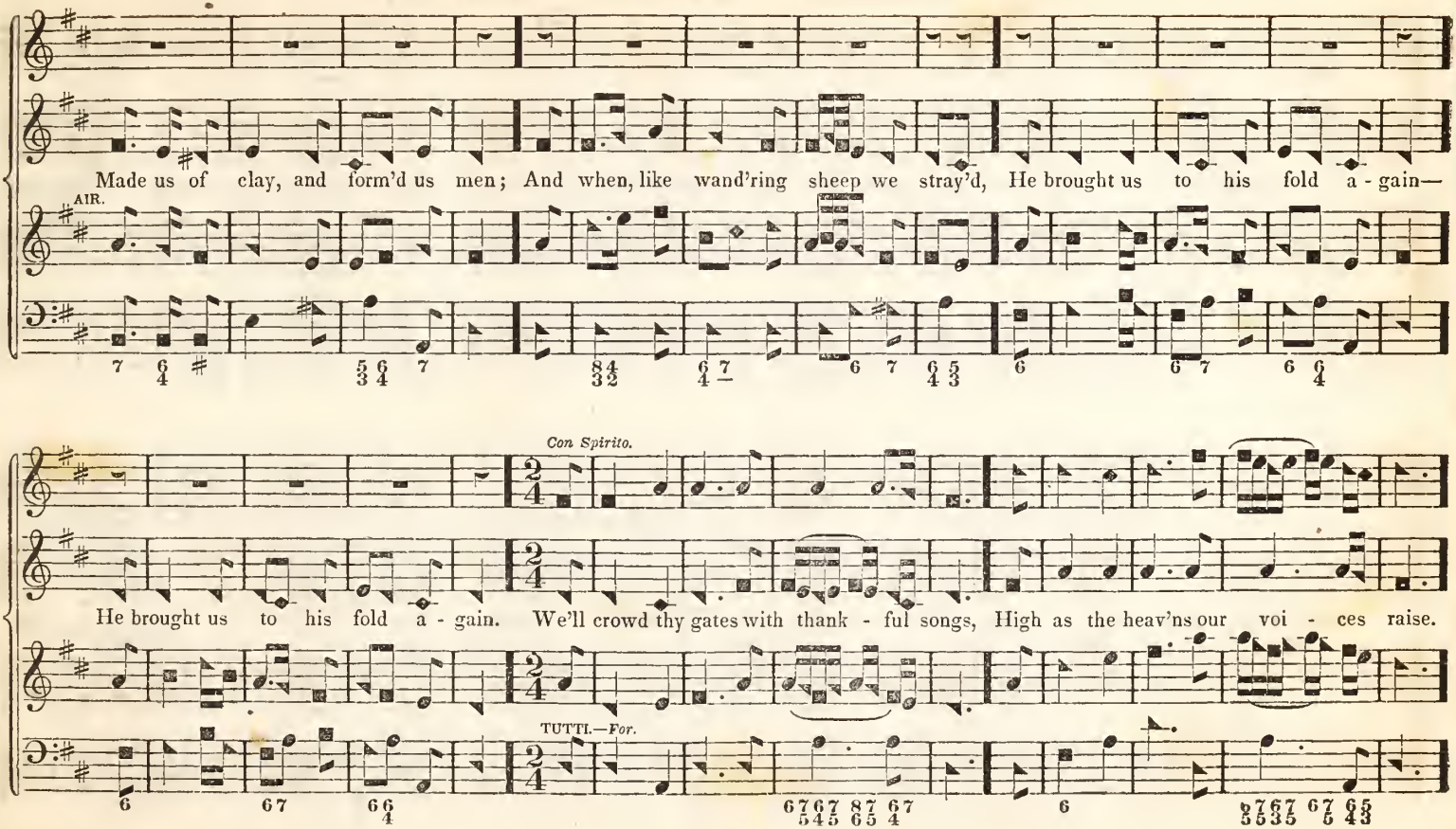
1. Now the shades of night are gone; Now the morn - ing light is come: Lord, may we be thine to - day; Drive the shades of sin a - way.

2. Fill our souls with heaven-ly light, Ba-nish doubt and clear our sight; In thy ser - vice, Lord, to - day, May we la - bour, watch, and pray.

3. Keep our haughty pas - sions bound; Save us from our foes a - round; Go-ing out and co-ming in Keep us safe from eve - ry sin.

4. When our work of life is past, O re - ceive us then at last; Night and sin will be no more, When we reach the heavenly shore.

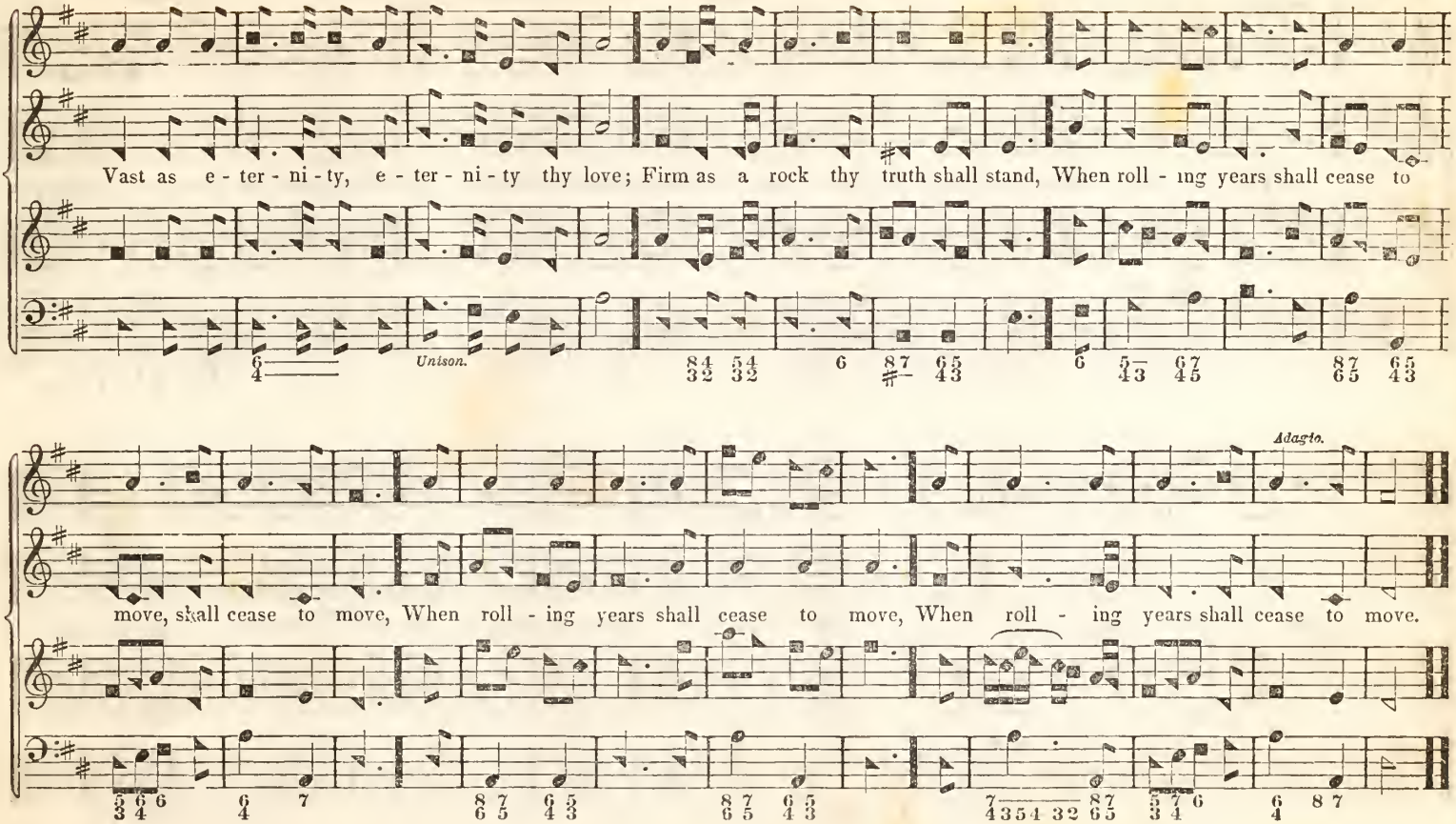

Maestoso.
AIR.
Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa - cred joy! Know that the Lord is God a - lone,
Pia.
TRIO.
He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy—He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy. an His sov'reign pow'r with - out our aid,


Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when, like wand'ring sheep we stray'd, He brought us to his fold a - gain—
AIR.
Con Spirito.
He brought us to his fold a - gain. We'll crowd thy gates with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - ces raise.
TUTTI.—For.

And earth, and earth with her ten thou - sand, thou - sand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sound -ing praise—Shall fill thy courts with

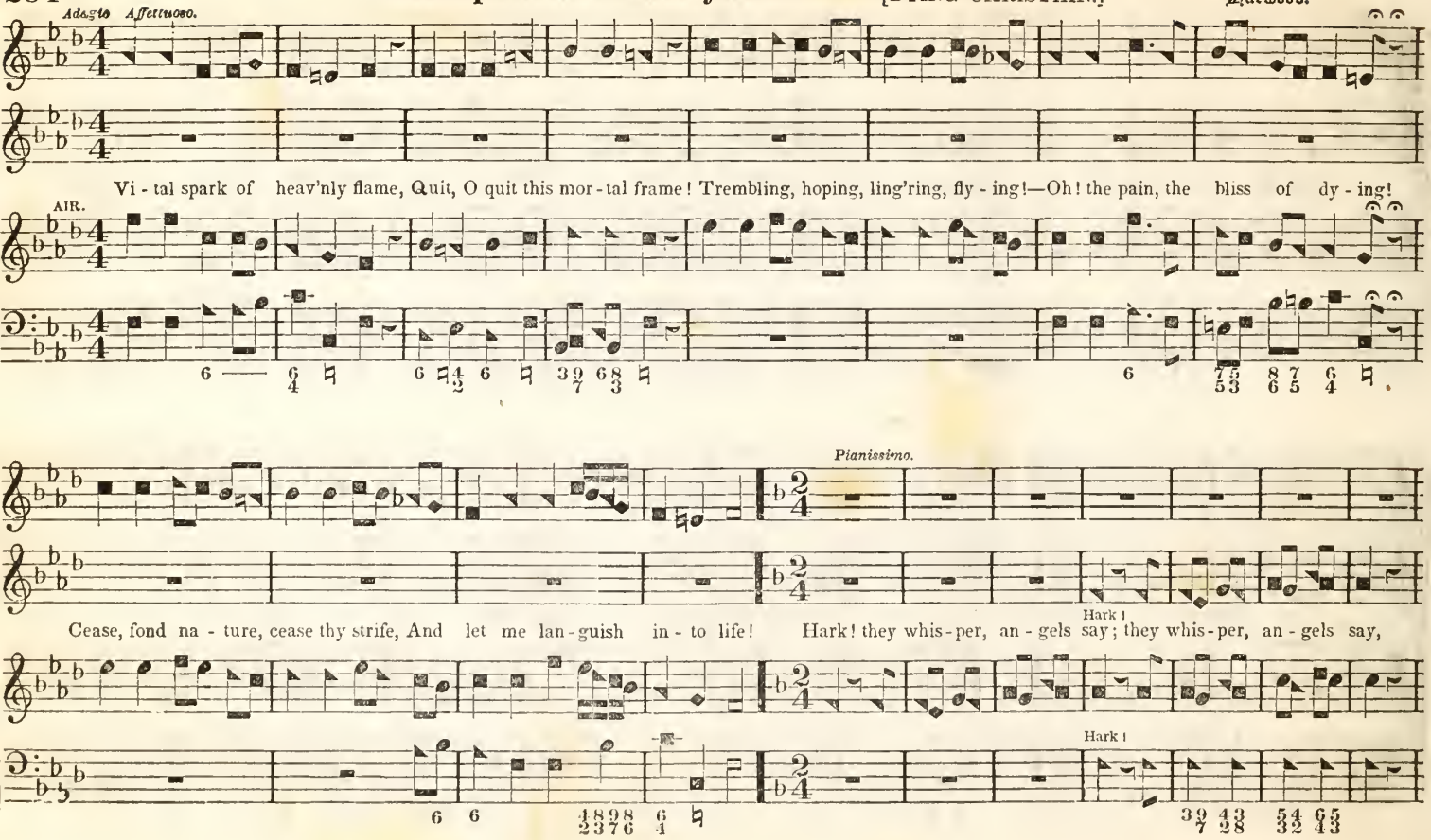
Unison.

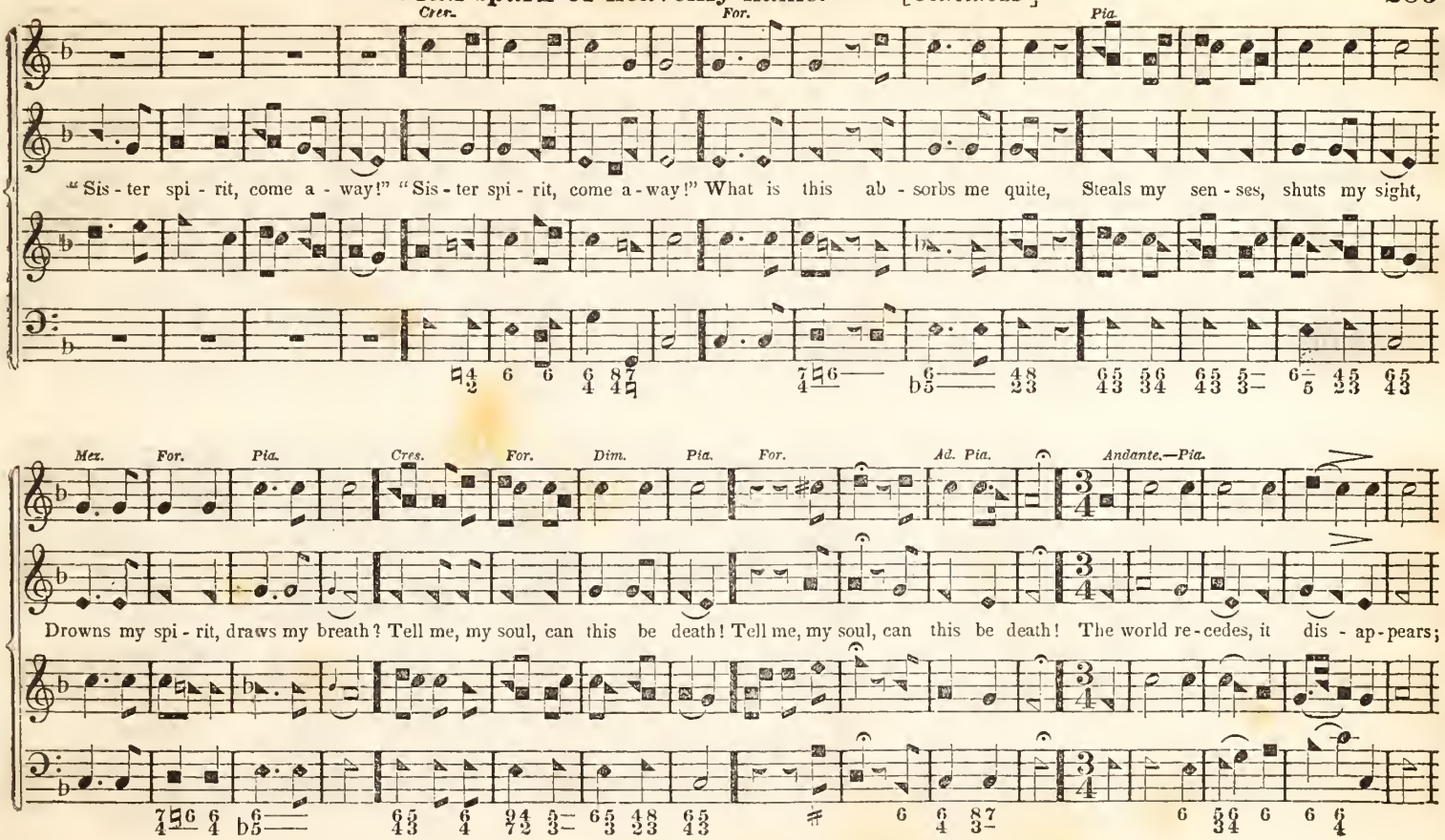
sound - ing praise—shall fill—shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise. Wide! wide as the world is thy com-mand!


Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When roll - ing years shall cease to
Unison.
Adagio.
move, shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move.

'Vital spark of heavenly flame.' [DYING CHRISTIAN.]

Harwood.




Cres.
For.
Pia.
"Sis - ter spi - rit, come a - way!" "Sis - ter spi - rit, come a - way!" What is this ab - sorbs me quite, Steals my sen - ses, shuts my sight,
Mez.
For.
Pia.
Cres.
For.
Dim.
Pia.
For.
Ad. Pia.
Andante.—Pia.
Drowns my spi - rit, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death! Tell me, my soul, can this be death! The world re - cedes, it dis - ap - pears;

Cres. *For.* *Vivace.—Staccato.—For.*

Heav'n o-pens on my eyes! My ears with sounds se - ra - phick ring! Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O Grave, where is thy victory! O

Pia.

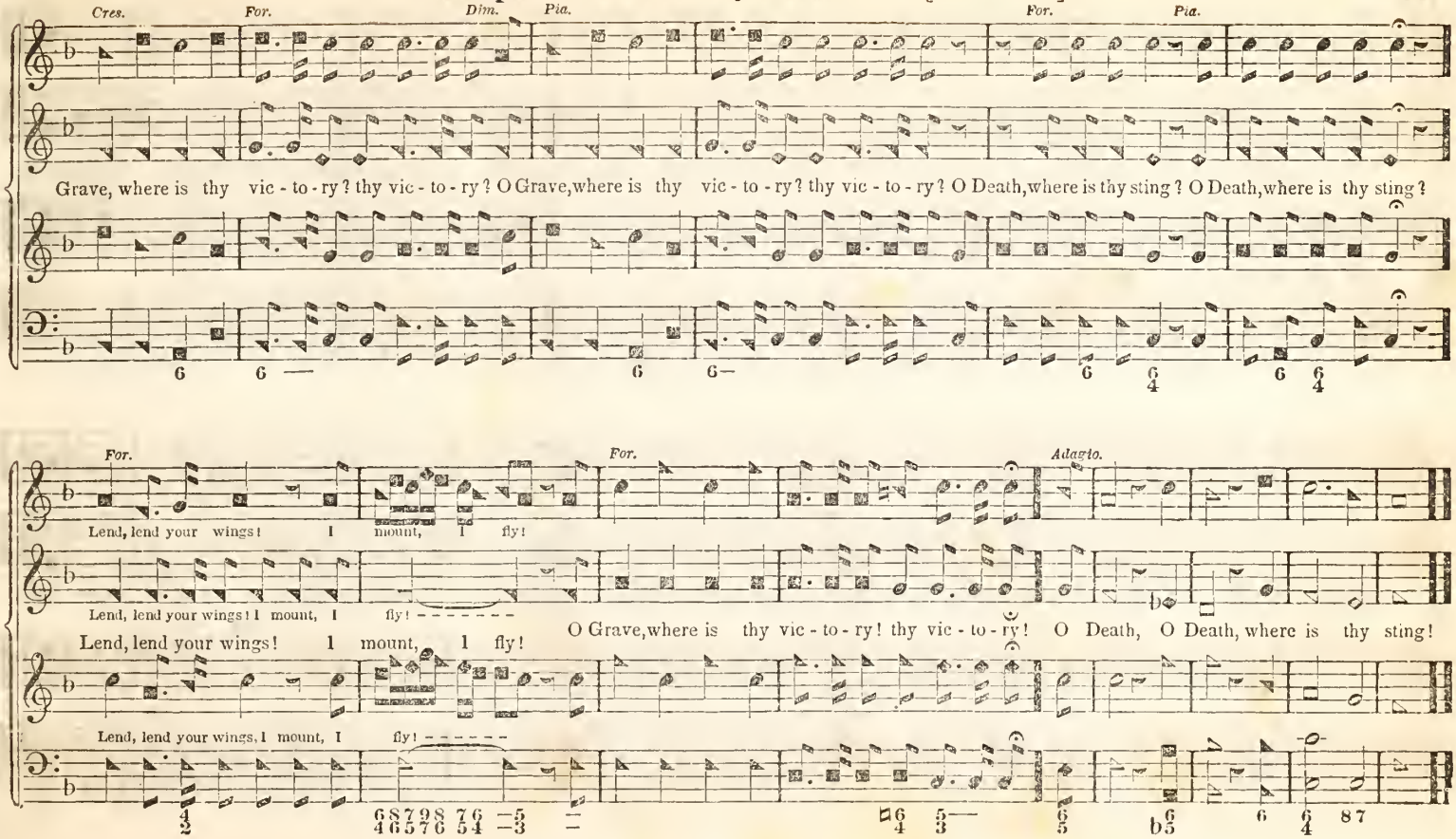
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!

Grave, where is thy victory! O Death, where is thy sting! O Grave, where is thy victory! O Death, where is thy sting! Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O

Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!

Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly!

Unison.


Cres.
For.
Dim.
Pia.
For.
Pia.
Grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O Grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O Death, where is thy sting? O Death, where is thy sting?
For.
For.
Adagio.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave, where is thy vic - to - ry! thy vic - to - ry! O Death, O Death, where is thy sting!
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly!

AIR.

O praise God in his ho - li - ness, Praise him in the fir - ma-ment of his pow'r; Praise him in his no - ble acts, Praise him in his no - ble acts,

For. *Pia.*

Praise him upon the lute and harp;

Praise him ac - cord-ing to his ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise him in the sound of the trumpet, of the trumpet; Praise him upon the lute, up-on the lute and harp,

Unison.

Praise him upon the lute and harp;

* From the Handel and Haydn Society's Collection, by permission.

Let every thing that hath

Praise him in the cymbals, in the cym - bals and dances, Praise him on strings, on strings and pipes, Let every thing that hath breath,

AIR.

Let every thing that hath

Unison.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord,

breath, Let every thing that hath breath, that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

breath, that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord,

Let every thing that hath breath,

DUET.

1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill; Who bri ng sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re-

veal! How charming is their voice! How sweet their tidings are! Zi - on, be-hold thy Sa-viour Ki - - - - - - - - - - - - ng, He

Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa - viour King, He reigns, he reigns and tri-umphs here:

SEMI-CHORUS.

reigns, He reigns and tri - umphs here. How charming is their voice! How sweet their ti - dings are! 'Zi - on, behold thy Sa-viour King, He

AIR.

5 6 7 5
3 4 5 3

6 6 5
5 4 3 #

Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa - viour King! Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa - viour King!

reigns and triumphs here, Zi - on, be-hold thy Sa - viour King! Zi - on, be - hold thy King! How charming is their voice! How

Be - hold thy Sa - viour King!

He reigns, he reigns and tri - umphs here!

sweet their ti - dings are! Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa viour King! He reigns and triumphs here!

Volti.

He reigns and triumphs,

He reigns and triumphs, He reigns and triumphs here! He How

He reigns and tri-umphs,

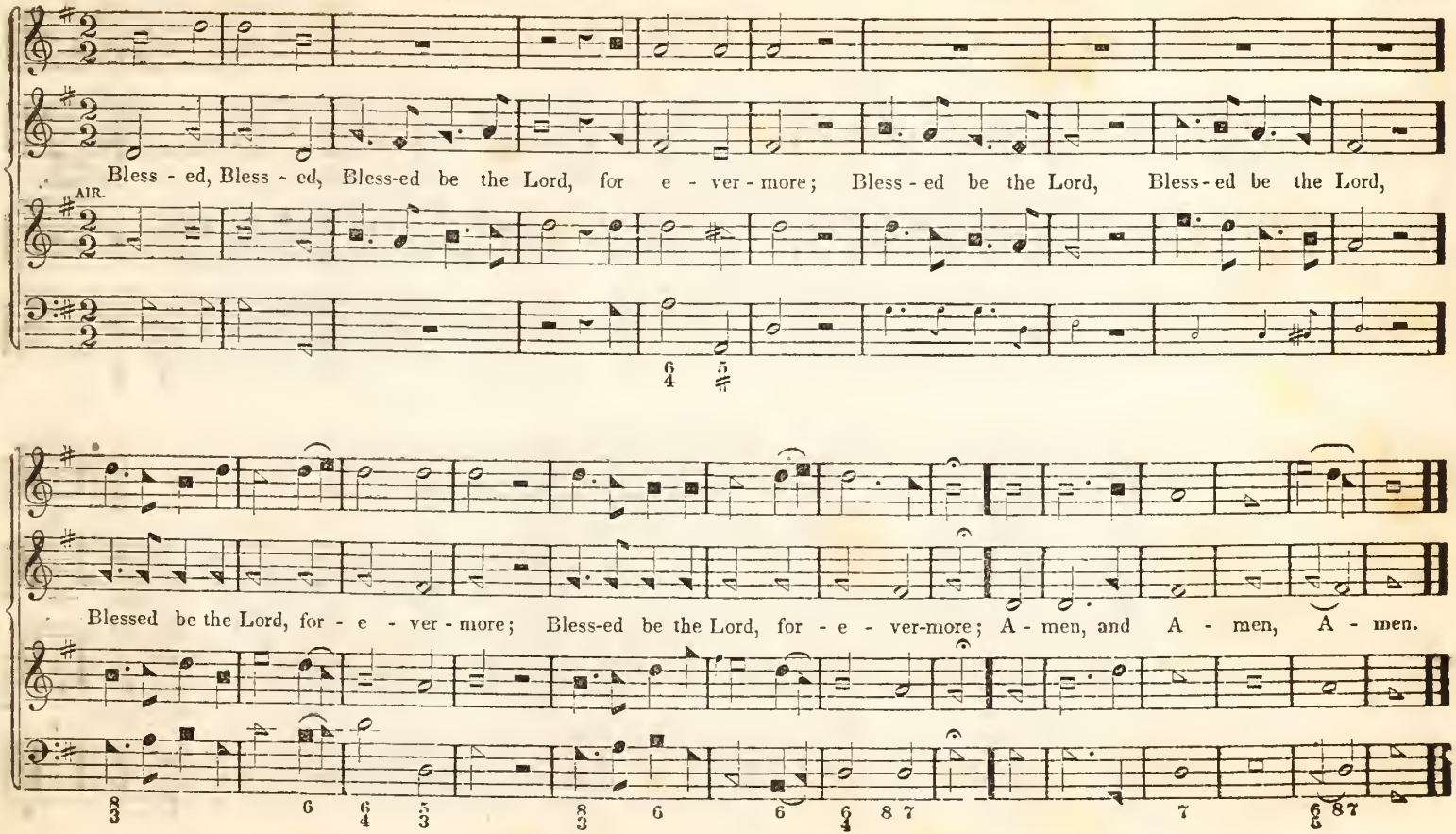
He reigns and tri-umphs,

He rei - gns, He reigns, he reigns and tri - umphs here!

re - - - - - - igns, He reigns, He re- igns,

charming is their voice! How sweet their ti - dings are! Zi - on, be - hold thy Saviour King, He reigns, he reigns and tri - umphs here!

Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa - viour King, He reigns and tri - umphs here, He reigns, he reigns and tri - umphs here!


Bless - ed, Bless - ed, Bless-ed be the Lord, for e - ver - more; Bless - ed be the Lord, Bless - ed be the Lord,
AIR.
Blessed be the Lord, for - e - ver - more; Bless-ed be the Lord, for - e - ver-more; A - men, and A - men, A - men.

'Hark! the Song of Jubilee.'

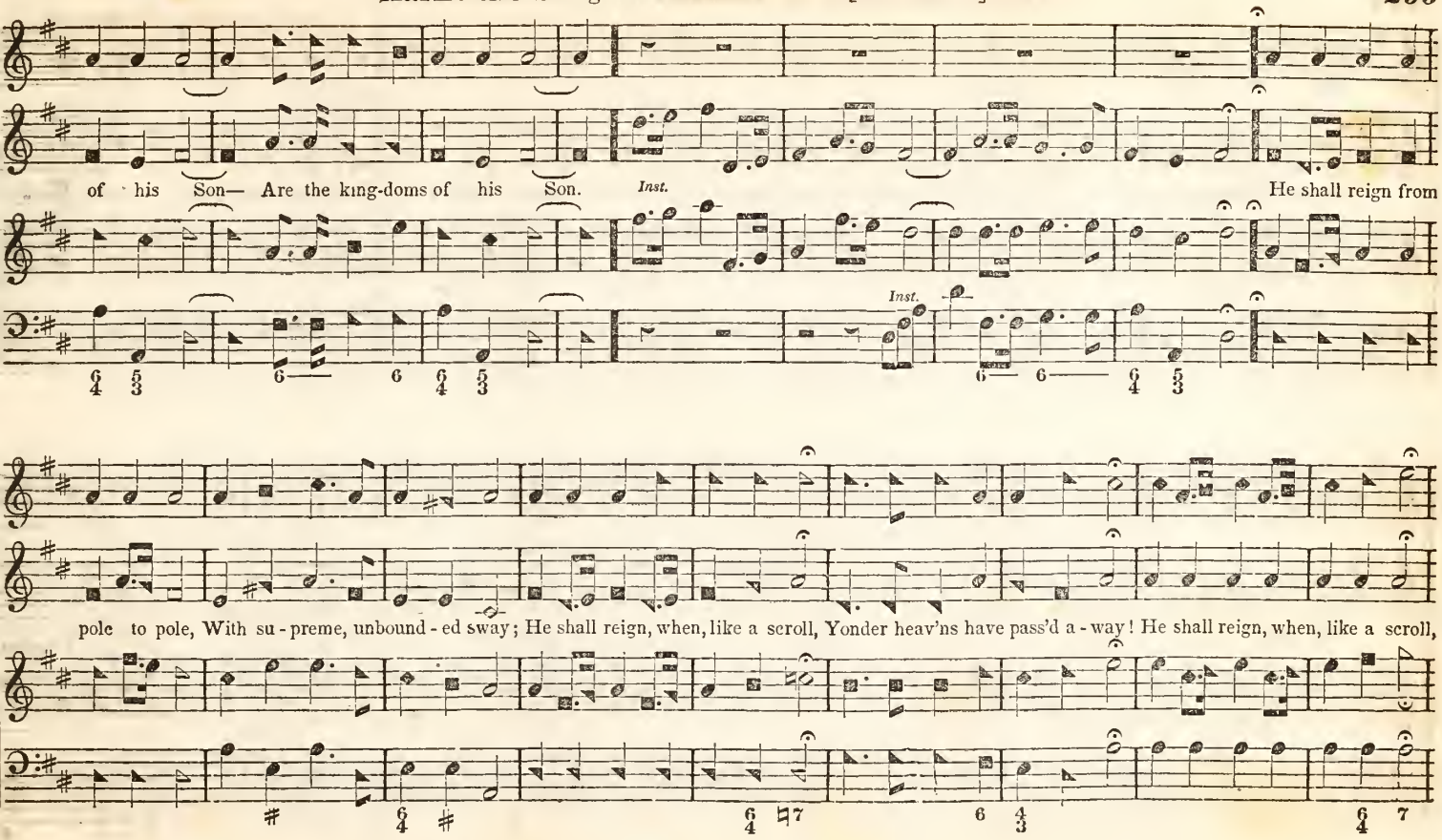
Allegro. Spirituoso.—MP. *FF.* *From the Lyra Sacra, by permission.*

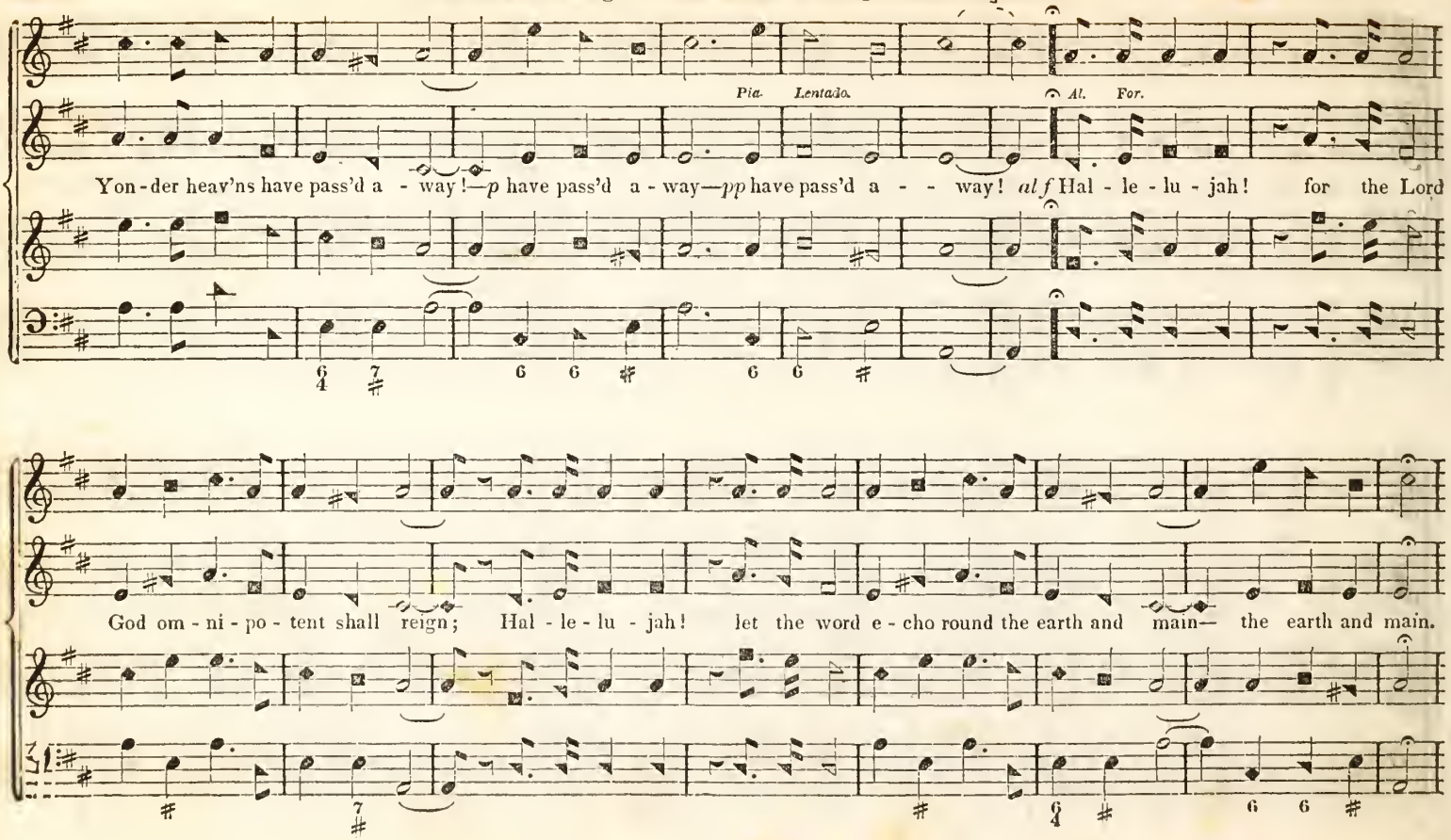
mp Hark! the song of Ju - bi-lee, *ff* Loud as mighty thunders roar; Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore.

AIR.

MP. *Ad lib.* *Pia.* *For.* *Al. sp.*

mp See Je - ho - vah's ban-ners furl'd! Sheath'd his sword; *p* he speaks-*f* 'tis done! *alsp* Now the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms


of his Son— Are the king-doms of his Son.
Inst.
He shall reign from
Inst.
pole to pole, With su - preme, unbound - ed sway; He shall reign, when, like a scroll, Yonder heav'ns have pass'd a - way! He shall reign, when, like a scroll,


Pia. Lentado.
Al. For.
Yon-der heav'ns have pass'd a - way!—p have pass'd a - way—pp have pass'd a - - way! al f Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord
God om - ni - po - tent shall reign; Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word e - cho round the earth and main— the earth and main.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Ha-le-lu - jah, Ha - le - lu - jah, let the word E - cho E - cho E - cho round the earth and main.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

round the earth and main, round the earth and ma - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - in.

E - cho, E - cho round the earth and ma - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - in.

Inst. *Inst.*

earth and main, round the earth and ma - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - in.

O sing un - to the Lord a new song, a new song: O sing un - to the Lord a new song, a new song:

AIR.

O sing un - to the Lord a new song, a new song: O sing un - to the Lord a new song, a new song:

Let the congre - ga-tion of the saints praise him. O sing un - to the Lord, the Lord a new song, O

Let the con - gre - gation of the saints pr aise him: O sing, O sing,

Let the congre - ga-tion of the saints praise him: O sing un - to the Lord, the Lord a new song, O

Let the con - gre - gation o. he saints praise him: O sing un-to the Lord, O sing un-to the

sing un-to the Lord a new song: Let the con-gre-ga-tion of the saints praise him:

a new song: pra - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ise him: Let the con-gre-gation of the saints praise him:

sing un-to the Lord a new song: Let the con-gre-ga-tion of the saints praise him:

Lord, un-to the

Let the congre-ga-tion of the saints praise him:

Pra - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ise him: Let the congre-gation of the saints praise him: the saints praise him: the saints praise him.

Pra - - - - - - - - - ise him, praise him.

SYMPHONY.

SOLO.—*Animato.*

1. Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea, Je-
2. Praise to the Con-quer-or, praise to the Lord; His

Inst.

CHORUS.—*For.*

ho - vah has triumph'd, his people are free! Sound the loud timbrel o'er E-gypt's dark sea, Je - ho - vah has conquer'd, his
word was our ar - row, his breath was our sword! Praise to the Con-quer - or; praise to the Lord; His word was our ar - row, his

CHORUS.—*For.*

Voice. 5/3 6/4 5/3 6/4 6/4 7 6/4 6/4 6/4 6

Pia. *Cres.*

peo - ple are free! Sing! for the pride of the ty - rant is bro-ken! His cha-riots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave: How
breath was our sword! Who shall re - turn to tell E - gypt the sto - ry Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride? The

Pia. *Cres.* *For.*

vain was their boasting; the Lord hath but spo - ken, And cha - riots and horsemen are sunk in the wave!
Lord hath look'd out from his pil - lar of glo - ry, And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

VOLTI.

CHORUS.—*For.*

TRIO.

Sound the loud tim - brel o'er E - gypt's dark sea, Je - ho - vah has triumph'd, his peo - ple are free! Sound the loud tim-brel o'er

CHORUS.—*For.*

Fortissimo.

E-gypt's dark sea, Je - ho - vah has tri-umph'd, his peo - ple are free! His peo - ple are free! His peo - ple are free!

Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;

Praise God from whom all bles - sings flow, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low,

Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low; Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;

AIR.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,

Praise him a - bove— Praise him a - bove— Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host,

Praise him a - bo - ve, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heaven-ly host,

Praise him a - bove— Praise him a - bove— Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host, Praise him a - bove—

Praise him a - bove Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heavenly host,

* We are indebted for this very popular piece to the 'Handel and Haydn Society Collection of Church Musick,' the editor of which acknowledges his obligations for it, to Mr James Sharp.

Praise Fa - - - ther, Son, and Ho - - - - ly Ghost, Praise

Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost— Praise

Praise him a - bove— Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host; Praise Fa - - ther, Son, and Ho - - - ly Ghost—Praise

Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost— Praise

Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost— Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. Ha - le - lu - jah, Ha-le-

TUTTI.

Hal - le - lu - jah,

SOLO.

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men: Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -

SOLO.

Hal - le - lu - jah,

TUTTI.

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men: Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Bid us all de - part in peace; Still on gos - pel man-na feed-ing, Pure se - ra - phick love increase: Fill each

AIR.

Then we'll give thee no - bler praise.

breast with a - do - ra - tion, Up to thee our voi - ces raise; When we reach that blissful station, Then we'll give thee nobler praise:

Then we'll give thee no - bler praise.

TUTTI. TUTTI. Pia.

Hal-le-lu-jah, for

And we'll sing Halle-lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le-lujah, And we'll sing Hallelujah, A-men, Halle-lu-jah, To God and the Lamb.

SOLO. SOLO.

Hal-le-lu-jah for - e - ver,

TUTTI. TUTTI.

e - ver, Hal-le-lu-jah, for - e - ver, for - e - ver and e - ver, A - men.

Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men.

Hal-le-lu-jah for - e - ver, Hal-le-lu-jah for - e - ver and e - ver, A - men.

'Grace! 'tis a charming sound.' [CRANBROOK.]

SOLO.

Heav'n with the e - cho shall re - sound, Heav'n with the e - cho shall re - sound,

SOLO.—Heav'n with the e - cho shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear,

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound! Har - mo-nious to mine ear! Heav'n with the echo shall re-sound,

AIR.

SOLO.

Heav'n with the e - cho shall re - sound,

SOLO.—Heav'n with the e - cho shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear,

TENOUR—*ad lib.*

TUTTI.

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

TUTTI.

2. Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3. Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4. Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

UNISON. A

1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of eve - ry tongue; His new dis - cover'd grace de - mands A new and no - bler

AIR. UNISON. A

T. S.

new and no - bler song, A new and no - bler song. A new and no - bler song.

song, A new and no - bler song, A new and no - bler song.

new and no - bler so - ng, A new and no - bler song, A new and no - bler song.

2. Say to the nations,—Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3. Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4. The joyous earth—the bending skies,
His glorious train display;
Ye mountains sink—ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5. Behold He comes—he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

	Page
Aaronsburg	269
Abingdon	68
Abridge	57
Accomack	165
Adair	87
Affliction	44
Aithlone	186
Alcester	202
Alexandria	49
Alfreton	115
All Saints	134
Alma	203
America	224
Amherst	192
Amsterdam	222
Angels' Hymn	146
Annandale	260
Anniversary Hymn	267
Antigua	118
Appleton	145
Archangels	198
Arlington	75
Armley	162
Arundel	69
Asylum, C. M.	60
Asylum, L. M.	124
Athens	65
Averno	163
Axbridge	64
Aylesbury	41
Baltimore	157
Bangor	98
Barby	50
Bath	106
Bath Abbey	207
Bath Chapel	86
Bavaria	210
Bedford	54
Beecher	201
Benevento	259
Berlin	139
Bermondsey	223
Bernard	144
Bethel	83
Bethesda	196
Beveridge	29
Billings' Jordan	74
Birkenhead	125
Blandford	66
Blendon	139
Braintree	69
Brattle Street	82
Bray	86
Brewer	116
Bridgeport, C. M.	71
Bridgeport, L. P. M.	182
Brighton	172
Broadmead	171
Brookfield	159
Broomsgrove	83
Buckingham	103
Burford	101
Burstal	105
Byzantium	185
Calvary, L. M.	143
Calvary, 8, 7, & 4.	215
Calvin	161
Camberwell	37
Cambridge, S. M.	23
Cambridge, C. M.	94
Canada	113
Canterbury	60
Canton	119
Carey	142
Carr's Lane	85
Castle Street	135
Chambersburg	128
Charing	184
Charleston	152
Chatham	39
Chester	72
Chesterfield	76
China, C. M.	47
China, L. M.	119
Christmas	78
Christmas Morn	233
Clarendon	77
Clifford	257
Colchester	50
Coleshill	97
Columbia	183
Cookham	203
Cornelia	232
Coronation	254
Costellow	155
Covington	95
Cranbrook	308
Creation	169
Crowley	99
Dalston	189
Delacourt	271
Delafield	70
Denmark	280
Devizes	58
Devonshire	227
Dexter	96
Dignity	142
Dismission	306
Dover	25
Doxology, P. M.	275
Doxology, L. M.	303
Dresden	158
Duke Street	127
Dunbar	43
Dundee	48
Durham	25
Dutton	89
Dwight	46
Eastburn	32
Easton	309
Eaton	174
Edgeware	51
Effingham	109
Egypt	44
Elgin	105
Eliot	96
Ellenthorpe	133
Elysium	38
Entreaty	222
Eutaw	170
Evening Hymn	117
Fairfax	208
Fairfield	28
Felicity	140
Fellowship	40
Florence	211
Flushing	54
Forest	155
Fountain	153
Funeral Hymn	102
Funeral Thought	99
Ganges	187
German Air	114
German Hymn	121
Georgia	103
Gilgal	127
Goshen	217
Gospel Banner	270
Gospel Jubilee	235
Granby	181
Greensburg	79
Green's Hundredth	109
Greenville	213
Haddam	200
Hamilton, L. M.	143
Hamilton, 11s,	230
Hanover	226
Hants	37
Harborough	263
Harleigh	78
Hartford	30
Harts	204
Hebrew Dirge	244
Hebron	114
Hinton	231
Hopkins	201
Hotham	251
Howards	77
Irish	67
Irving	239
Italy	147
Jarman	121
Jeshurun	34
Jordan, by Billings	74
Jordan, by Jones	92
Kent	123
Kersall	42
Kershaw	214
Killingworth	43
Kingsbridge	167
Kingston	36
Lancaster	90
Lebanon	97
Lenox	195
Lewistown	71
Leyden	112
Limehouse	166
Litchfield	141
Little Marlborough	41
Lockport	164
London	48
Loving Kindness	274
Lowell	129
Luther's Hymn	107
Luton	134
Lutzen	52
Lydia	93
Lyons	225
Lystra	218
Margate	30
Oldham	66
Marlow	75
Maryland	131
Martin's Lane	179
M'Kendree	211
Mear	47
Medway	144
Meinecke	131
Melody	80
Mendon	234
Meriden	256
Milbourn	273
Miller	143
Milton	265
Missionary Chant	145
Missionary Hymn	221
Montague	229
Moravian Hymn	90
Morning	148
Morning Hymn	168
Mornington	29
Mount Calvary	209
Mount Pleasant	88
Munich	164
Murray	31
Musick	28
Nantwich	149
Nazareth, C. M.	49
Nazareth, L. M.	124
Newbury	194
Newcourt	176
New Lynn	92
Newmark	57
New Market	156
Newry	127
New Sabbath	111
Newton, C. M.	55
Newton, L. M.	130
Norwich	208
Nuremburg	204
Oldham	66
Old Hundred	106
Old Leeds	27
Olmutz	247
Orange	42
Orbisonia	45
Ormond	163
Orrington	40
Paesiello	217
Palestine	262
Paradise	84
Park Street	110
Patmos	188
Peck	70
Peckham	32
Pelham	33
Pennsylvania	73
Pentonville	24
Peru	136
Peterborough	59
Pickering	81
Piety	249
Pilesgrove	123
Pilgrim	202
Pilgrim's Prayer	214
Plymouth	102
Plympton	104
Poland	165
Portugal	148
Proctor	132
Psalm 122d	191
Quito	138
Randall	94
Rankin	91
Ransom	236
Rapture	184
Ravenswood	150
Repose	151
Resignation	45
Revelation	237
Richmond	46

Rochester - - 52
Romaine - 220
Romney - 53
Rothwell - 137
SABAOTH - - - 120
Sabbath - - - 35
Sabbath Morning 258
Salem - - - - 56
Saxony - - - 212
Schaeffer - - - 95
Scotland - - - 240
Seasons - - - 108
Shields - - - 100
Shirland - - - 24
Shoel - - - - 154
Sicilian Hymn - 212
Sicily - - - - 38
Silver Street - - 35
Simeon - - - 137
Somerset - - - 39
Somerville - - 248
Southbury - - 193
Spring - - - - 218
Stanley - - - 124
St. Alban's - - 87
St. Ann's - - - 53
St. Bride's - - 42
St. David's - - 61
Sterling - - - 129
St. George's, C.M. 86
St. George's, L.M. 153
St. Gregory's - - 89
St. Helen's - - 180
St. James' - - 51
St. John's - - - 76
St. Martin's - - 62
St. Mary's - - 101
St. Mary's Chapel 177
Stonefield - - - 122
St. Stephen's - - 49
St. Thomas' - - 26
St. Paul's - - - 178
St. Peter's - - 116
Succoth - - - 128
Surrey - - - - 151
Sutton - - - - 31
Swanwick - - 63
TALLIS' EV. HYMN 117
Tamworth - - 213
Thatcher - - - 26
Thessalia - - - 25
Thorncliffe - - 219
Timsbury - - - 133
Trenton - - - 156
Trinity - - - 224
Troy - - - - 55
Truro - - - - 108
Turin - - - - 205
UXBRIDGE - - 117
VAN HALL'S HYMN 126
WALNEY - - - 59
Walsal - - - 98
Walworth - - 228
Wantage - - - 100
Ward - - - - 115
Warrington - - 154
Warsaw - - - 197
Warwick - - - 67
Watchman - - 27
Welch - - - - 216
Wells - - - - 146
Welwood - - - 206
Wesley Chapel - 175
Weymouth - - 199
Willis - - - - 152
Wilmington - - 91
Wiltshire, (major) 160
Wiltshire, (minor) 160
Wilton - - - 218
Winchester - - 131
Windham - - 161
Winter - - - 73
Woodland - - 238
Woodstock - - 89
Worship - - - 190
YORK - - - - 61
ZION - - - - 173

ANTHEMS, HYMNS, &c.

ALL hail, the great Emmanuel's name . . 254
Along the banks where Babel's current flows 244
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays. Hymn . . 274
BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne (Denmark) 280
Blessed be the Lord. Short Anthem. . . 293
COME, ye disconsolate. Hymn . . . 243
DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness 246
Days of my youth. Solo or Duet . . . 238
GRACE! 'tis a charming sound. Hymn. . 308
HAIL, the blest morn. Hymn 253
Happy is he, that fears the Lord. Hymn . 249
Happy the land whose favour'd sons. Glee 278
Hark! the Song of Jubilee. Anthem . . 294
Hear what the Lord from heaven proclaims 237
Hosanna to the Prince of Light (Delacourt) 263
How beauteous are their feet. Anthem . . 290
How heavy is the night. Hymn 245
I WOULD not live alway (Irving) 239
JESUS, lover of my soul. Hymn 251
LONG as I live I'll bless thy name. Hymn . 273
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing. Anthem 306
MORN of Zion's glory (Brigham) . . . 272
My Native Land (Missionaries' Farewell) 261
Now be the Gospel Banner. Hymn . . . 270
Now the shades of night are gone. Hymn . 279
OH, ALL ye lands, rejoice in God. Hymn . 256
O praise God in his holiness. Anthem . . 288
O sing unto the Lord. Anthem 298
POOR wildered, weeping heart. Hymn . . 242
Praise God from whom, &c. Anthem . . 303
SAFELY through another week. Hymn . . 258
Sing Hallelujah! praise the Lord 275
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love. Hymn . 255
Sing to the Lord in joyful strains. Hymn . 257
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands. Hymn . 309
Soft be the gently breathing notes. Hymn . 264
Sound the loud timbrel (Meriam's Song) . 300
TELL me, wand'rer, wildly roving. Hymn . 217
The Chariot! its wheels roll in fire. Hymn. 250
There is an hour of peaceful rest. Hymn . 238
There is a stream whose gentle flow (Milton) 265
There's not a tint that paints the rose. Hymn 266
The Voice of Free Grace (Scotland) . . 240
They have gone to the land (Palestine) . . 252
Thou art gone to the grave (Ransom) . . 236
WAKE, wake, each slumb'ring saint. Hymn. 269
Watchman! tell us of the night. Hymn . 252
We come with joy and gladness. Hymn . 267
When all thy mercies, O my God. Hymn . 260
When I can read my title clear. Hymn . 248
When streaming from the eastern skies . . 175
While life prolongs its precious light. Anthem. 276
While with ceaseless course the sun. Hymn 259
Who is this that comes from Edom (Bedell) 268
Vital spark of heavenly flame. Anthem . 284

METRICAL INDEX.

S. M. *Major.*
Beveridge - - - 29
Camberwell - - 37
Cambridge - - 23
Chatham - - 39
Dover, or Durham 25
Eastburn - - - 32
Elysium, or Sicily 38
Fairfield - - - 28
Fellowship - - 40
Hants - - - - 37
Hartford - - - 30
Jeshurum - - - 34
Kingston - - - 36
Margate - - - 30
Mornington - - 29
Murray - - - 31
Musick - - - 28
Old Leeds - - 27
Olmutz - - - 247
Orrington - - - 40
Peckham - - - 32
Pelham - - - 33
Pentonville - - 24
Sabbath - - - 35
Shirland - - - 24
Silver Street - - 35
Somerset - - - 39
St. Thomas' - - 26
Sutton - - - - 31
Thatcher - - - 26
Thessalia - - - 25
Watchman - - 27

S. M. *Minor.*
Affliction - - - 44
Aylesbury - - 41
Dunbar - - - 43
Egypt - - - - 44
Kersall - - - 42
Killingsworth - - 43
Little Marlborough 41
Orange - - - 42
Orbisonia - - - 45
St. Bride's - - 42

C. M. *Major.*
Abingdon - - - 68
Abridge - - - 57
Adair - - - - 87
Alexandria - - 49
Annandale - - 260
Arlington - - - 75
Arundel - - - 69
Asylum - - - 60
Athens - - - 65
Axbridge - - - 64
Barby - - - - 50
Bath Chapel - - 86
Bedford - - - 54
Bethel - - - - 83
Blandford - - - 66
Braintree - - - 69
Brattle Street - 82
Bray - - - - 86
Bridgeport - - 71
Broomsgrove - - 83
Cambridge - - 94
Canterbury - - 60
Carr's Lane - - 85
Chester - - - 72
Chesterfield - - 76
China - - - - 47
Christmas - - 73
Clarendon - - 77
Clifford - - - 257
Colchester - - 50
Coronation - - 254
Covington - - 95

Delafield - - - 70
Devizes - - - 58
Dexter - - - - 96
Dundee - - - 48
Dutton - - - 89
Dwight - - - 46
Edgeware - - - 51
Eliot - - - - 96
Flushing - - - 54
Greensburg - - 79
Harleigh - - - 78
Howards - - - 77
Irish - - - - 67
Jordan, by Billings 74
Jordan, by Jones 92
Lancaster - - - 90
Lewistown - - 71
London - - - 48
Lutzen - - - 52
Lydia - - - 93
Marlow - - - 75
Mear - - - - 47
Melody - - - 80
Moravian Hymn - 90
Mount Pleasant - 88
Nazareth - - - 49
New Lynn - - 92
Newmark - - - 57
Newton - - - 55
Oldham - - - 66
Paradise - - - 84
Peck - - - - 70
Pennsylvania - - 73
Peterborough - 59
Pickering - - - 81
Randall - - - 94
Rankin - - - 91
Resignation - - 45
Richmond - - 46
Rochester - - - 52
Romney - - - 53
Salem - - - - 56
Schaeffer - - - 95
St. Alban's - - 87
St. Ann's - - - 53
St. David's - - 61
St. George's - - 86
St. Gregory's - - 89
St. James' - - 51
St. John's - - - 76
St. Martin's - - 62
St. Stephen's - - 49
Swanwick - - 63
Troy - - - - 55
Walney - - - - 59
Warwick - - - 67
Wilmington - - 91
Winter - - - 73
Woodstock - - 89
York - - - - 61

C. M. *Minor.*

Bangor - - - 98
Buckingham - - 103
Burford - - - 101
Burstal - - - 105
Coleshill - - - 97
Crowley - - - 99
Elgin - - - - 105
Funeral Hymn - 102
Funeral Thought 99
Georgia - - - 103
Lebanon - - - 97
Plymouth - - - 102
Plympton - - - 104
Shields - - - 100
St. Mary's - - 101
Walsal - - - 98
Wantage - - - 100

L. M. *Major.*

Alfreton - - - 115
All Saints - - - 134
Angels' Hymn - 146
Antigua - - - 118
Appleton - - - 145
Asylum - - - 124
Baltimore - - - 157
Bath - - - - 106
Berlin - - - - 139
Bernard - - - 144
Birkenhead - - 125
Blendon - - - 139
Brewer - - - 116
Calvary - - - 143
Calvin - - - - 161
Canada - - - 113
Carey - - - - 142
Castle Street - - 135
Chambersburg - 128
Charleston - - 152
China, or Canton 119
Costellow - - - 155
Dignity - - - 142
Dresden - - - 158
Duke Street - - 127
Effingham - - 109
Ellenthorpe - - 133
Evening Hymn - 117
Felicity - - - 140
Forest - - - - 155
Fountain - - - 153
German Air - - 114
German Hymn - 121
Gilgal - - - - 127
Green's Hundredth 109
Hamilton - - - 143
Hebron - - - 114
Italy - - - - 147
Jarman - - - 121
Kent - - - - 123
Leyden - - - 112
Litchfield - - - 141
Lowell - - - 129
Luther's Hymn - 107
Luton - - - 134
Medway - - - 144
Meinecke - - - 131
Miller - - - - 143
Milton - - - - 265
Missionary Chant 145
Morning - - - 148
Nantwich - - - 149
Nazareth - - - 124
New Market - - 156
Newry - - - - 127
New Sabbath - - 111
Newton - - - 130
Old Hundred - - 106
Park Street - - 110
Peru - - - - 136
Pilesgrove - - 123
Portugal - - - 148
Proctor - - - 132
Quito - - - - 138
Ravenswood - - 150
Rothwell - - - 137
Sabaoth - - - 120
Seasons - - - 108
Shoel - - - - 154
Simeon - - - 137
Stanley - - - 124
Sterling - - - 129
St. George's - - 153
Stonefield - - - 122
St. Peter's - - 116
Succoth - - - 128
Surrey, or Repose 151
Timsbury - - - 133
Trenton - - - 156
Truro - - - - 108
Uxbridge - - - 117
Van Hall's Hymn 126
Ward - - - - 115
Warrington - - 154
Wells - - - - 146
Willis - - - - 152
Wiltshire - - - 160
Winchester - - 131

L. M. *Minor.*

Accomack - - 165
Armley - - - 162
Averno - - - 163
Brookfield - - 159
Kingsbridge - - 167
Limehouse - - 166
Lockport - - - 164
Munich - - - 164
Ormond - - - 163
Poland - - - 165
Wiltshire - - - 160
Windham - - 161

L. M. 6 *lines.*

Brighton - - - 172
Broadmead - - 171
Creation - - - 169
Eaton - - - - 174
Eutaw - - - - 170
Morning Hymn - 168
Wesley Chapel - 175
Zion - - - - 173

L. P. M.

Bridgeport (minor) 182
Granby (minor) - 181
Martin's Lane - 179
Newcourt - - 176
St. Helen's - - 180
St. Mary's Chapel 177
St. Paul's - - - 178

C. P. M.

Aithlone - - - 186
Byzantium - - 185
Charing, or Rapture 184
Columbia - - - 183
Ganges - - - 187
Patmos - - - 188

S. P. M.

Dalston - - - 189
Psalm 122d - - 191
Worship - - - 190

H. M.

Amherst - - - 192
Archangels - - 198
Bethesda - - - 196
Haddam - - - 200
Lenox - - - - 195
Newbury - - - 194
Southbury - - 193
Warsaw - - - 197
Weymouth - - 199

7's.

Alcester - - - 202
Alma - - - - 203
Bath Abbey - - 207
Beecher - - - 201
Benevento - - 259
Cookham - - - 203
Fairfax (minor) - 208
Harts - - - - 204
Hopkins - - - 201
Hotham - - - 251
Mount Calvary - 209
Norwich (minor) - 208
Nuremburg - - 204
Pilgrim - - - 202
Sabbath Morning 258
Turin (6 lines) - 205
Welwood - - - 206

8's & 7's.

Bavaria - - - 210
Florence - - - 211
M'Kendree - - 211
Paesiello - - - 217
Saxony - - - 212
Sicilian Hymn - 212

8's, 7's & 4's.

Calvary - - - 215
Greenville - - 213
Kershaw - - - 214
Pilgrim's Prayer - 214
Tamworth - - 213
Welch - - - - 216

8's & 4's.

Woodland - - 238

8's

Goshen - - 217
Lystra, or Spring 218
Wilton (minor) - 218

7's & 6's.

Amsterdam - - 222
Anniversary Hymn 267
Entreaty - - - 222
Missionary Hymn 221
Romaine - - - 220
Thorncliffe - - 219

6's & 4's.

America - - - 224
Bermondsey - - 223
Trinity - - - 224

10's & 11's, or 5's & 6's.

Devonshire - - 227
Hanover - - - 226
Lyons - - - - 225

10's, or 10's & 11's.

Hamilton (minor) 230
Montague - - - 229
Walworth - - 228

11's.

Cornelia - - - 232
Hinton - - - 231
Irving - - - - 239
The Trumpet - 250

12's, or 12's & 11's.

Ransom - - - 236
Scotland - - - 240

OTHER METRES.

Aaronsburg - - 269
Bedell - - - - 268
Brigham - - - 272
Christmas Morn - 233
Gospel Jubilee - 235
Hebrew Dirge - 244
Mendon - - - 234

The

Property

of

Henry Andrews

Jan 22th 184

EXTRACTS FROM VARIOUS RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Minutes of various Musical Associations.

BELLEFONTE, Pa.—"*Resolved*, That we consider '*Evangelical Music*,' by J. H. [illegible]ck and George Fleming, the best work of the kind known to us; and cheerfully recommend it to all lovers of Sacred Music."

WESTMORELAND.—"*Resolved*, That we will adopt "*Evangelical Music*," as best adapted to the use of Choirs and Singing Associations of any work with which we are acquainted."

BOALSBURGH.—"*Resolved*. That the judicious selection of Tunes, and the correct illustration of the principles of Sacred Music, as contained in the '*Evangelical Music*,' render it a work of no ordinary merit, and highly deserving of public patronage."

JACKSONVILLE.—"*Resolved*, That we concur in the many flattering recommendations already given to this work. We consider it an invaluable acquisition to Singing Societies, and recommend it in preference to any other collection of Sacred Music with which we are acquainted."

From the Philadelphian.

"'*Evangelical Music*' is pronounced, by those who are qualified to judge of its merit, an excellent collection of the most approved tunes which are appropriate to psalmody. As it is adapted to promote a correct taste and sound judgment, as it regards an important and animating part of the sacred services of the sanctuary, it cannot fail to secure the favour of all who are interested in the exhibition of true religion in its practical loveliness.

"The [illegible] probably no more judicious selection of tunes now in use. Competent judges unanimously to be an excellent selection of Church Psalmody."

From the Presbyterian.

"The principle by which [illegible] are disposed [illegible] intelligible, and the selection of [illegible] is made with judgment."

From the Minutes of the Synod of Philadelphia.

"The committee state that they have examined, as carefully as practicable, the '*Evangelical Music*' and cheerfully recommend it to the congregations under their [illegible] as a good system of Church Music."

From the Weekly Messenger.

"The harmonization is generally of an [illegible] character. This work needs but to be known, to give it a standing with the popular popular works of the day."

The following are from Teachers who have used the Book in the course of their [illegible].

"[illegible] taste, [illegible] '*Evangelical Music*' big leave [illegible] that [illegible] opinion [illegible] of the high excellence, and [illegible] adapted to the [illegible] capacity of beginners.

"N. [illegible]

ZENAS CLARK
WM. [illegible]ABEL."

"I do certify, that I have used '*Evangelical Music*' in several of my schools, and take a pleasure in recommending it as a good collection of Standard Church Music, and well worthy of public patronage.

"*Harrisburg, July*, 1836."

"GEO. P. WEISTLING."

"I can, with pleasure, add my name to the many who have recommended the work. The choice selection of tunes and the richness of the harmony, render it highly valuable to Singing Schools and Societies. I have used none of the Music Books lately published and give yours a decided preference.

"*Coatsville, Pa. May* 1, 1836."

"JOHN DAY."

"Having found, from actual use, that the work entitled '*Evangelical Music*' is eminently calculated for the use of Singing Schools, Societies, and Choirs, I [illegible] encourage its publication, and recommend it to public patronage.

"AMOS ALLEN. *New York*."

"The use of the work two seasons in schools has proved its superiority over all similar works with which I am acquainted. "LEVI [illegible]."

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